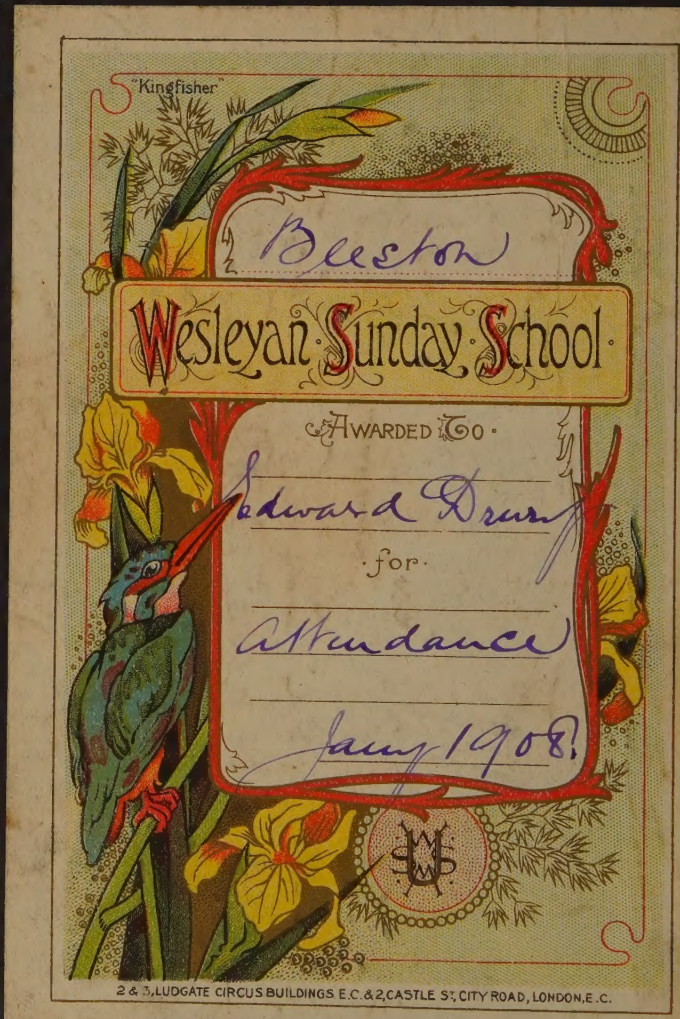
THE METHODIST SUNDAY-SCHOOL HYMN & TUNE-BOOK



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1977

THE METHODIST

SUNDAY-SCHOOL

Hymn & Tune-Book

A COLLECTION OF

HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS

FOR USE IN

SCHOOLS AND FAMILIES.

COMPILED BY DIRECTION OF

THE WESLEYAN METHODIST CONFERENCE

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THE METHODIST

Sunday-School Hymn & Tune-Book.

PREFACE TO THE HYMNS.

The need of a new Hymn-Book for our Sunday-Schools has been felt for some time, and the preparation of one was committed to the Connexional Sunday-School Union by the Conference. Through several causes it was not possible to issue the book earlier.

It has been the aim of the compilers to insert a large number of hymns of adoration and praise suitable for use in acts of worship. They have also included many spiritual songs, which, though not directly addressed to the Most High, are well-fitted to express various religious emotions. The former class they would strongly recommend for the opening and closing of the school.

Many hymns appropriate for Anniversaries will be found in all parts of the book; and it is hoped that this will render it unnecessary to continue the practice of seeking new hymns for such occasions from very many different sources. Scholars are likely to profit most by thoroughly learning and frequently using their own hymn-book.

The compilers have great pleasure in acknowledging the extreme courtesy of writers and publishers with reference to the insertion of hymns in this collection. In several instances, the authors of some of the choicest verses hold opinions widely different from those of Methodists, yet in no case have they failed to respond to the request of the compilers for permission to use their hymns, and always in the most kind and generous way. It is possible that, in a very few instances, the authors may not have been traced, and unwittingly use may have been made of hymns without consent; if that is so, the Compilers beg the writers to accord to them their forbearance, and to give in answer to this request the permission for use that would have been asked in private correspondence, had that been possible.

Especial thanks and acknowledgments are presented to the following authors and publishers for permission courteously given to insert the hymns of which they have the copyright. The Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould, for Nos. 350, 477; the Right Rev. the Bishop of Bedford (Dr. W. Walsham How), for Nos. 104, 170, 519, 524, 532.

533, 567; the Rev. E. H. Bickersteth, for Nos. 22, 75, the Rev. Dr. Bonar, for Nos. 1, 4, 7, 14, 85, 272, 318, 326, 328, 376, 395, 401, 429; Mr. W. H. Broom, for No. 89, by the late F. Whitfield; Mr. G. T. Congreve, for Nos. 209, 412, from "Gems of Sacred Song"; the Rev. John Curwen, for Nos. 231, 256, 589, from the "Child's Own Hymn-Book," by special permission; the Rev. John Ellerton, for Nos. 59, 486, 505; the Rev. C. W. Furse, for Nos. 109, 338, 410, 521, 527, 529, by the late Dr. Monsell; Mr. Josiah Gilbert, for Nos. 226, 280, 359, 430, 517, by the late Mrs. Gilbert; Mr. J. T. Hayes, for Nos. 176, 295, 352, 492, from Dr. Neale's "Hymns of the Eastern Church," and for No. 432; Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, for No. 76, by Mr. E. Hodder; the Rev. E. Paxton Hood, for Nos. 106, 140, 325; the Proprietors of "Hymns Ancient and Modern," for Nos. 21, 103, 154, 204, 213, 526; Messrs. Isbister and Co., for Nos. 144, 530, from the late Dean Alford's "Year of Praise"; the Rev. Dr. Littledale, for No. 192; the Right Rev. the Bishop of Lincoln, for Nos. 387, 502, from the "Holy Year"; Messrs. Masters and Co., for No. 180, from Dr. Neale's "Mediæval Hymns and Sequences"; Messrs. Morgan and Scott, for Nos. 117, 285, by Dr. Bonar, from "Sacred Songs and Solos"; the Rev. G. Moultrie, for No. 531; Cardinal Newman and Messrs. Rivingtons and Co., for No. 336; Messrs. Novello and Co., for Nos. 20, 83, by Dr. Neale, from the "Hymnal Noted"; Messrs. Oliphant and Co., for Nos. 427, 491; Messrs. Pickering and Co., and the late Rev. E. Caswall's Executors, for Nos. 94, 347, 428; the Rev. T. B. Pollock, for Nos. 159, 205; the Religious Tract Society, for Nos. 316, 384, by Miss Charlotte Elliott, and Nos. 57, 93, 243, 252, 263, 264, 286, 313, by Mr. John Burton; Messrs. Richardson and Co., for Nos. 27, 112, 356, 490, by the late Dr. Faber; the Rev. Dr. W. F. Stevenson, for No. 230; the Sunday-School Union, for Nos. 190, 220, 322, by the Rev. W. P. Balfern, from "Songs of Gladness."

Also to Mr. Edward Bailey, for Nos. 271, 549; Mr. C. C. Bell, for Nos. 52, 236, 484; the Rev. Julius Briggs, for Nos. 66, 422; Mr. W. Aver Duncan, for No. 538; the Rev. J. Finnemore, for No. 383; the Rev. E. E. Jenkins for No. 23; The Rev. Dr. Lyth, for Nos. 441, 507; the Rev. T. McCullagh, for No. 12; the Rev. Dr. Punshon, for No. 560; Miss S. L. Moore (through Mr. C. D. Hardcastle), for No. 539; the Rev. Mark Guy Pearse, for Nos. 88, 135, 137, 138; the Rev. G. Stringer Rowe, for Nos. 131, 145, 409, 537; the Rev. Thornley Smith, for No. 552; the Rev. T. B. Stephenson, B.A., for Nos. 314, 487, 504; Mr. J. E. Vanner, for Nos. 475, 476; the Rev. S. Wray, for No. 535.

The Compilers are indebted to the late Miss Frances Ridley Havergal for the use of Nos. 196, 301, 349, 398, 399, 411. The letter of permission is dated May 12, 1879, and says: "The Committee are most welcome to use any hymns they wish of mine," &c.

Acknowledgment is also made to Mr. W. T. Brooke, of 157, Richmond Road, Hackney, for most valuable help in ascertaining the authorship and copyright of hymns in this collection; and for Hymns 178, 565.

Permission has been purchased for the insertion of the following hymns: Nos. 39, 133, 164, by Mrs. Alexander, and No. 470, by Mrs. Shepcote, from Messrs. Masters and Co.; Nos. 127, 172, by Miss Winkworth, from "Lyra Germanica," from Messrs. Longmans and Co.; No. 448, by Mrs. Shepherd, from Mr. G. Morrish; Nos. 136, 275, 379, from Mr. W. C. Dix.

PREFACE TO THE TUNES.

THE need of a Tune-Book to accompany The Methodist Sunday-School Hymn-Book was acknowledged before the latter was published. For two years the Committee appointed by the Wesleyan Methodist Sunday-School Union have carefully and diligently worked to secure a good and sufficient supply of tunes. If they had been instructed merely to collect tunes, the labour would have been comparatively easy. A large quantity of music, much of it original, having been submitted to them by friends and advisers in various parts of the world, their chief difficulty was not in collection, but in selection.

Many composers whose names are as household words, and whose reputation has for years past been very high, have enriched this book with new tunes; and others, of considerable musical ability, and whose knowledge of the needs and tastes of Sunday-School officers and scholars is great, have made most acceptable contributions. A large number of old favourite tunes have also been inserted.

Grateful acknowledgment is made of the marked kindness and courtesy of the composers and proprietors of tunes with whom the Committee have corresponded. Great care has been taken to meet their expressed wishes as far as possible. In some instances this has caused a change from the usual version of the tune.*

Where the names and addresses of the composers of selected tunes were known, not only was permission sought for their use, but proofs were submitted for correction. The Committee desire to express their most cordial thanks to these authors for their ready kindness and efficient help.

If copyright tunes have been inserted without the express permission of their owners, it has been done inadvertently, and the Committee beg for indulgence and pardon, with the assurance of their willingness to make proper acknowledgment in subsequent editions of the work.

The Committee have been singularly fortunate in securing the services of Mr. Alfred Rhodes, R.A.M., as musical expert. Mr. Rhodes has rendered great help in criticism, and has paid very special attention to the arrangements and harmonies. Personally he would have preferred in some instances a different style of music; and he is not responsible either for the collection of tunes, adaptation of words, or progression of harmonies when the tunes or arrangements of them are copyright.

Particular mention should also be made of the great labour and time spent on the editorial part of the work by Mr. William Vanner. His colleagues on the Committee have been greatly helped by him, and desire to testify to this special help.

Generally where tunes are inserted which are also in the Chapel Tune-Book, the harmonies have been retained in order to avoid collision in congregational worship.

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* When proof of the tune Evan, printed as usual, was submitted for correction, it was returned with the following note: "Miss Havergal, in the name of all her family, emphatically protests against *this* jerky version of her father's tune Evan. He never so composed or played it, but in the smooth, flowing equal crotchet time. (See M. H. H.'s setting of it in 'Havergal's Psalmody,' No. 54.) Her father objected to this triple time, and called it an 'American estrangement.'"

In issuing this Tune-Book the Committee hope that it will furnish an abundant supply of music of a high class for School and Family Worship, and for Anniversary Services; and that it will prove of great service to the Sunday-School department of the Church of God.

The Alphabetical Index of Tunes has been made as complete and accurate a register of proprietorships of tunes and arrangements as could be secured.

Permission to use Tunes has been given:—By Her Majesty the Queen; Rev. Dr. Allon; Mr. W. L. Barker; Mr. O. R. Barnicott; Mr. William Best; Rev. W. J. Blew; Mr. J. B. Bowes, for the Committee of "The Wesleyan Service of Song at Newcastle"; Mr. H. Brooke, for the "Proprietors of the Wesley Tune-Book"; Rev. E. W. Bullinger; Rev. R. R. Chope, M.A.; Mr. S. Clarke, for the Composer; Dr. W. M. Cooke ("Congregational Church Music"); Rev. Howard A. Crosbie; Mr. John W. David; Mr. F. Dean; Mr. P. H. Diemer, R.A.M.; Mr. J. Dobson ("Tunes New and Old"); Mr. F. Dykes; Sir G. J. Elvey; Mr. W. B. Gilbert, Mus. Bac., Oxon.; Mr. W. H. Gladstone, M.P.; Mr. John Guest; Miss Havergal; Rev. L. G. Hayne, Mus. Doc.; Mr. W. Haynes; Mr. N. Heins; Mr. C. J. Innocent, for the "Sheffield Sunday-School Union"; Mr. R. P. Jefferson; Mr. C. Warwick Jordan, Mus. Bac., Oxon.; Mr. H. Lahee; Mr. J. Langran; Mr. S. D. Major ("Tunes for the Family and Congregation"); Rev. G. Mather, Cheadle; Rev. T. R. Matthews; Messrs. Morgan ("The Bristol Tune-Book"); Mr. Edwin Moss ("The London Tune-Book"); Mr. R. S. Newman; Messrs. Jas. Nisbet & Co.; Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co.; Rev. Sir Frederick A. Gore Ouseley, Bart.; Mr. Thomas Parker; Rev. Henry Parr; Rev. W. Pulling ("Hymns Ancient and Modern"); Mrs. Reinagle, for Rev. R. Brown-Borthwick; Rev. C. C. Schofield; Rev. H. Percy Smith; Mr. Samuel Smith; Rev. Francis Southgate; Mr. Frank Spinney; Rev. H. Fleetwood Sheppard; Rev. T. B. Stephenson, B.A., LL.D.; Mr. Elliot Stock; Sir Arthur Sullivan; Mr. J. Fred. Swift; Mr. H. G. Trembath, Mus. Bac.; Mr. E. H. Turpin; Mr. Jas. Turle; Mr. S. W. Wilkinson; Rev. T. Woolmer, for the Wesleyan Conference Office.

Permission has been purchased:—From Mr. Arthur Henry Brown; Messrs. Brown & Co. ("Sarum Hymnal"); Messrs. Burns & Oates; Mr. J. Comley; Rev. T. Darling; Mr. J. W. Elliott; Mrs. Gauntlett; the Executors of the late Sir John Goss; Dr. Henry Hiles; Mr. E. J. Hopkins, Mus. Doc.; Mr. R. Jackson; Dr. A. H. Mann; Messrs. Masters & Co.; Messrs. Morgan ("The Bristol Tune-Book"); Messrs. Novello, Ewer and Co.; Sir Herbert Oakeley, Mus. Doc.; Mr. C. H. Purday; Messrs. T. Richardson & Son; Messrs. J. F. Shaw & Co.; Mr. W. A. Smith; Mr. W. F. Trimnell; Dr. W. H. Waite; Rev. H. A. Walker ("St. Albans Tune-Book"); Mr. C. W. F. Welchman, for Mrs. Hallett Sheppard; Mrs. Wesley; and Mr. W. W. Woodward.

Tunes have been presented to the Union:—By Mr. J. J. Atack; Mr. T. Austin; Mr. J. Comley; Mr. C. J. Dale; Rev. S. J. P. Dunman; Mr. R. Dunstan; Rev. J. Finnemore; Rev. H. J. Foster; Mr. W. W. Lee; Rev. H. H. McCullagh; Mr. Walter Mitchell, F.C.O.; Rev. J. Conder Nattrass; Mr. B. Probst; Miss J. Rhodes; Mr. P. R. Richards; Mr. H. A. Smith, M.A., LL.B.; Mr. J. Squibb; Mr. J. Fred. Swift; Mr. William Vanner; Mr. Edward Walker; Mr. Thomas Wallhead; Mr. R. J. Walford; Mr. T. Wild; Rev. F. L. Wiseman, B.A.

Tunes have been purchased:—From Mr. Joseph Barnby; Mr. E. J. Buxton; Mr. J. Baptiste Calkin; Mr. John Farmer; Mr. E. J. Hopkins, Mus. Doc.; Mr. J. Matthews; Mr. R. Heath Mills; Mr. J. Passmore; Mr. Alfred Rhodes, R.A.M.; Mr. E. H. Turpin; and Mr. W. Sebastian Woodward.

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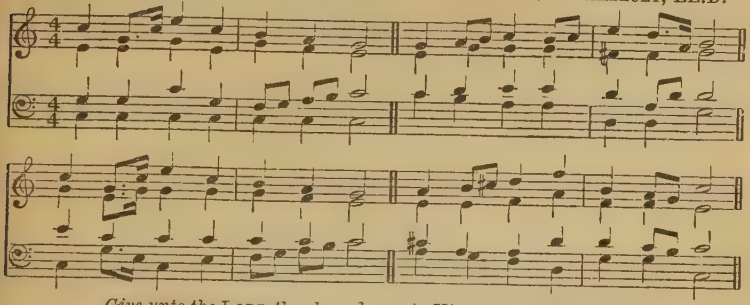
Hymn 1 (Tune 292.) Clarion. 7.7.7.7. E. F. Rimbault, LL.D.



Give unto the Lord *the glory due unto His name.*—Psalm xcvi. 8.

1 *f* To the name of God on high,
God of might and majesty,
God of heaven and earth and sea,
Blessing, praise, and glory be.

2 *mf* To the name of Christ the Lord,
Son of God, incarnate Word,
Christ, by whom all things were made,
Be all honour ever paid.

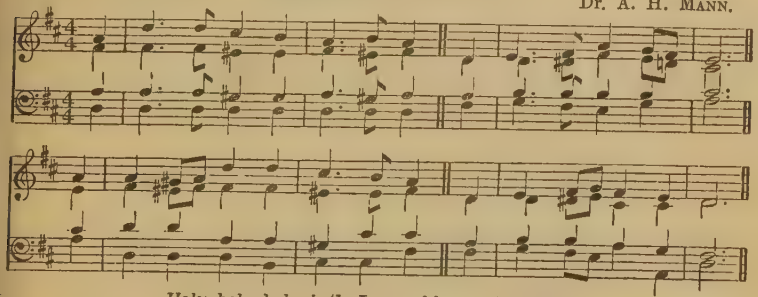
3 To the Holy Spirit be
Equal praise eternally,
With the Father and the Son,
One in name, in glory one.

4 *f* This the song of ages past,
Song that shall for ever last;
Let the ages yet to be
Join the cheerful melody.

5 *ff* Glorious is our God, the Lord!
Praises, then, with one accord
To His holy name be given,
By the sons of earth and heaven.

Hymn 2 (Tune 18.) Aristides. C.M.

Dr. A. H. Mann.



Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord *of hosts.*—Isaiah vi. 3.

1 Hail! holy, holy, holy Lord!
Whom One in Three we know:
mf By all Thy heavenly host adored,
By all Thy Church below.

2 One undivided Trinity
cr. With triumph we proclaim:
Thy universe is full of Thee,
f And speaks Thy glorious name.

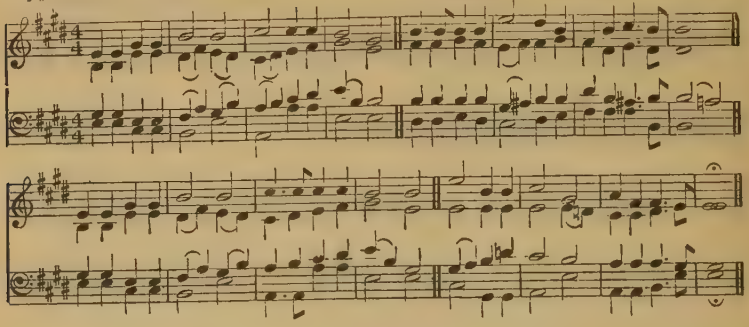
3 *mf* Thee, holy Father, we confess,
Thee, holy Son, adore,
p Thee, Spirit of truth and holiness,
We worship evermore.

4 *f* Hail! holy, holy, holy Lord!
(Our heavenly song shall be)
Supreme, essential One, adored
In co-eternal Three!

Hymn 3 (Tune 519.) Nicæa. 11.12.12.10.

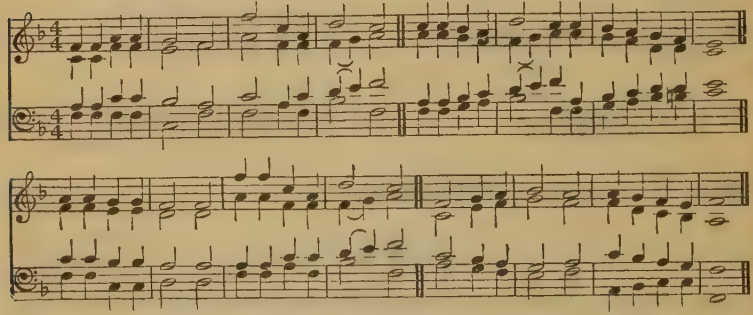
By permission from *H. A. & M.*

Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.



2nd Tune. (Tune 520.) Trinity. 11.12.12.10.

A. Stone.



Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty.—Revelation iv. 8

1 *mf* Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity!

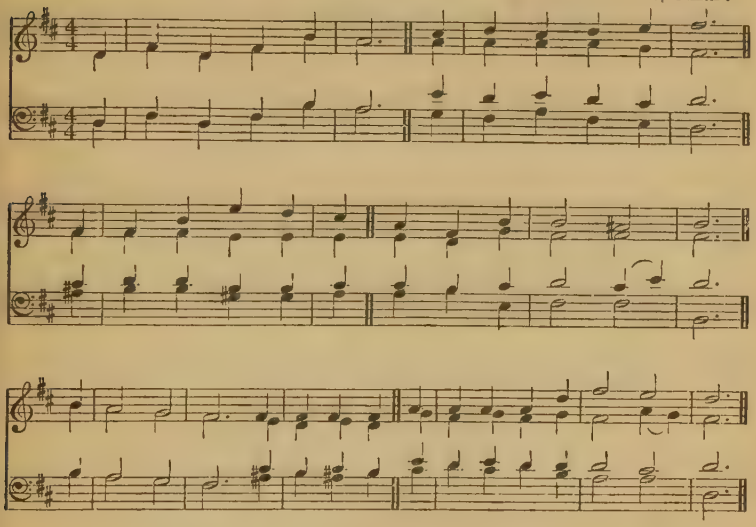
2 *mf* Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
cr. Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

3 *p* Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
f Only Thou art holy: there is none beside Thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity!

4 *cr.* Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
f All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth and sky and sea,
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity!

Hymn 4 (Tune 188.) Dudley. 6.6.6.6.8.8.

E. F. Rimbault, LL.D.



For He spake, and it was done.—Psalm xxxiii. 9.

1 *mf* To Him who spread the skies,
Who formed the sea and earth,
Creating all so good,
To Him who gave us birth,
To Him be glory, honour given
From sons of earth and hosts of heaven.

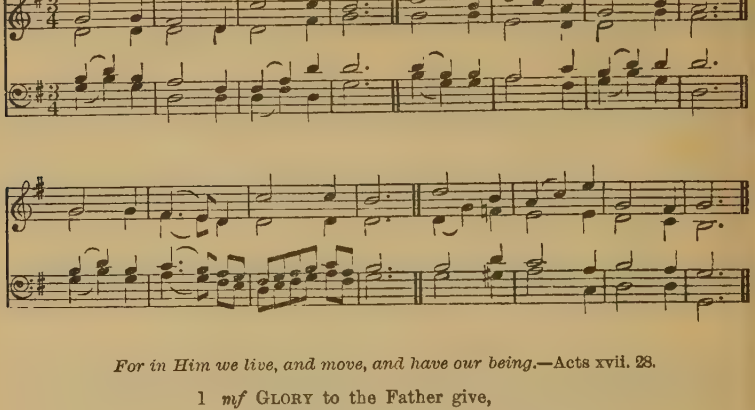
2 *f* To God on high be praise,
The everlasting One,
Glorious in power and love,
Who spake, and it was done;
Who with His gifts our world did fill;
Who giveth all things freely still.

3 In Him for evermore,
Ye sons of men, be glad;
In God, your God, rejoice,
He lifteth up your head;
p He toucheth, and the sickness flies;
cr. He speaketh, and the dead arise.

4 Him praise and magnify,
Sun, moon, and every star;
His name exalt on high,
Creation near and far!
To Him the God of earth and heaven
f All blessing and all praise be given.

5 Unto the Father sing
The everlasting song;
Unto the Son the praise
Eternally prolong;
Unto the Holy Spirit sing:
ff The one Jehovah, Lord and King.

Hymn 5 (Tune 302.) Nottingham. 7.7.7.7. From Mozart.



For in Him we live, and move, and have our being.—Acts xvii. 28.

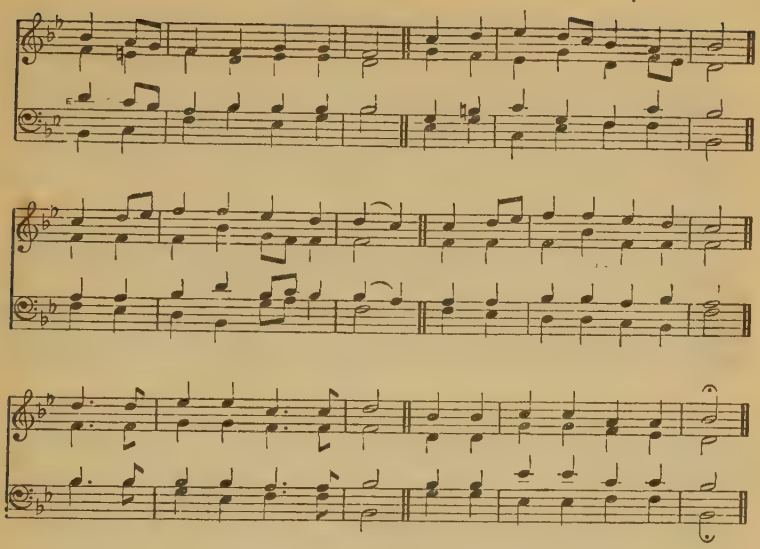
1 *mf* Glory to the Father give,
God in whom we move and live!
Children's prayers He deigns to hear,
Children's songs delight His ear.

2 *f* Glory to the Son we bring,
Christ, our Prophet, Priest, and King!
Children, raise your sweetest strain
p To the Lamb, for He was slain.

3 Glory to the Holy Ghost!
Be this day a pentecost;
Children's minds may He inspire,
Touch their tongues with holy fire.

4 *f* Glory in the highest be
To the blessèd Trinity,
For the Gospel from above,
For the word that God is love!

Hymn 6 (Tune 344.) Syria. 7.7.7.7. D.



Hear Thou from Thy dwelling-place, even from heaven.—2 Chronicles vi. 21.

1 *mf* GOD of glory, God of grace.
Hear from heaven, Thy dwelling-place,
While our feeble voices sing
cr. Grateful praises to our King;
While we meet at Thy command,
Asking blessings from Thy hand,
f God of glory, God of grace, [place.
Hear from heaven, Thy dwelling-

2 *mf* God, our Maker, Thee we praise,
Guardian of our helpless days;
Thou hast made us by Thy power,
Thou hast kept us to this hour;
p Thou hast given Thy Son to die,
Sent Thy Spirit from on high.
f God of glory, God of grace, [place.
Hear from heaven, Thy dwelling-

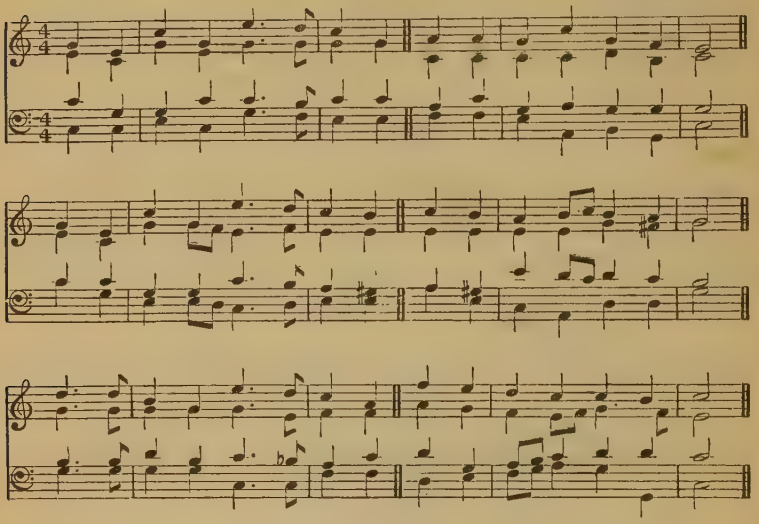
3 *mf* God the Saviour, Thee we bless
For Thy life of righteousness;
p For Thy cross and death of shame,
Infant voices bless Thy name;
Should our tongues no praises bring,
cr. Stones would find a voice to sing.
f God of glory, God of grace, [place.
Hear from heaven, Thy dwelling

4 *p* God the Spirit, Thee we praise
For Thy sanctifying grace;
For the new and tender heart
Thou hast promised to impart;
cr. For the Word, inspired by Thee,
That reveals eternity.
f God of glory, God of grace, [place.
Hear from heaven, Thy dwelling

5 Great, eternal Three in One,
Hear, O hear us from Thy throne!
p We are children of a day—
Like the flowers we pass away;
cr. Yet Thy power can bid us rise
To adorn Thy paradise.
f God of glory, God of grace, [place.
Hear from heaven, Thy dwelling.

Hymn 7 (Tune 401.) Regent Square. 8.7.8.7.4.7.

HENRY SMART.



To God only wise, be glory through Jesus Christ for ever.—Romans xvi. 27.

1 *f* GLORY be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,
Glory be to God the Spirit,
Great Jehovah, Three in One;
Glory, glory
While eternal ages run!

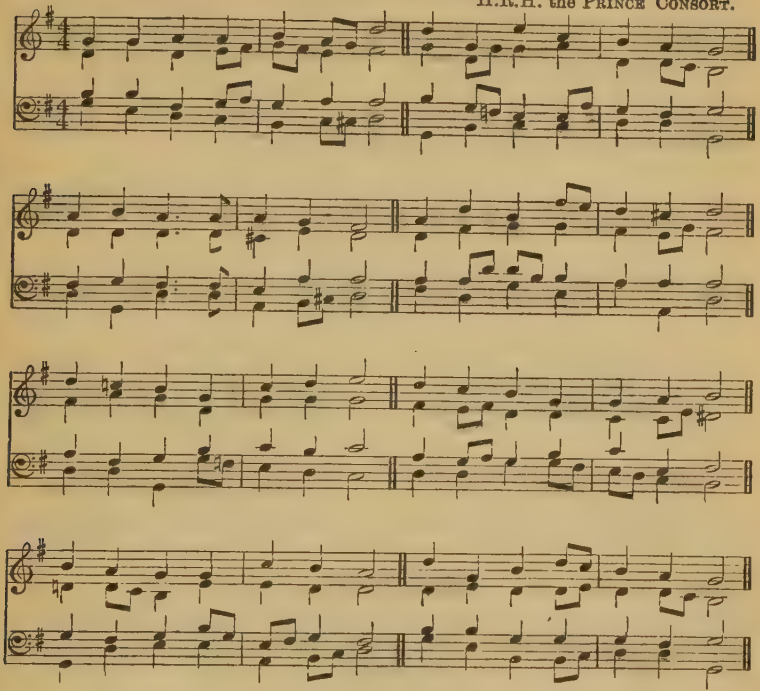
2 *p* Glory be to Him who loved us,
Washed us from each spot and stain:
Glory be to Him who bought us,
cr. Made us kings with Him to reign;
Glory, glory
dim. To the Lamb that once was slain!

3 *f* Glory to the King of angels,
Glory to the Church's King,
Glory to the King of nations,
Heaven and earth your praises bring;
Glory, glory
To the King of glory bring!

4 Glory, blessing, praise eternal!
Thus the choir of angels sings
Honour, riches, power, dominion!
cr. Thus its praise creation brings;
Glory, glory
ff Glory to the King of kings!

Hymn 8 (Tune 337.) Coburg. 7.7.7.7. D.

H.R.H. the PRINCE CONSORT.



And I will commune with thee from above the mercy-seat.—Exodus xxv. 22.

1 *mf* GOD the Father! full of grace,
Dwell within this holy place;
Still, as in the days of old,
Thy great deep of love unfold;
Shining from the mercy-seat,
Here Thy waiting children meet.
God of glory, God of grace,
Make our hearts Thy dwelling-place.

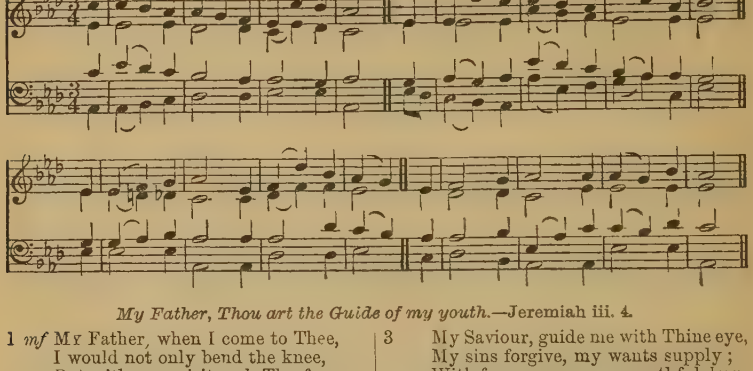
2 God the Son! for ever be
With us when we worship Thee;
p By Thine agony and sweat,
By Thy cross uplifted yet,
Hear us, Jesus, when we cry;
Lamb of God, draw nigh, draw nigh.
God of glory, God of grace,
Make our hearts Thy dwelling-place.

3 *mf* God the Spirit! in Thy might
Speak, and kindle life and light;
Quicken, save, and guide, and bless,
cr. Fill our souls with righteousness;
When the Gospel sound is heard,
Fall on those that hear the word.
God of glory, God of grace,
Make our hearts Thy dwelling-place.

4 *mf* Holy Trinity! give ear
To the worship offered here;
Triune God, this temple own,
Make our hearts Thy living throne;
So shall daily incense rise
To Thy temple in the skies.
f God of glory, God of grace,
Make our hearts Thy dwelling-place.

Hymn 9 (Tune 74.) Eden. L.M.

T. B. Mason.



My Father, Thou art the Guide of my youth.—Jeremiah iii. 4.

1 *mf* My Father, when I come to Thee,
I would not only bend the knee,
But with my spirit seek Thy face,
With my whole heart desire Thy grace.

2 I plead the name of Thy dear Son,
All He has said, all He has done;
O, may I feel His love to me,
Who died, from sin to set me free!

3 My Saviour, guide me with Thine eye,
My sins forgive, my wants supply;
cr. With favour crown my youthful days,
f And my whole life shall speak Thy praise.

4 *mf* Thy Holy Spirit, Lord, impart;
Impress Thy likeness on my heart;
May I obey Thy truth in love,
f Till raised to dwell with Thee above.

Hymn 10 (Tune 394.) Mannheim. 8.7.8.7.4.4.7.

German.

For God is my defence, and the God of my mercy.—Psalm lix. 17.

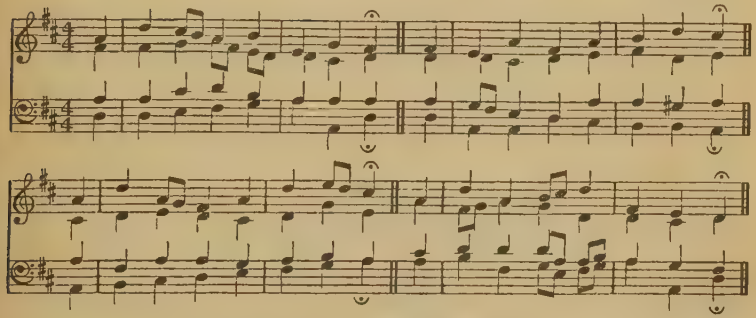
1 *mf* LEAD us, heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee;
Yet possessing Every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

2 *p* Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us,
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary, Faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God, descending,
cr. Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy;
f Thus provided, Pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

Hymn 11 (Tune 75.) Festus. L.M.

German.



For the Lord God is a sun.—Psalm lxxxiv. 11.

1 *mf* FATHER of lights, we sing Thy name,
Who kindlest up the lamp of day;
Wide as he spreads his golden flame
His beams Thy power and love display.

2 Fountain of good! from Thee proceeds
p In copious drops the gentle rain,
cr. Which, through the fields and through the meads,
Revives the grass, and swells the grain.

3 *rf* Through the wide world Thy bounties spread,
Yet millions of our guilty race,
Though by Thy daily mercy fed,
Affront Thy law and scorn Thy grace.

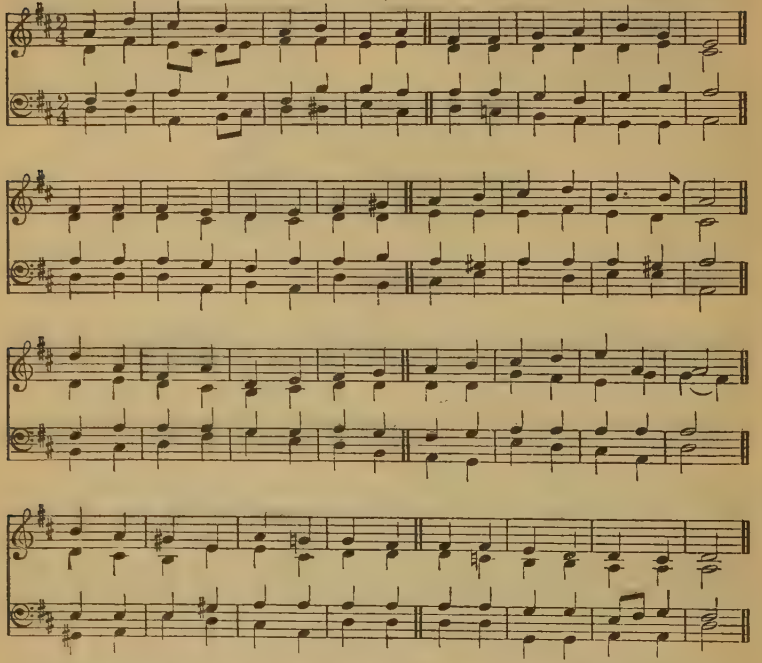
4 Not so may our forgetful hearts
O'erlook the tokens of Thy care,
But what Thy liberal hand imparts
Still own in praise, still ask in prayer.

5 So shall our suns more grateful shine,
And showers in sweeter drops shall fall,
cr. When all our hearts and lives are Thine,
And, Thou, our God, art known in all.

6 *f* Jesus, our brighter Sun, arise!
In plenteous showers Thy Spirit send;
Earth then shall grow a paradise
And in the heavenly Eden end.

Hymn 12 (Tune 433.) Woodford. 8.7.8.7.D.

Rev. H. H. McCullagh.



Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise.—Matthew xxi. 16.

1 *mf* Seraphs laud Thee, God the Father,
In the sweetest, noblest lays;
Can it be that Thou wouldst rather
Listen unto children's praise?
Yea; Thou hearkenest to our voices,
Children's voices though they be;
f Take the glory each rejoices,
Lord of all, to render Thee.

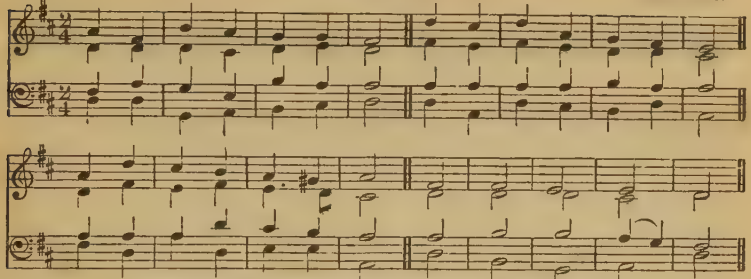
2 *mf* Cherubs praise Thee, God the Saviour,
In sublimest strains above;
Wilt Thou grant to us Thy favour,
And accept of children's love?
Yes; Thou listenest to our singing,
Children's singing though it be;
Take the hearts we all are bringing,
Sovereign Son, to Thee, to Thee.

3 Angels praise Thee, God the Spirit,
Source of life and light and truth;
Wilt Thou, for the Saviour's merit,
Hear the simpler songs of youth?
Thou receiv'st our adoration,
Children's homage though it be;
Make our hearts a new creation,
Holy Spirit, fit for Thee.

4 *f* Triune God, the heavens hail Thee,
Harpers, choirs, and white-robed throng,
Nor shall children's voices fail Thee
In the universal song.
Now receive our highest praises,
Children's praises though they be;
Then to bliss at last upraise us,
Triune God, to worship Thee.

Hymn 13 (Tune 277.) Capetown. 7.7.7.5.

German.



God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all.—1 John i. 5.

1 *mf* THREE in One, and One in Three,
Ruler of the earth and sea,
Hear us, while we lift to Thee
p Holy chant and psalm.

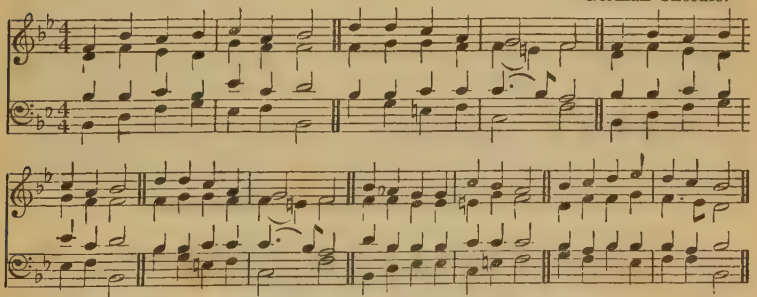
2 *mf* Light of lights! with morning shine;
Lift on us Thy light divine,
And let charity benign
p Breathe on us her balm.

3 *mf* Light of lights! when falls the even,
Let it close on sin forgiven;
Fold us in the peace of heaven,
p Shed a holy calm.

4 *mf* Three in One, and One in Three,
Dimly here we worship Thee;
cr. With the saints hereafter we
f Hope to bear the palm.

Hymn 14 (Tune 256.) Moldavia. 7.6.7.6.7.7.

German Chorale.



Thou that dwellest between the cherubims, shine forth.—Psalm lxxx. 1.

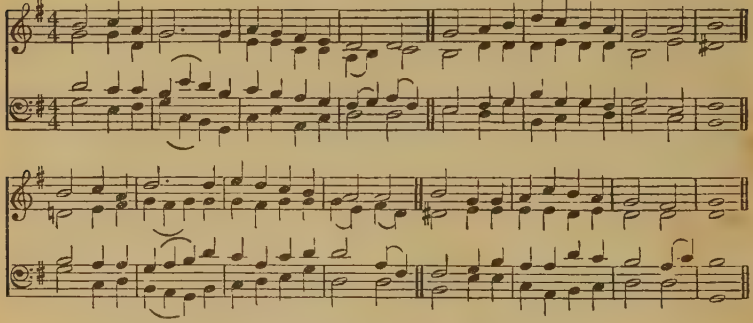
1 *mf* HOLY Father, mighty God,
Fountain of all blessing,
Hear us when on Thee we call,
Thy great name confessing!
Wellspring of all peace and grace,
Grant us to behold Thy face.

2 *mf* Holy Saviour, Son of God,
Fulness of all blessing,
Save us when to Thee we come,
Thy great name confessing!
Grant us heavenly joy and rest;
Bless us, and we shall be blest.

3 *mf* Holy Spirit, Light and Love,
Giver of all blessing,
Shine on us when thus we come,
Thy great name confessing.
Mighty Comforter, impart
Comfort to the troubled heart.

Hymn 15 (Tune 506.) Eirene. 11.10. 11.10.

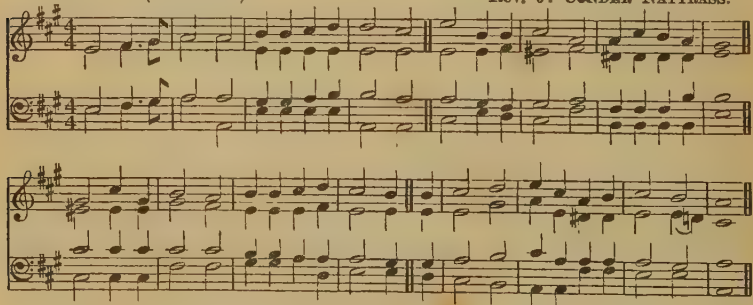
F. R. Havergal.



Praise ye Jehovah. 11.10. 11.10.

2nd Tune. (Tune 507.)

Rev. J. Conder Nattrass.



He will beautify the meek with salvation.—Psalm cxlix. 4.

1 *mf* Praise ye Jehovah, praise the Lord most holy,
Who cheers the contrite, girds with strength the weak;
Praise Him who will with glory crown the lowly,
And with salvation beautify the meek.

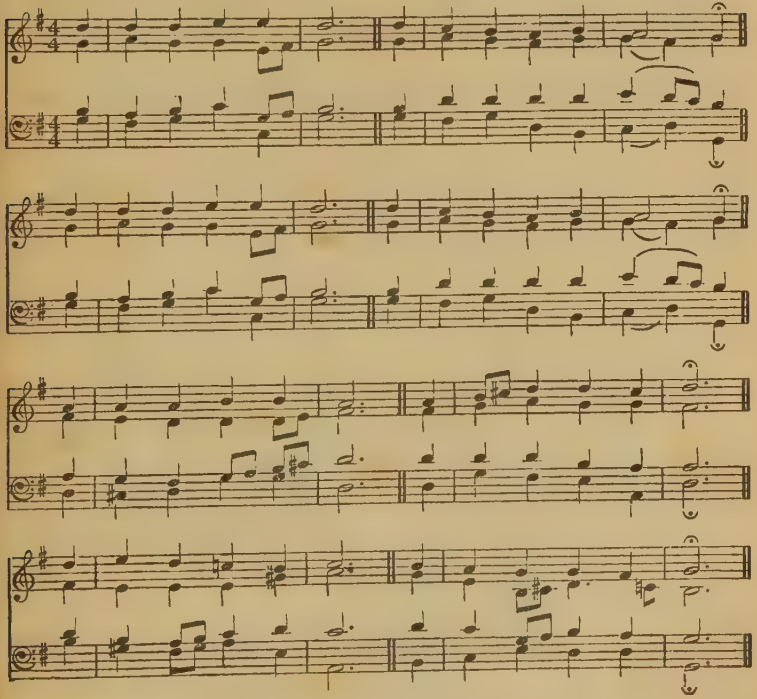
2 *mf* Praise ye the Lord for all His lovingkindness,
And all the tender mercy He hath shown;
cr. Praise Him who pardons all our sin and blindness
And calls us sons, and marks us for His own.

3 Praise ye Jehovah, source of all our blessing,
Before His gifts earth's richest boons are dim;
Resting in Him, His peace and joy possessing,
All things are ours, for we have all in Him.

4 Praise ye the Father, God the Lord, who gave us,
With full and perfect love, His only Son;
mf Praise ye the Son, who died Himself to save us;
f Praise ye the Spirit: praise the Three in One.

Hymn 16 (Tune 200.) Nun Danket. 6.7. 6.7. 6.6. 6.6.

J. Crüger.



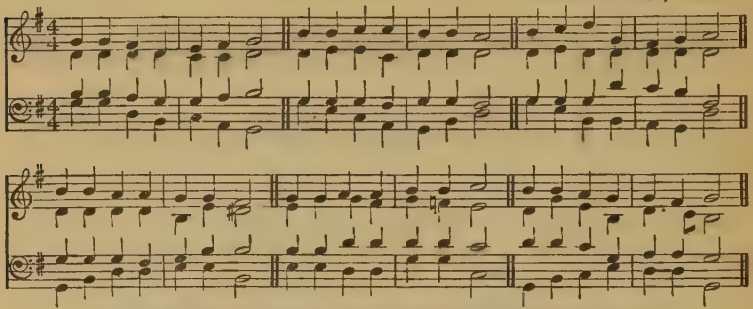
Praise ye the Lord.—Psalm cl. 1.

1 *mf* Let all men praise the Lord,
In worship lowly bending;
On His most holy word,
Redeemed from woe, depending.
He gracious is and just;
From childhood us doth lead;
or. On Him we place our trust
And hope in time of need.

2 *f* Glory and praise to God—
To Father, Son, be given,
And to the Holy Ghost,
On high enthroned in heaven!
Praise to the Triune God;
With powerful arm and strong,
He changeth night to day:
Praise Him with grateful song!

Hymn 17 (Tune 322.) Crowland. 7.7.7.7.7.7.

JOHANN SCHOP, 1640.



And for Thy pleasure they are and were created.—Revelation iv. 11.

1 *f* ALL things praise Thee—Lord most high,
Heaven and earth, and sea and sky,
All were for Thy glory made,
That Thy greatness, thus displayed,
Should all worship bring to Thee; [we.
All things praise Thee: (*mf*) Lord, may

2 *p* All things praise Thee—night to night
Sings in silent hymns of light;
cr. All things praise Thee—day to day
Chants Thy power in burning ray;
Time and space are praising Thee, [we.
All things praise Thee: (*mf*) Lord, may

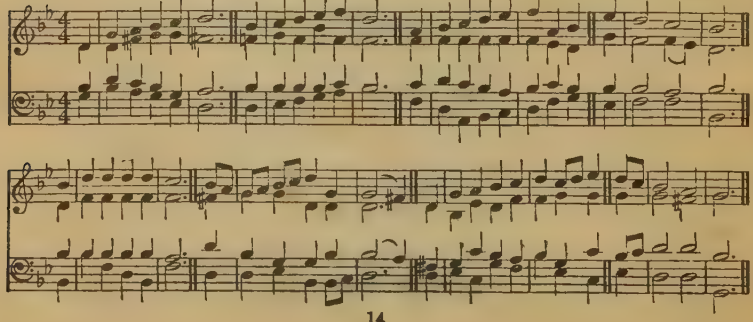
3 *mf* All things praise Thee—high and low,
Rain, and dew, and seven-hued bow,
Crimson sunset, fleecy cloud,
Rippling stream, and tempest loud,
Summer, winter—all to Thee
Glory render: (*p*) Lord, may we.

4 *f* All things praise Thee—heaven's high [shrine
Rings with melody divine;
dim. Lowly bending at Thy feet,
Seraph and archangel meet;
This their highest bliss—to be
Ever praising: (*p*) Lord, may we.

5 *f* All things praise Thee—gracious Lord,
Great Creator, powerful Word,
Omnipresent Spirit, now
At Thy feet we humbly bow;
Lift our hearts in praise to Thee;
All things praise Thee: (*mf*) Lord, may we.

Hymn 18 (Tune 197.) Leoni. 6.6.8.4.6.6.8.4.

Ancient Jewish Melody.



I am Thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward.—Genesis xv. 1.

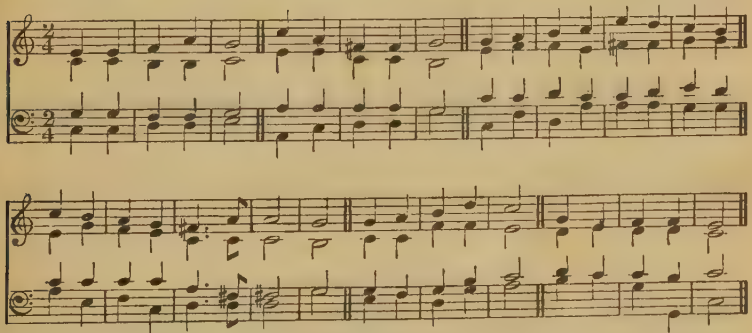
1 *f* The God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above,
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love:
Jehovah, Great I AM,
By earth and heaven confessed;
I bow and bless the sacred name,
For ever blest.

2 *mf* The God of Abraham praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days,
In all my ways.
He calls a worm His friend,
He calls Himself my God;
p And He shall save me to the end,
Through Jesu's blood.

3 *f* The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high:
"Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!"
They ever cry;
Hail, Abraham's God and mine!
(I join the heavenly lays)
All might and majesty are Thine,
And endless praise.

Hymn 19 (Tune 110.) Exaltation. 5.5. 8.8. 5.5.

W. VANNER.



I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also, &c.—Isaiah lvii. 15.

1 *f* FATHER, throned on high;
Thou to us art nigh;
With the heavenly hosts before Thee,
We in spirit would adore Thee,
And with rapture raise
Hymns of love and praise.

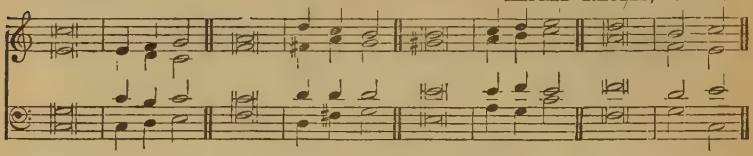
2 O eternal Word,
Our incarnate Lord,
We to Thee thanksgiving render—
Thee Thy people's strong Defender
And as Sovereign own
None but Thee alone.

3 *mf* Spirit of all grace,
Source of Holiness,
f Who the Saviour's sceptre wieldest,
And from Satan's vengeance shieldest;
'Tis by Thee we live:
Praise to Thee we give!

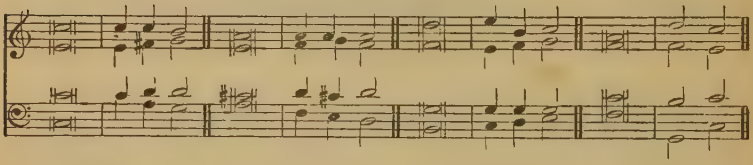
4 Had we angel tongues,
With seraphic songs,
Bowing hearts and knees before Thee,
Triune God, we would adore Thee,
In the highest strain,
For the Lamb once slain.

Hymn 20 The Strain Upraise.

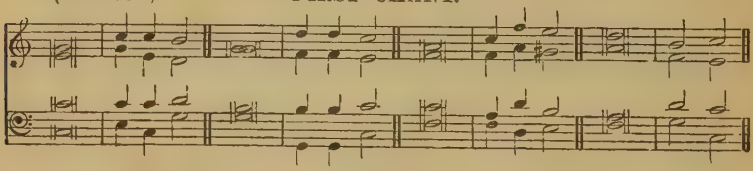
I. (Tune 532.) FIRST CHANT. ALFRED RHODES, R.A.M.



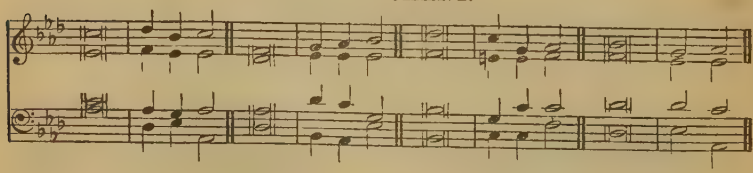
SECOND CHANT.



II. (Tune 533.) FIRST CHANT.



SECOND CHANT.



All Thy works shall praise Thee, O Lord.—Psalm cxlv. 10.

FIRST CHANT.

f THE strain upraise of joy and praise, Al-le | luia ! ||
To the glory of their King shall the ransomed | people sing ||
Al-le | luia ! || Al-le | luia ! ||

2 *cr.* And the choirs that | dwell on high || Shall re-echo | through the sky, ||
f Al-le | luia ! || Al-le | luia ! ||

3 *p* They in the rest of Para | dise who dwell, ||
cr. The blessèd ones, with joy the | chorus swell, || *f* Al-le | luia ! || Al-le | luia ! ||

SECOND CHANT.

4 *mf* The planets beaming on their | heaven-ly way, ||
The shining constellations | join, and say || *f* Al-le | luia ! || Al-le | luia ! ||

5 *f* Ye clouds that onward sweep, Ye winds on | pinions light, ||
Unis. ff Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep, Ye lightnings | wildly bright, ||
Har. In sweet con | sent unite || your Al-le | luia ! ||

6 *f* Ye floods and ocean billows, Ye storms and | winter snow, ||
mf Ye days of cloudless beauty, Hoar frost and | summer glow, ||
Ye groves that wave in spring, And glorious | forests, sing, || Al-le | luia ! ||

7 *p* First let the birds, with painted | plumage gay, ||
cr. Exalt their great Creator's | praise, and say, || Al-le | luia ! || Al-le | luia ! ||

8 *f* Then let the beasts of earth, with | varying strain, ||
Join in creation's hymn, and | cry again, || Al-le | luia ! || Al-le | luia ! ||

9 *Unis. ff* Here let the mountains thunder forth so | norous, || Al-le | luia ! ||
Har. p There let the valleys sing in gentler | chorus, || Al-le | luia ! ||

10 *f* Thou jubilant abyss of | ocean, cry || Al-le | luia ! ||
Ye tracts of earth, and conti | nents, reply || Al-le | luia ! ||

11 To God, who all cre | ation made, || The frequent hymn be | duly paid ; ||
Al-le | luia ! || Al-le | luia ! ||

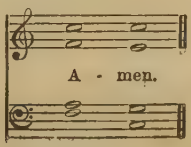
FIRST CHANT.

12 *ff* This is the strain, the eternal strain, the Lord Al | mighty loves ; || Al-le | luia ! ||
This is the song, the heavenly song, that Christ the | King approves : ||
Al-le | luia ! ||

13 Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice a | waking, || Al-le | luia ! ||
p And children's voices echo, answer | making, || Al-le | luia ! ||

14 *f* Now from all men | be outpoured || Alleluia | to the Lord ; ||
With Alleluia | evermore || The Son and Spirit | we adore. ||

15 Praise be done to the | Three in One, || Al-le | luia ! ||
Al-le | luia ! || Al-le | luia ! ||



Hymn 21 (Tune 461.) Melita. 8.8.8.8.8.8.

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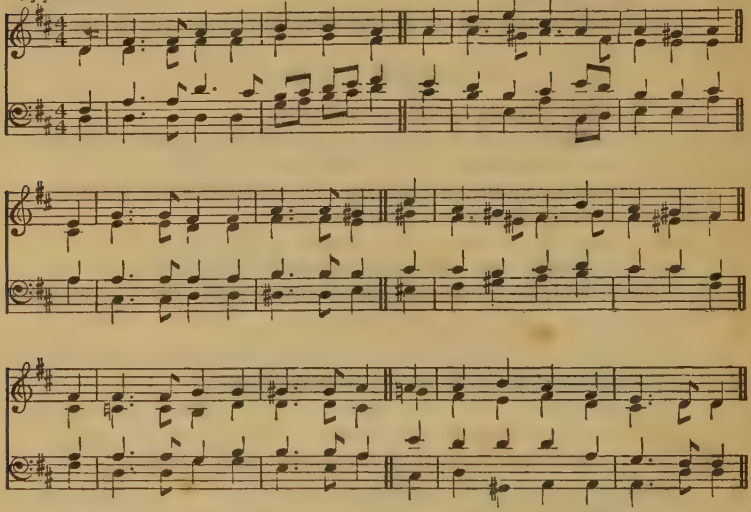
Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.



Intercession for those at sea.—Psalm cvii. 23—31.

1 *mf* Eternal Father! strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep:
p O hear us, (*cr.*) when we cry to Thee
dim. For those in peril on the sea!

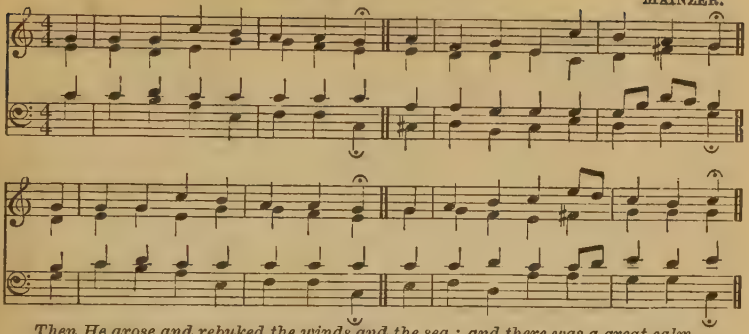
2 *mf* O Saviour, whose almighty word
p The winds and waves submissive heard,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amid its rage didst sleep:
p O hear us, (*cr.*) when we cry to Thee
dim. For those in peril on the sea!

3 *mf* O Sacred Spirit! who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
Who bad'st its angry tumult cease,
And gavest light and life and peace:
p O hear us, (*cr.*) when we cry to Thee
dim. For those in peril on the sea!

4 *mf* O Trinity of love and power!
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go:
cr. And ever let there rise to Thee
f Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

Hymn 22 (Tune 81.) Mainzer. L.M.

MAINZER.



Then He arose and rebuked the winds and the sea; and there was a great calm.—Matthew viii. 26.

1 *mf* ALMIGHTY Father, hear our cry,
As o'er the trackless deep we roam;
Be Thou our haven always nigh,
On homeless waters, Thou our home.

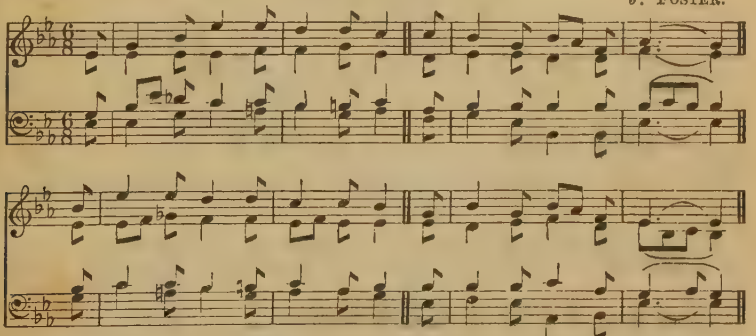
2 *p* O Jesu, Saviour, at whose voice
The tempest sank to perfect rest,
mf Bid Thou the mourner's heart rejoice,
And cleanse and calm the troubled breast.

3 *cr.* O Holy Ghost, beneath whose power
The ocean woke to life and light,
Command Thy blessing in this hour,
Thy fostering warmth, Thy quickening might.

4 *f* Great God, Triune Jehovah, Thee
We love, we worship, we adore;
Our refuge on time's changeful sea,
Our joy on heaven's eternal shore.

Hymn 23 (Tune 20.) Claremont. C.M.

J. FOSTER.



My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest.—Exodus xxxiii. 14.

1 *mf* WHILE lone upon the furious waves,
Where danger fiercely rides,
There is a Hand, unseen, that saves,
And through the ocean guides.

2 Almighty Lord of land and sea,
Beneath Thine eye we sail;
And if our hope be fixed on Thee,
Our hearts can never quail.

3 *ff* Though tempests shake the angry deep,
And thunder's voice appal,
p Serene we wake, and calmly sleep;
cr. Our Father governs all.

4 *f* Still prove Thyself through all the way
The guardian and the friend;
mf Cheer with Thy presence every day,
p And every night defend.

Hymn 24 (Tune 86.) St. Sepulchre. L.M.

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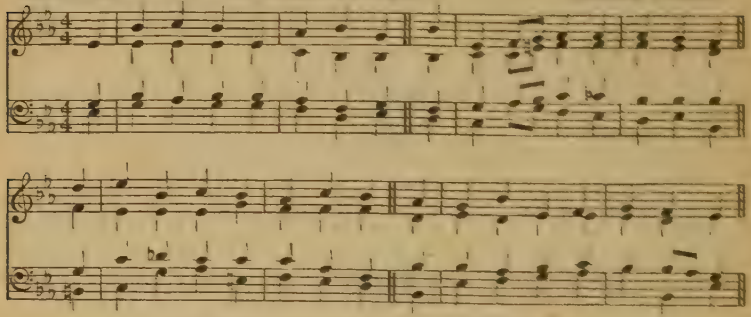


Our Father, which art in heaven.—Matthew vi. 9.

1 *mf* OUR Father, God, who art in heaven,
To Thy great name be reverence given:
Thy peaceful kingdom wide extend,
And reign, O Lord, till time shall end.

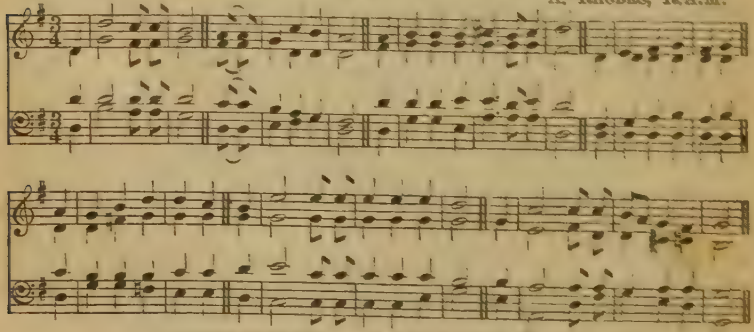
2 Thy sacred will on earth be done,
As by the angels round the throne;
And let us every day be fed
With earthly and with heavenly bread.

3 *p* Our sins forgive, and teach us thus
To pardon those who injure us;
Our shield in all temptations prove,
And every evil far remove.

4 Thine is the kingdom to control,
And Thine the power to save the soul;
f Great be the glory of Thy reign:
Let every creature say—Amen.

Hymn 25 (Tune 109.) O Sing to the Lord. 5.5.8. 6.6.8.

A. RHODES, R.A.M.



O come, let us sing unto the Lord.—Psalm xcv. 1.

1 *f* O SING to the Lord,
In joyous accord,
Ye dwellers on earth and in heaven:
The God of creation,
The God of salvation,
To Him all the glory be given!

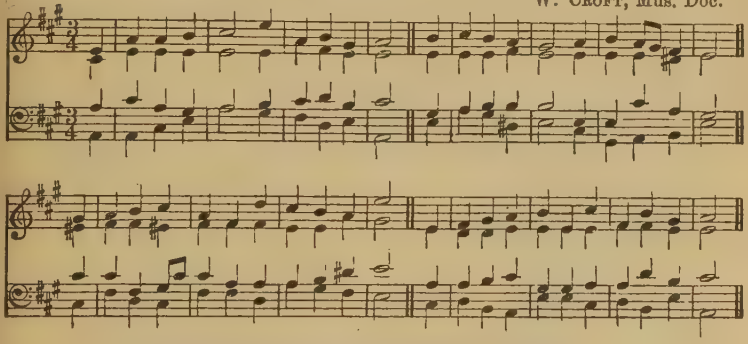
2 Earth, ocean, and air
Unite to declare
The unspeakable worth of His name
Creation He founded
In wisdom unbounded.
Such wonders His glory proclaim.

3 *mf* But O! the rich grace
To our perishing race,
Salvation, the purchase of blood;
Lost sinners believing,
Free pardon receiving,
Become the blessed children of God.

4 *f* What wonders untold
Will redemption unfold
When heaven its myriads shall bring,
In body and spirit
Bright crowns to inherit
ff With Christ, the victorious King!

Hymn 26 (Tune 492.) Hanover. 10.10. 11.11.

W. CROFT, Mus. Doc.



Thou art clothed with honour and majesty.—Psalm civ. 1.

1 *f* O WORSHIP the King, All glorious above;
O gratefully sing His power and His love:
Our Shield and Defender, The Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendour, And girded with praise.

2 O tell of His might, O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, Whose canopy space;
Whose chariots of wrath Deep thunderclouds form;
And dark is His path On the wings of the storm.

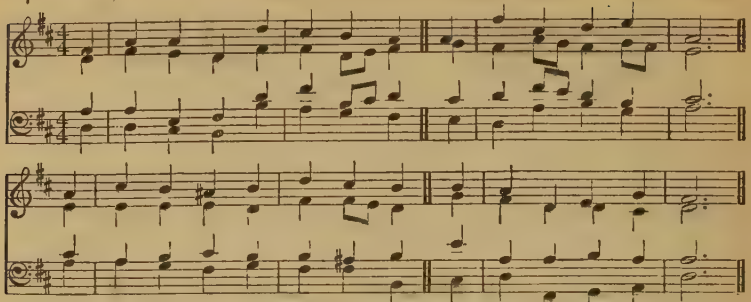
3 *mf* The earth with its store Of wonders untold,
Almighty! Thy power Hath founded of old;
Hath stablished it fast By a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, Like a mantle, the sea.

4 Thy bountiful care What tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, It shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, It descends to the plain
And sweetly distils In the dew and the rain.

5 *p* Frail children of dust, And feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, Nor find Thee to fail;
cr. Thy mercies how tender, How firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

6 *f* O measureless Might! Ineffable Love!
While angels delight To hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation, (*p*) Though feeble their lays,
cr. With true adoration Shall lisp to Thy praise.

Hymn 27 (Tune 48.) Westminster. C.M. J. Turle.



Glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders.—Exodus xv. 11.

1 *mf* My God, how wonderful Thou art!
Thy majesty, how bright!
How radiant Thy mercy-seat,
In depths of burning light!

2 How dread are Thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord!
p By prostrate spirits, day and night,
Incessantly adored!

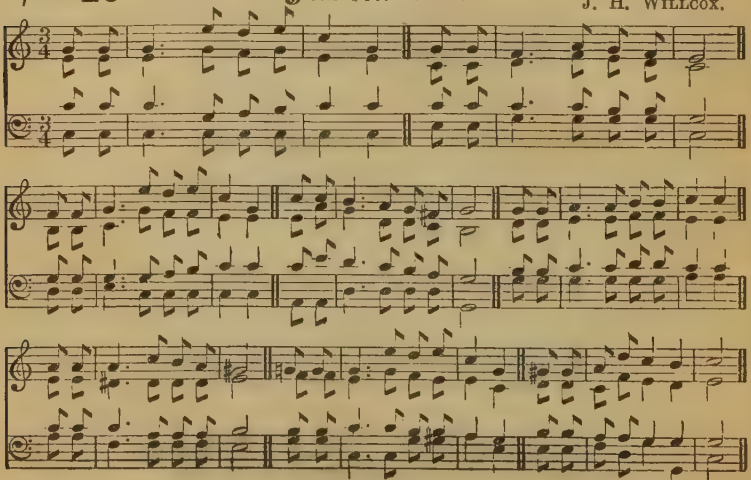
3 *mf* How glorious, how beautiful
The sight of Thee must be; [power,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless
p And awful purity!

4 *p* Oh! how I fear Thee, living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship Thee with humble hope
And penitential tears!

5 *mf* Yet may I love Thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art;
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

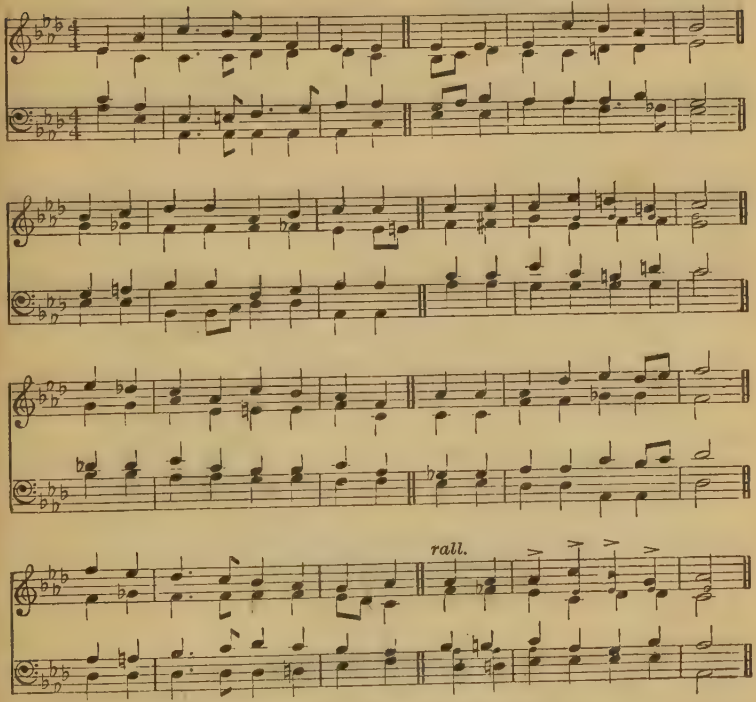
6 *p* No earthly father loves like Thee,
No mother, e'er so mild.
cr. Bears and forbears as Thou hast done
With me, Thy sinful child.

Hymn 28 (Tune 426.) Faben. 8.7.8.7. D. J. H. Willcox.



2nd Tune. (Tune 430.) **Sanctuary.** 8.7. 8.7. D.

Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.



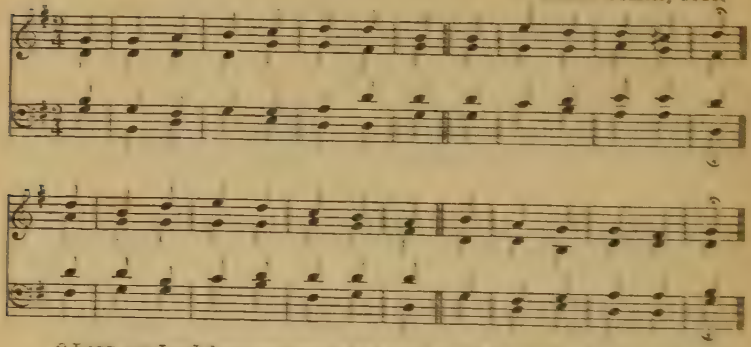
The heavens declare the glory of God.—Psalm xix. 1.

1 *ff* Praise the Lord! ye heavens adore Him,
Praise Him, angels, in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him;
Praise Him, all ye stars and light!
Praise the Lord! for He hath spoken;
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed;
Laws, that never shall be broken,
For their guidance He hath made.

2 *f* Praise the Lord! for He is glorious;
Never shall His promise fail;
ff God hath made His saints victorious;
Sin and death shall not prevail.
Praise the God of our salvation!
Hosts on high His powers proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify His name!

Hymn 29 (Tune 28.) Dunfermline. C.M.

Scotch Psalter, 1615.



O LORD *our Lord, how excellent is Thy name in all the earth.*—Psalm viii. 1.

1 *mf* O LORD, how good, how great art Thou,
In heaven and earth the same!
There angels at Thy footstool bow,
Here babes Thy grace proclaim.

2 When glorious in the nightly sky
Thy moon and stars I see,
O what is man, I wondering cry,
To be so loved by Thee!

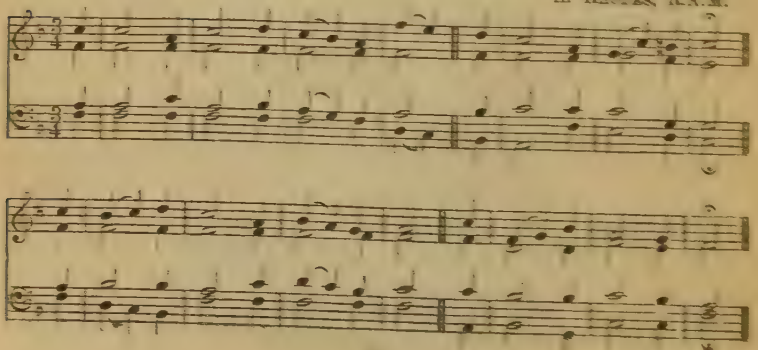
3 *p* To him Thou hourly deign'st to give
Now morning from on high:
Dim. Didst quit Thy throne with him to live;
p For him in pain to die;

4 *mf* Close to Thine own bright seraphim
His favoured path is trod;
And all terrific are serving him,
That he may serve his God.

5 *f* O Lord, how good, how great art Thou,
In heaven and earth the same!
There angels at Thy footstool bow,
mf Here babes Thy grace proclaim.

Hymn 30 Tune 108. Thanksgiving. 4.4.6. D.

A. RHODES, R.A.M.



I will praise thee, O LORD, *with my whole heart.*—Psalm ix. 1.

1 *f* My God, my King,
Thy praise I sing,
My heart is all Thine own:
My highest powers,
My choicest hours,
mf I yield to Thee alone.

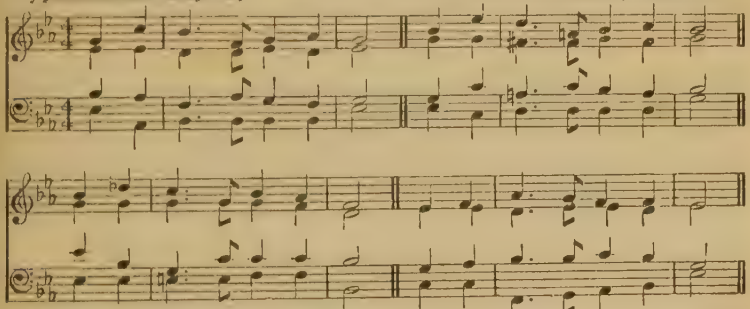
2 My voice, awake,
Thy part to take;
My soul, the concert join;
Till all around
Shall catch the sound,
And blend their hymns with mine.

3 *p* But man is weak
Thy praise to speak;
Your God, ye angels, sing;
'Tis yours to see,
More near than we,
The glories of our King.

4 *f* His truth and grace
Fill time and space;
As large His honours be,
Till all that live
Their homage give,
And praise my God with me.

Hymn 31 (Tune 295.) Garrett. 7.7.7.7.

By permission from *The Hymnary*. G. M. GARRETT, Mus. Doc.



When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.—Job xxxviii. 7.

1 *f* SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with alleluias rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake, and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led captivity.

3 *mf* Heaven and earth must pass away:
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
f God will make new heavens and earth
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

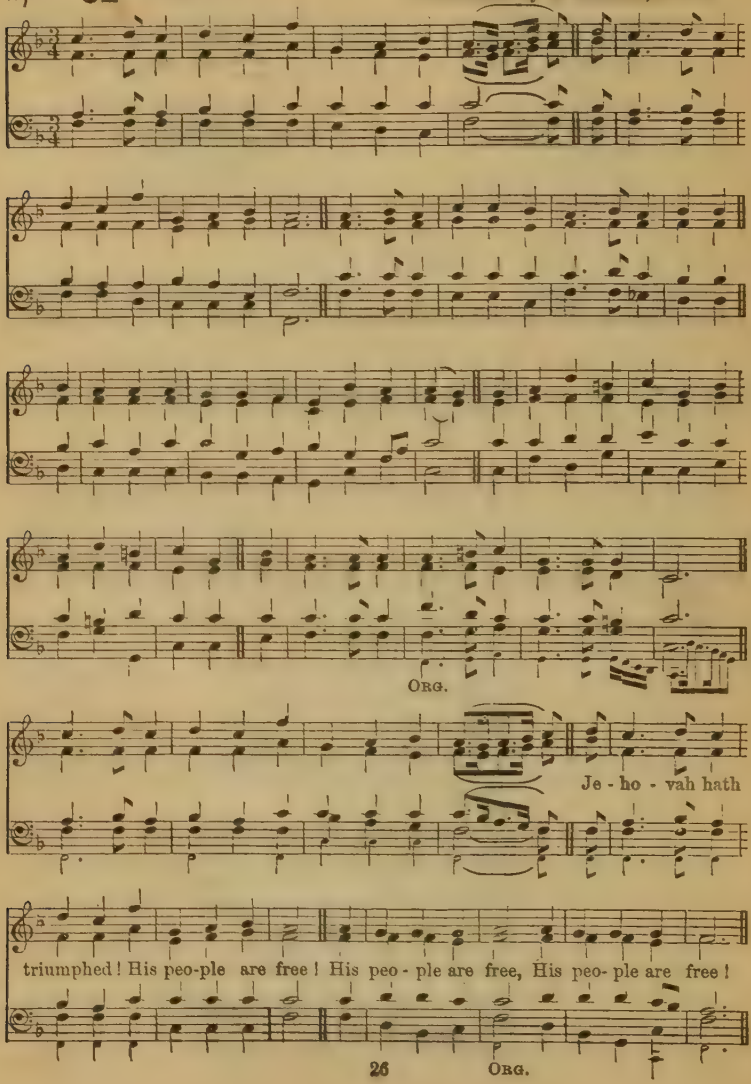
4 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above:

5 *mf* Borne upon their latest breath,
f Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then amidst eternal joy
ff Songs of praise their powers employ.

Sound the Loud Timbrel. 10.11.11.11.12.11.10.11.

Hymn 32 (Tune 497.)

Harmonized by A. RHODES, R.A.M.



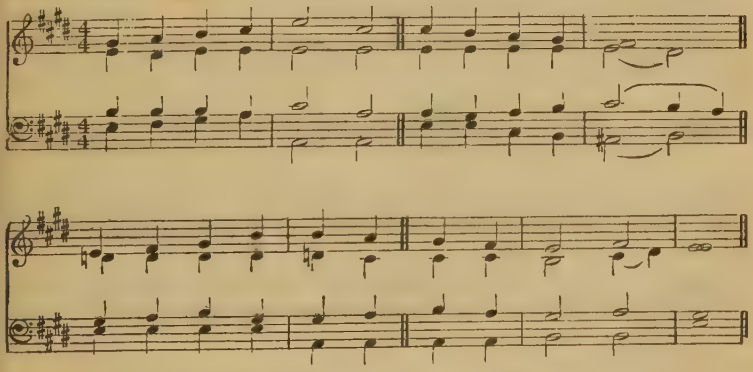
Sing ye to the LORD, *for He hath triumphed gloriously.*—Exodus xv. 21.

1 *f* SOUND the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah hath triumphed! His people are free!
Sing! for the pride of the tyrant is broken;
His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave:
How vain was their boasting the Lord hath but spoken,
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave!
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah hath triumphed! His people are free!

2 Praise to the Conqueror! praise to the Lord!
His word was our arrow, His breath was our sword.
mf Who shall return, to tell Egypt the story
Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?
The Lord hath looked out from His pillar of glory,
And all her brave thousands are dashed in the tide.
f Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah hath triumphed! His people are free!

Hymn 33 (Tune 138.) St. Leonard. 6.5.6.5.

F. SPINNEY.



Do not I fill heaven and earth? saith the LORD.—Jeremiah xxiii. 24.

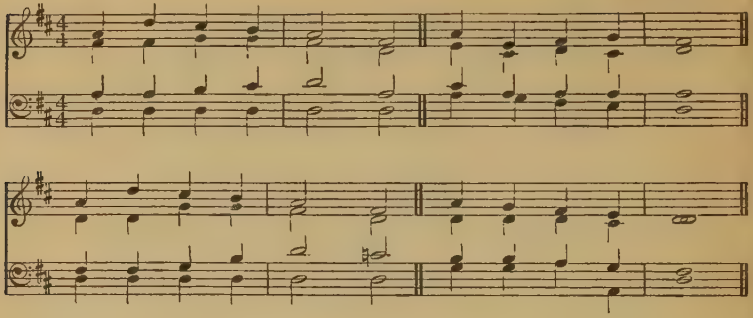
1 *mf* WHEN o'er earth is breaking
Rosy light, and fair,
Morn afar proclaimeth
p Sweetly—God is there.

2 *mf* When the spring is wreathing
Flowers rich and rare,
On each leaf is written,—
p Nature's God is there.

3 *f* When the storm is howling
Through the midnight air,
Fearfully its thunder
p Tells us,—God is there.

Hymn 34 (Tune 137.) Sandown. 6.5.6.5.

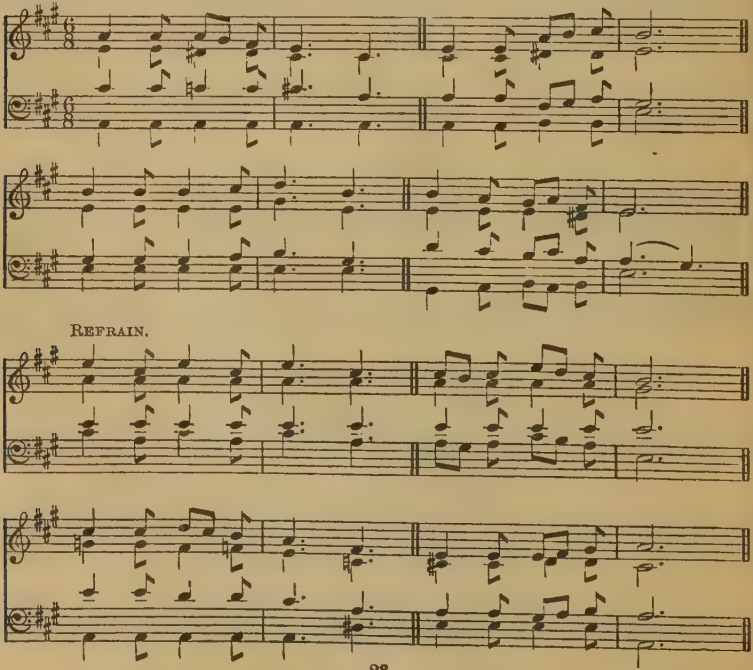
J. F. SWIFT.



Tribute. 6.5.6.5.

2nd Tune. (Tune 140) with *v.* 5 as a Refrain.

W. R. HOLT.



The goodness of God endureth continually.—Psalm lii. 1.

1 *mf* See the shining dewdrops
On the flowers strewed,
Proving, as they sparkle,
f God is ever good.

2 *p* See the morning sunbeams
Lighting up the wood,
Silently proclaiming
f God is ever good.

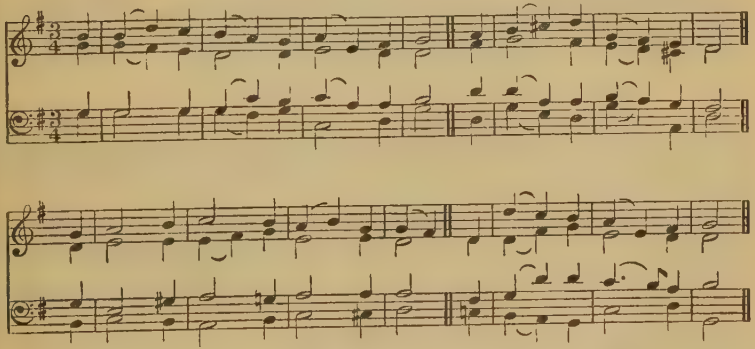
3 *mf* Hear the mountain streamlet
In its solitude,
With its ripple saying,
f God is ever good.

4 *mf* In the leafy tree-tops,
Where no fears intrude,
Merry birds are singing
f God is ever good.

5 *mf* Bring, my heart, thy tribute,
Songs of gratitude ;
All things join to tell us
f God is ever good.

Hymn 35 (Tune 22.) Dublin. C.M.

Sir JOHN STEVENSON.



Stand still, and consider the wondrous works of God.—Job xxxvii. 14.

1 *f* I SING the almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

2 *mf* I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day ;
The moon shines full at His command,
And all the stars obey.

3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food ;
He formed the creatures with His word,
f And then pronounced them good.

4 *mf* Lord, how Thy wonders are displayed
Where'er I turn mine eye ;
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky !

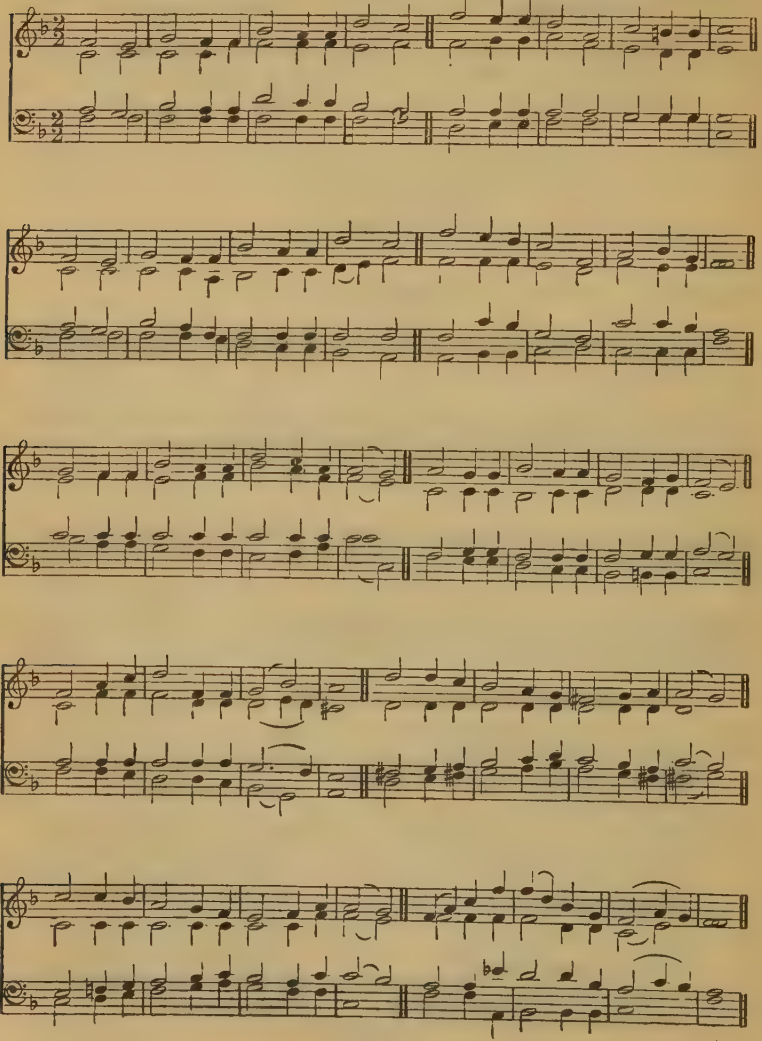
5 There's not a plant or flower below
But makes Thy glories known ;
And clouds arise and tempests blow
By order from Thy throne.

6 God's hand is my perpetual guard,
He guides me with His eye ;
cr. Why should I then forget the Lord,
Who is for ever nigh ?

Glory, glory to God. 10.9.10.9.10.10.8.10.10.8.

Hymn 36 (Tune 479.)

H. Weston: Arranged by John Farmer.



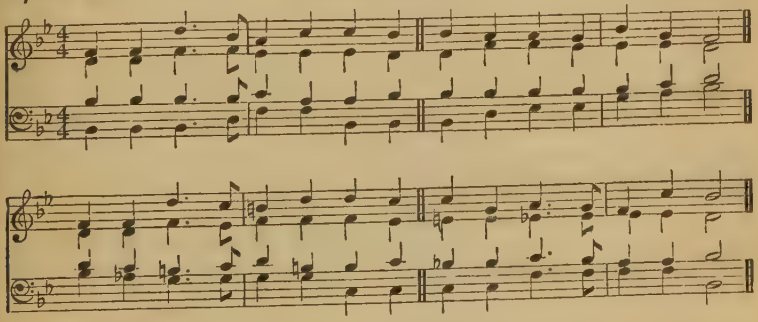
Glory to God in the highest.—Luke ii. 14.

1 *f* GLORY, glory to God in the highest!
Angels in chorus joyfully cry;
Glory, glory to God in the highest!
mf Trembling and weak our voices reply;
Fain would we echo their anthem above,
Fain would we sing to the Fountain of
f Glory to God in the highest! [love,
What though but feebly our accents arise,
Deigning to hearken, He bends from the skies:
ff Glory to God in the highest!

2 Glory, glory to God in the highest!
Bright beaming stars of midnight proclaim;
Glory, glory to God in the highest!
Nature peals forth in praise to His name; [the breeze,
p Warbles the woodland, and whispers
f Roar out the torrents and tempest-tossed seas,
Glory to God in the highest!
Loud His creation still ceaseless prolongs [songs:
Praise to her Maker in all her glad
Glory to God in the highest!

3 *f* Glory, glory to God in the highest!
Joining the choir, our tribute we bring;
Glory, glory to God in the highest!
Mortals, break silence, gratefully sing;
Reigning in majesty throned above,
Yours is the royalest gift of His love:
Glory to God in the highest!
cr. Spread through creation, His grandeur we trace,
Only in man He revealeth His grace:
ff Glory to God in the highest!

Hymn 37 (Tune 381.) Lucerne. 8.7.8.7. T. A. WILLIS.



God is light; . . . God is love.—1 John i. 5; iv. 16.

1 *mf* GOD is love! His mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove:
Joy He gives, and woe He lightens—
p God is light, and God is love!

2 *mf* Time and change are busy ever,
Man decays, and ages move;
But His wisdom waneth never—
p God is light, and God is love!

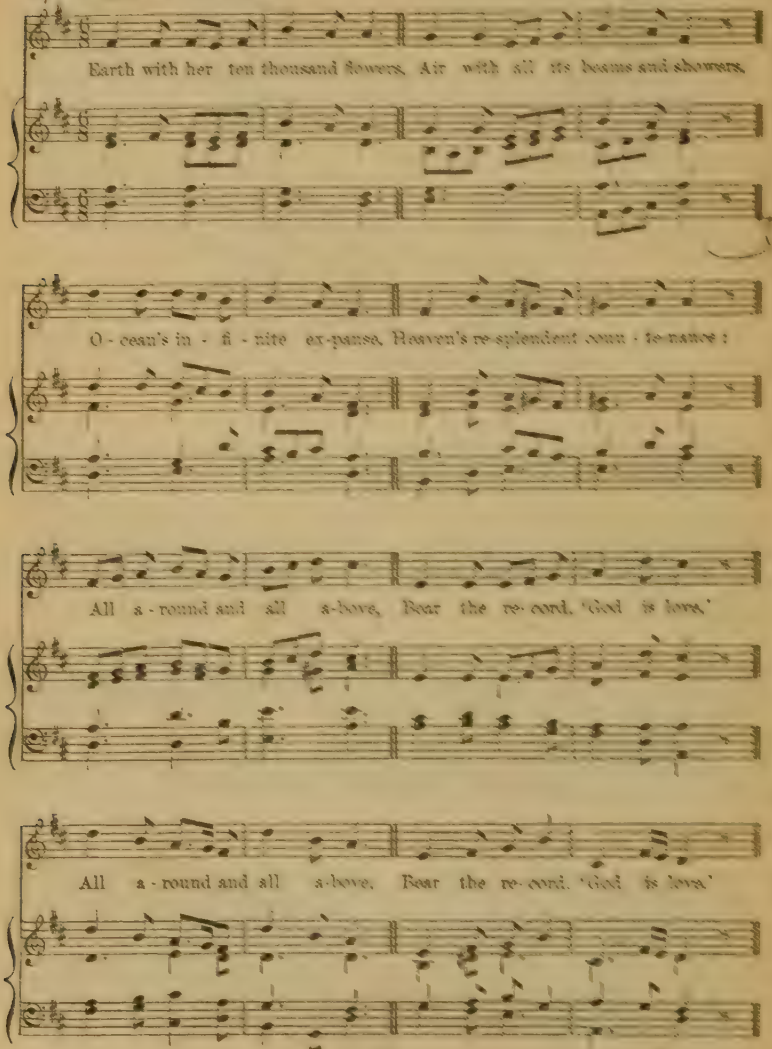
3 *mf* E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will His changeless goodness prove;
From the mist His brightness streameth—
p God is light, and God is love!

4 *mf* He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere His glory shineth—
p God is light, and God is love!

Earth with her ten thousand flowers. 7.7.7.7.7.7.

Hymn 38 (Tune 324.)

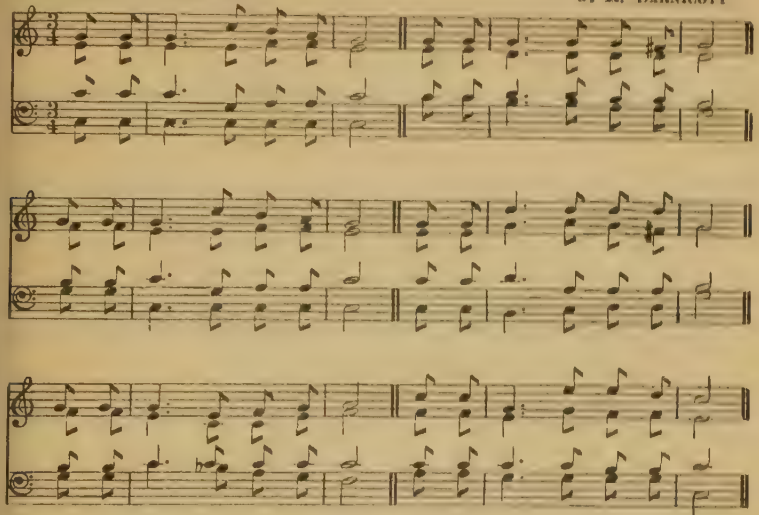
Arthur H. Brown.


Earth with her ten thousand flowers, Air with all its beams and showers,
O - cean's in - fi - nite ex-panse, Heaven's re-splendent coun - te-nance:
All a - round and all a-bove, Bear the re- cord, 'God is love,'
All a - round and all a-bove, Bear the re- cord, 'God is love.'

Edgecumbe. 7.7.7.7.7.7.

2nd Tune. (Tune 325.)

O. R. BARNICOTT



The earth is full of the goodness of the LORD. Psalm xxxiii. 5.

1 *mf* EARTH with her ten thousand flowers,
Air with all its beams and showers,
Ocean's infinite expanse,
Heaven's resplendent countenance:
All around and all above,
Bear the record, 'God is love.'

2 Sounds among the vales and hills,
In the woods and by the rills,
Of the breeze and of the bird,
p By the gentle summer stirred:
All these sounds, beneath, above,
mf Have one burden, 'God is love.'

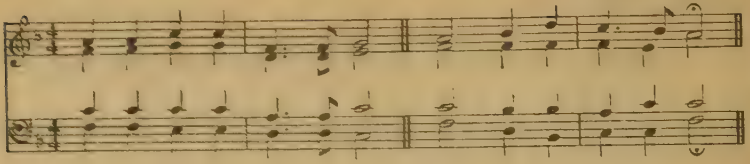
3 All the hopes and fears that start
From the fountain of the heart;
All the quiet bliss that lies
In our human sympathies:
These are voices from above,
p Sweetly whispering, 'God is love.'

4 *mf* But the great Redeemer's birth,
All He did and said on earth,
p All His agonies and woes,
All the gifts His hand bestows,
cr. All His pleadings now above,
f Loudly publish, 'God is love.'

C

Hymn 39 (Tune 215.) Bonner Road. 7.6.7.6.*

R. Heath Mills.



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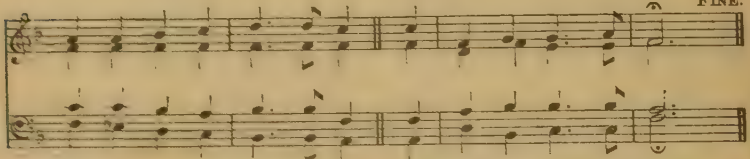
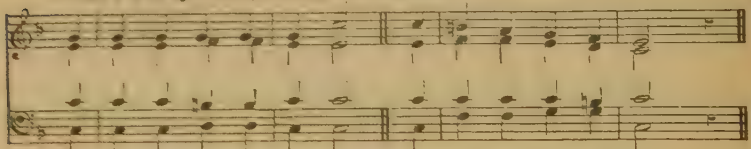
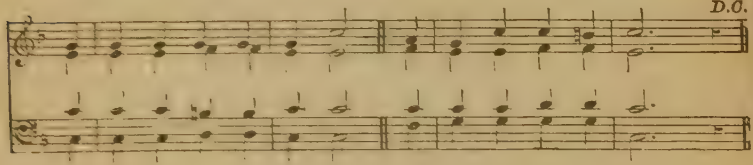


Verses 3 to 6 begin here; verse 1 is the Refrain.



D.C.



All things were made by Him.—John i. 3.

1 *f* All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

2 *p* Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colours,
He made their tiny wings.

3 *f* The rich man in his castle,
The poor man at the gate,
God made them, high or lowly,
And ordered their estate.

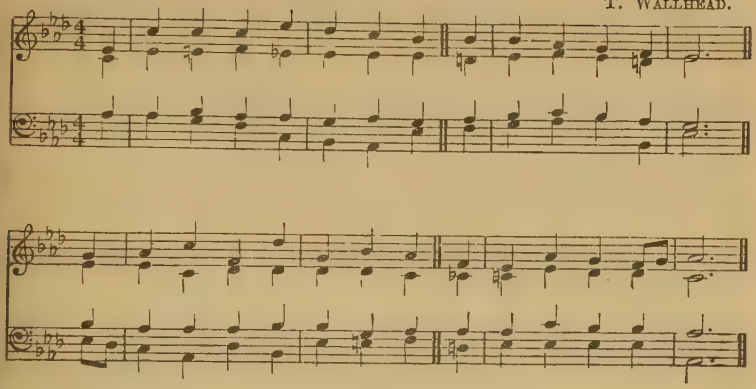
4 *mf* The purple-headed mountain
The river running by,
The sunset, and the morning
That brightens up the sky,

5 *mf* The cold wind in the winter
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,
He made them every one.

6 *f* He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God almighty,
Who has made all things well.

Hymn 40 (Tune 35.) Nazareth. C.M.

T. WALLHEAD.



For the world is Mine, and the fulness thereof.—Psalm l. 12.

1 *mf* THERE'S not a tint that paints the rose,
Or decks the lily fair,
Or streaks the humblest flower that blows,
But God has placed it there.

2 There's not of grass a single blade,
Or leaf of loveliest green,
Where heavenly skill is not displayed,
And heavenly wisdom seen.

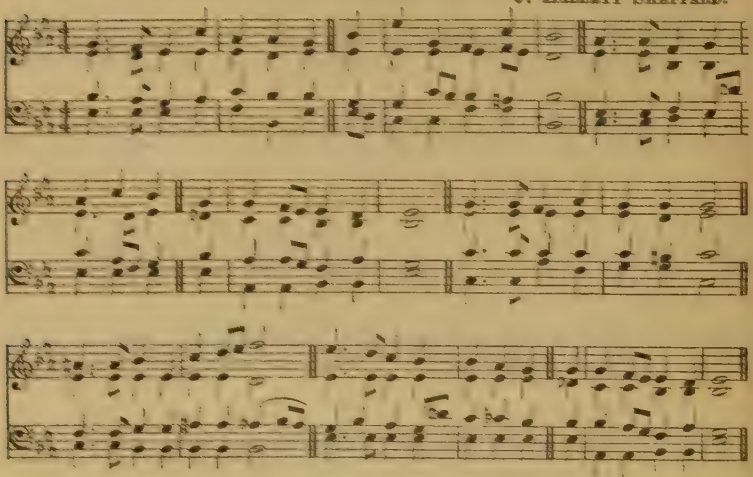
3 There's not a star whose twinkling light
Shines on the distant earth,
And cheers the silent gloom of night,
But God has given it birth.

4 There's not a place on earth's vast round,
In ocean deep, or air,
Where skill and wisdom are not found;
cr. For God is everywhere.

5 *f* Around, within, below, above,
His providence extends;
He everywhere displays His love,
And power with mercy blends.

Hymn 41 (Tune 258.) Samaria. 7.6.7.6.7.7.7.6.

J. Hallett Sheppard.



A God ready to pardon, gracious and merciful.—Nehemiah ix. 17.

1 My Thou, my God, art good and wise,
And infinite in power,
Thee let all in earth and skies
Continually adore!
Give me Thy converting grace,
That I may obedient prove,
Serve my Maker all my days,
And my Redeemer love.

2 Gracious God, my sins forgive,
And Thy good Spirit impart;
Then I shall in Thee believe
With all my loving heart;
Always unto Jesus look,
Him in heavenly glory see,
Who my cause hath undertook
And ever prays for me.

Hymn 42 (Tune 282.) Steggall. 7.7.7.5.

C. Steggall, Mus. Doc.

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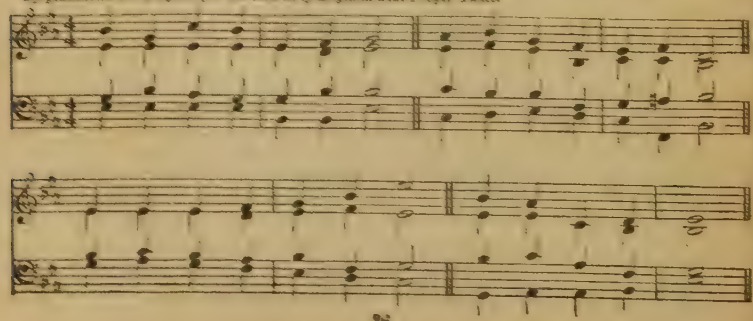


Then hear Thou their prayer and supplication in heaven, Thy dwelling-place.—1 Kings viii. 49.

1 *mf* God of pity, God of grace,
When we humbly seek Thy face,
Bend from heaven, Thy dwelling-
p Hear, forgive, and save. [place:

2 When we in Thy temple meet,
Spread our wants before Thy feet,
Pleading at Thy mercy-seat:
Look from heaven, and save.

3 When Thy love our hearts shall fill,
And we long to do Thy will,
Turning to Thy holy hill:
Lord, accept, and save.

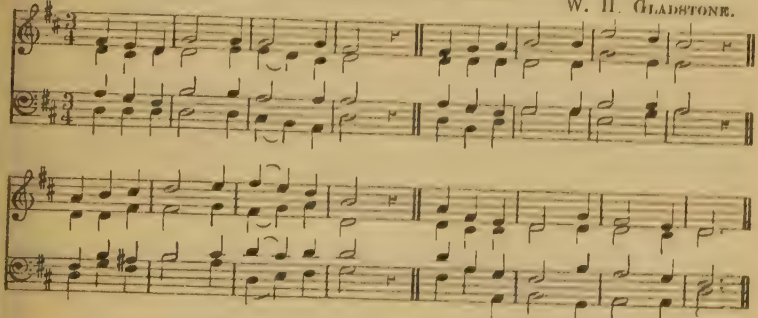
4 *p* Should we wander from Thy fold,
And our love to Thee grow cold,
With a pitying eye behold:
Lord, forgive, and save.

5 Should the hand of sorrow press,
Earthly care and want distress,
May our souls Thy peace possess:
Jesus, hear, and save.

6 And whate'er our cry may be,
When we lift our hearts to Thee
cr. From our burden set us free:
Hear, forgive, and save.

Hymn 43 (Tune 76.) Gladstone. L.M.

W. H. Gladstone.



To the praise of the glory of His grace.—Ephesians i. 6.

1 *f* Give to our God immortal praise,
Mercy and truth are all His ways:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song.

2 Give to the Lord of lords renown;
The King of kings with glory crown:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.

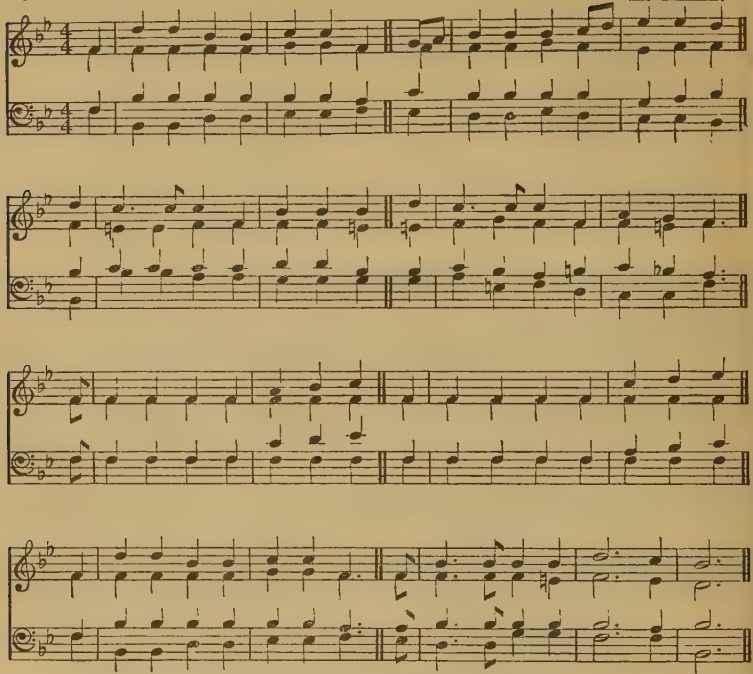
3 He built the earth, He spread the sky,
And fixed the starry lights on high:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song.

4 He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When sun and moon shall shine no more.

5 *f* He sent His Son with power to save
From guilt and darkness and the grave:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song.

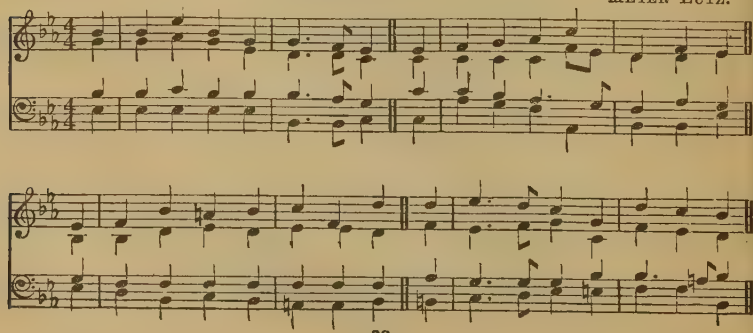
Hymn 44 (Tune 97.) St. Serf. D.L.M.

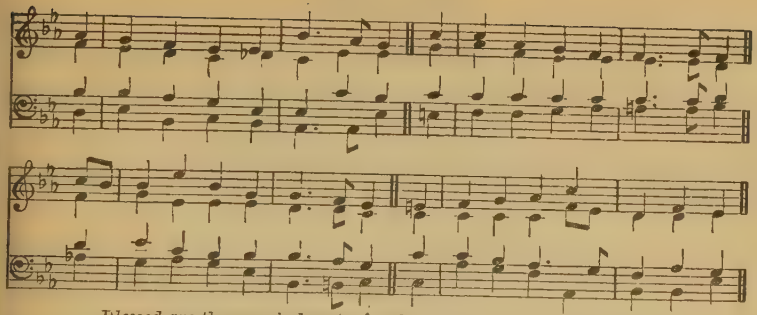
H. Lahee.



2nd Tune. (Tune 98.) **Sunset.** D.L.M.

Meyer Lutz.





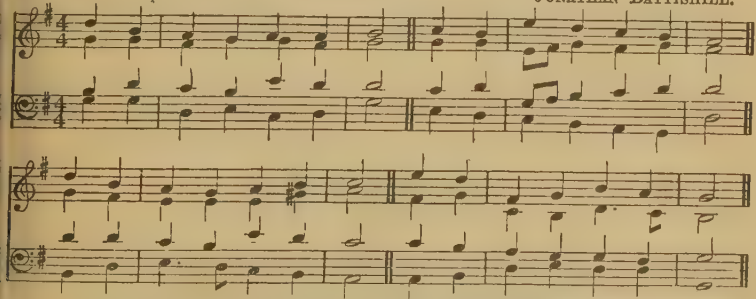
Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.—Matthew v. 8.

1 *f* We thank Thee, Lord, for this fair earth,
The glittering sky, the silver sea;
For all their beauty, all their worth,
Their light and glory, come from Thee.
Thanks for the flowers that clothe the ground,
The trees that wave their arms above,
The hills that gird our dwellings round,
As Thou dost gird Thine own with love.

2 Yet teach us still how far more fair,
More glorious, Father, in Thy sight
Is one pure deed, one holy prayer,
One heart that owns Thy Spirit's might!
mf So, while we gaze with thoughtful eye
On all the gifts Thy love has given,
Help us in Thee to live and die,
f By Thee to rise from earth to heaven.

Hymn 45 (Tune 289.) Battishill. 7.7.7.7.

JONATHAN BATTISHILL.



Who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies.—Psalm ciii. 4.

1 *f* Praise to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous Source of every joy,
Let Thy praise our tongues employ!

2 For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield,
For the joys the harvests bring,
Grateful praises now we sing.

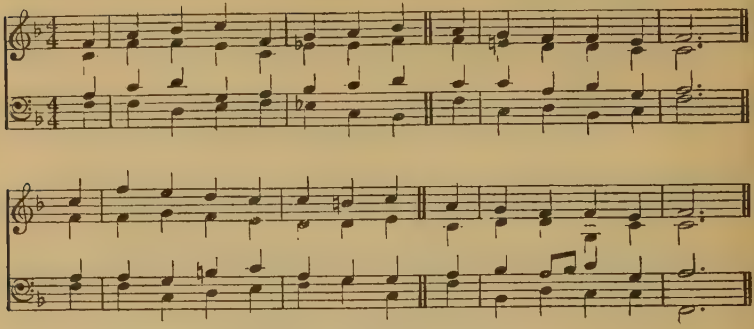
3 *mf* Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain,
Clouds that drop refreshing dews,
Suns that genial heat diffuse;

4 All that spring with bounteous hand
cr. Scatters o'er the smiling land,
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich, o'erflowing stores:

5 *f* These to Thee, our God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow;
And for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Hymn 46 (Tune 26.) French. C.M.

Scotch Psalter, 1615.



THE TRAVELLER'S HYMN.

The LORD *shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in.*—Psalm cxxi. 8.

1 *mf* How are Thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal Wisdom is their guide
Their help Omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms, in lands remote,
Supported by Thy care, [unhurt,
Through burning climes they pass
And breathe in tainted air.

3 When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know Thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

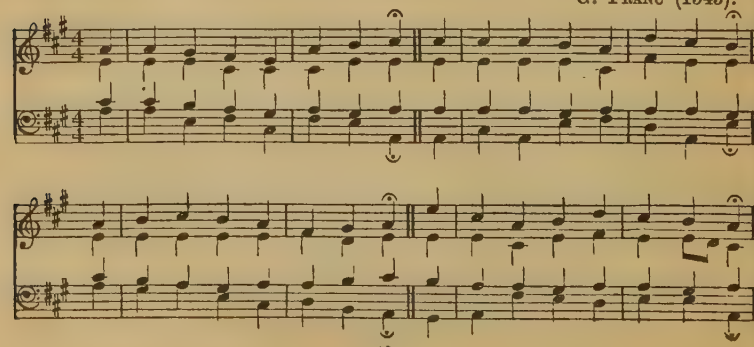
4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to Thy will;
cr. The sea that roars at Thy command,
p At Thy command is still.

5 *mf* In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore;
cr. We'll praise Thee for Thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

6 Our life, while Thou preserv'st that
Thy sacrifice shall be; [life,
dim. And death, when death shall be our lot,
f Shall join our souls to Thee.

Hymn 47 (Tune 82.) Old Hundredth. L.M.

G. FRANC (1543).



Make a joyful noise unto the LORD, *all ye lands.*—Psalm c. 1

1 *f* ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell;
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

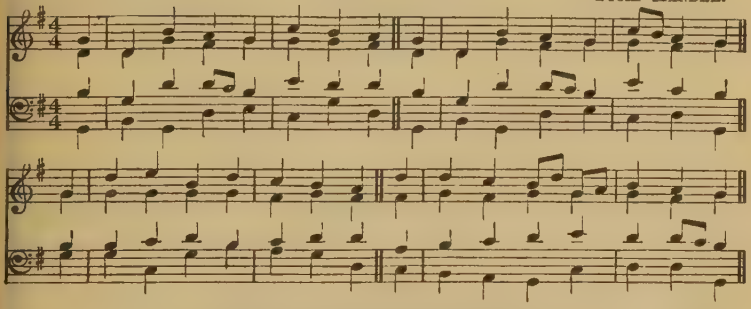
2 *mf* The Lord, ye know, is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His flock, He doth us feed;
And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 *f* O enter then His gates with praise;
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 *mf* For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
f His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

Hymn 48 (Tune 85.) Saul. L.M.

From HANDEL.



By Him all things consist.—Colossians i. 17.

1 *mf* LORD of all being! throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!

2 Sun of our life, Thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, Thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

3 Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch Thy mercies' sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine!

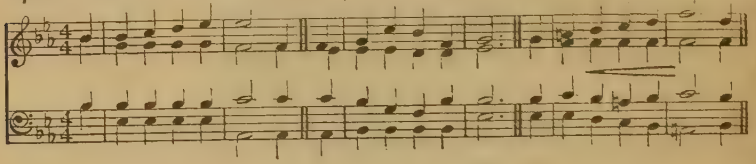
4 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love.
Before Thy ever-blazing throne
We have no glory of our own.

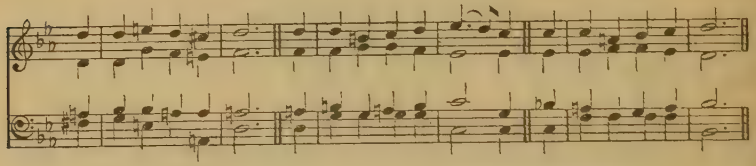
5 Grant us Thy truth, to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee;
Till all Thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame!

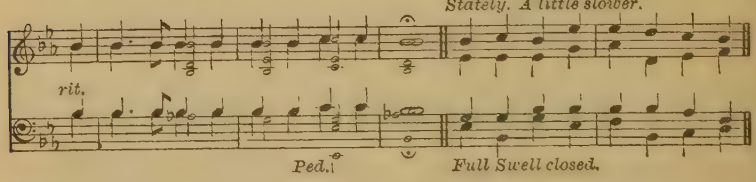
The Valleys and the Mountains. 7.6.7.6.7.6.10.8.7.8.9.

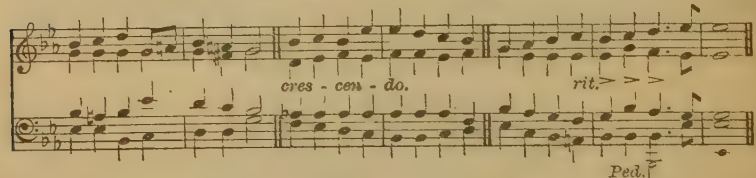
Hymn 49 (Tune 255.)

J. BARNBY.









Both young men, and maidens; old men, and children: let them praise the . LORD.—
Psalm cxlviii. 12, 13.

1 *mf* THE valleys and the mountains,
The woodland and the plain,
cr. The rivers and the fountains,
The sunshine and the rain,
The stars that shine above me,
The flowers that deck the sod,
ff Proclaim aloud the glory of my God.
f Praises, holy adoration,
Praises to our God above;
Praises through the wide creation,
ff Sound aloud His greatness and His love.

2 *mf* And shall the voice of nature
Thus glorify its King,
And man, the noblest creature,
No grateful tribute bring?
Shall mercy strew his pathway,
And all his senses please,
f And man withhold the sacrifice of praise?
Praise Him, ye that live for ever;
Praise Him, every heart and voice:
Praise Him, He's the glorious Giver:
ff Praise Him in your sorrows and your joys.

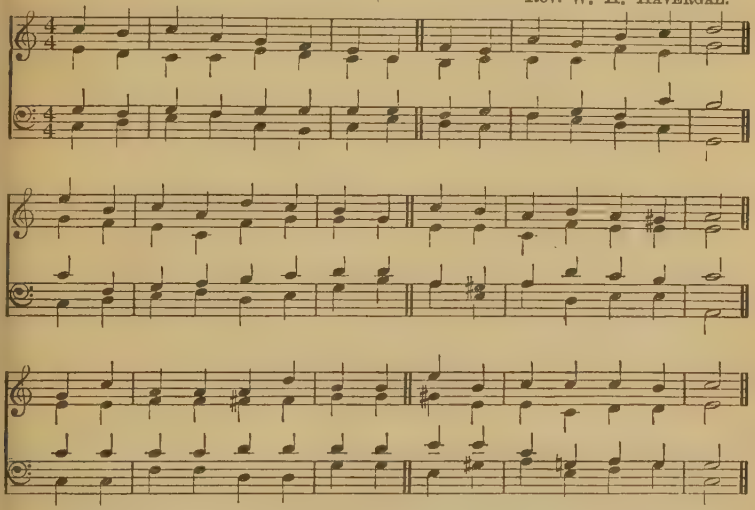
SECOND PART.

8 *p* The Word of life He gave us
To guide us to the sky;
That He might justly save us
He gave His Son to die—
To die in shame and anguish,
To die a sacrifice,
cr. To save us from the death that never dies.
f Praise Him, praise Him for salvation;
Praise Him, praise Him for His Son;
Praise Him, every tribe and nation,
ff Praise Him for the battle He has won.

4 *mf* Then train your youthful voices
To hymn His praise above;
For he who here rejoices
In Jesu's dying love
Around His throne of glory
Shall all His love proclaim, [Lamb.
cr. And sing the song of Moses and the
f Praise Him, praise the eternal Father;
Praise Him, praise the eternal Son;
Praise Him, let us praise together,
ff Father, Son, and Spirit, Three in One.

Hymn 50 (Tune 417.) Havilah. 8.7.8.7.8.7.

Rev. W. H. Havergal.



Bless the Lord, *O my soul, and forget not all His benefits.*—Psalm ciii. 2.

1 *f* Praise, my soul, the King of heaven;
To His feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Evermore His praises sing:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise the everlasting King.

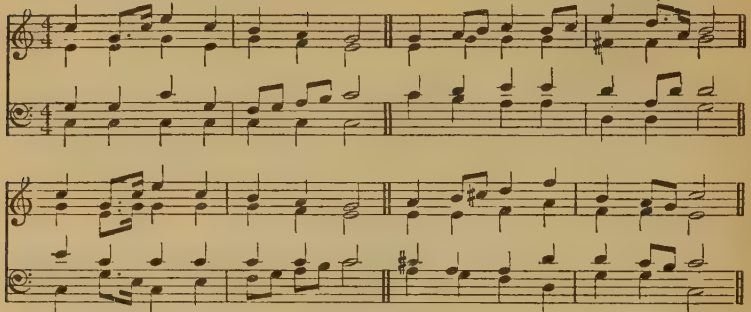
2 Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress;
Praise Him, still the same as ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Glorious in His faithfulness.

3 *dim.* Father-like, He tends and spares us,
Well our feeble frame He knows;
p In His hands He gently bears us,
cr. Rescues us from all our foes:
f Alleluia! Alleluia!
Widely yet His mercy flows.

4 *f* Angels in the height, adore Him!
Ye behold Him face to face;
Saints triumphant, bow before Him!
Gathered in from every race:
ff Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise with us the God of grace.

Hymn 51 (Tune 292.) Clarion. 7.7.7.7.

E. F. Rimbault, LL.D.



O give thanks unto the Lord: . . . *for His mercy endureth for ever.*—Psalm cxxvi. 1.

1 *f* Let us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

3 *mf* All things living He doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need:
f For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

4 *mf* All our wants He doth supply,
Loves to hear our humble cry:
f For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

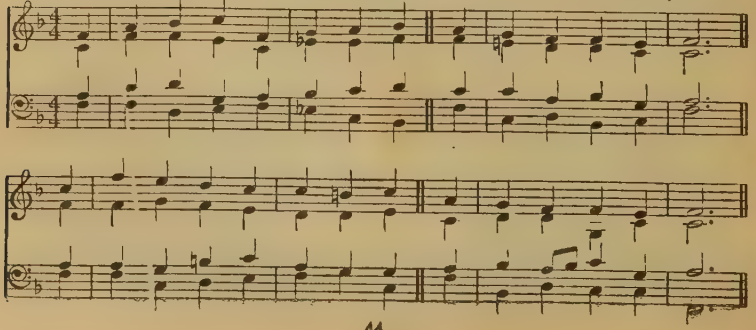
5 *mf* He hath, with a piteous eye,
Looked upon our misery:
f For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

6 *p* His own Son He sent to die,
cr. Us to raise to joys on high:
f For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

7 *ff* Let us then with gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Hymn 52 (Tune 26.) French. C.M.

Scotch Psalter, 1615.



I will sing of the mercies of the LORD *for ever.*—Psalm lxxxix. 1.

1 *f* IN thankful songs our hearts we lift,
Father divine, to Thee;
Giver of every perfect gift,
Pure let our praises be.

2 *mf* May Thine own Spirit, gracious Lord,
Inspire our filial song,
Lest selfish thought or empty word
Should do Thy greatness wrong.

3 We thank Thee for the constant care
That every want supplies,
The goodness that prevents our prayer,
The wisdom that denies;

4 For helping hand and guiding eye,
Pillar of fire and cloud,
The angel of Thy presence nigh
When storms grow dark and loud.

5 We thank Thee for the flowers that blow
Around the path we tread,
Green beauty of the earth below,
Bright sunshine overhead;

6 For every voice that breathes Thy name,
For all things pure and clean,
Each noble deed, each upward aim,
For aught where Christ is seen.

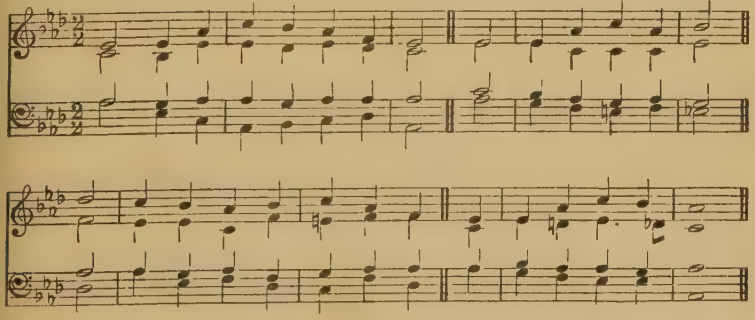
7 *f* We thank Thee, Lord, for dearer joys
For hearts more strong and true,
For love that feeds, and never cloys,
On mercy ever new;

8 For hope that lives on words divine,
Nor fails with mortal breath;
Of life immortal, one with Thine,
Through Him who conquered death.

9 O Thou, to whom all hearts are known,
Our hearts inspire and raise
To love Thee for Thyself alone,
And live but for Thy praise.

Hymn 53 (Tune 24.) Evan. C.M.

Rev. W. H. HAVERGAL.



Who daily loadeth us with benefits, even the God of our salvation.—Psalm lxviii. 19.

1 *mf* LORD, I would own Thy tender care,
And all Thy love to me;
The food I eat, the clothes I wear,
Are all bestowed by Thee.

2 'Tis Thou preservest me from death
And dangers every hour;
I cannot draw another breath
Unless Thou give me power.

3 My health and friends and parents dear
To me by God are given;
I have not any blessing here
But what is sent from heaven.

4 Such goodness, Lord, and constant care,
A child can ne'er repay;
But may it be my daily prayer
To love Thee, and obey.

Angel voices ever singing. 8.5.8.5.8.4.3.

Hymn 54 (Tune 363.)

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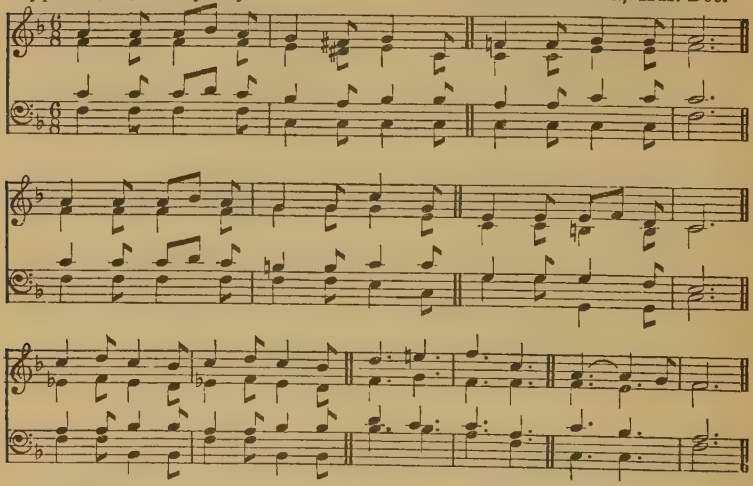
Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN, Mus. Doc.



2nd Tune. (Tune 364.)

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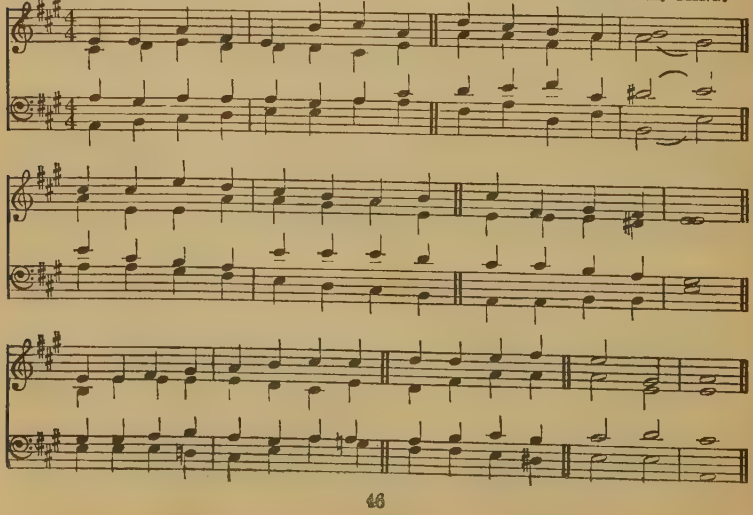
OLIVER A. KING.



Blessed be the name of God for ever and ever: for wisdom and might are His.—Daniel ii. 20.

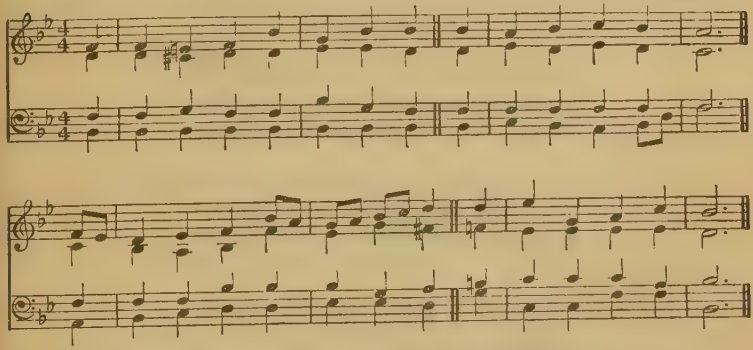
1 *mf* ANGEL voices ever singing
Round Thy throne of light,
Angel harps for ever ringing,
Rest not day nor night;
Thousands only live to bless Thee,
And confess Thee,
Lord of might!

2 *mf* Thou, who art beyond the farthest
Mortal eye can scan,
Can it be that Thou regardest
Songs of sinful man?
Can we feel that Thou art near us
And wilt hear us?
Yea, we can.

3 *cr.* Yea, we know Thy love rejoices
O'er each work of Thine;
Thou didst ears and hands and voices
For Thy praise combine;
f Craftsman's art and music's measure
For Thy pleasure
Didst design.

Hymn 55 (Tune 39.) Sharon. C.M.

T. WALLHEAD.



The whole disposing thereof is of the LORD.—Proverbs xvi. 33.

1 *mf* I THANK the goodness and the grace
Which on my birth have smiled,
And made me, in these Christian days,
A happy English child.

2 I was not born as thousands are,
Where God was never known;
And taught to pray a useless prayer
To blocks of wood and stone.

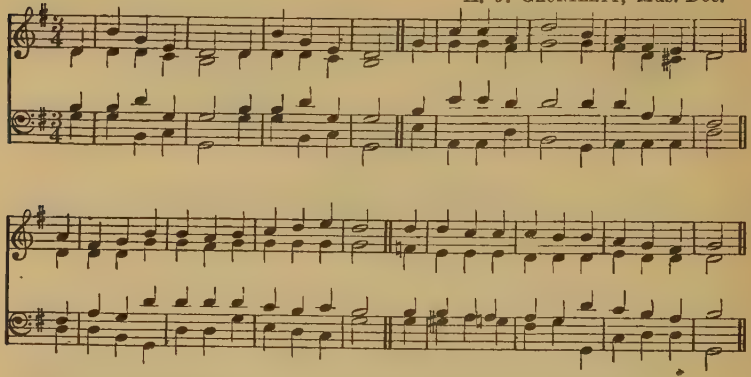
3 I was not born a little slave,
To labour in the sun;
Wishing I were but in the grave,
And all my labour done.

4 I was not born without a home,
Nor in some broken shed; [roam,
Like some poor children taught to
And beg their daily bread.

5 My God, I thank Thee, who hast planned
A better lot for me;
And placed me in this happy land,
Where I can hear of Thee.

Hymn 56 (Tune 493.) Houghton. 10.10.11.11.

H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus. Doc.



Now unto the King eternal . . . be honour and glory for ever and ever. Amen.—
1 Timothy i. 17.

1 *f* O HEAVENLY King, Look down from above!
Assist us to sing Thy mercy and love;
So sweetly o'erflowing, So plenteous the store,
Thou still art bestowing, And giving us more.

2 O God of our life, We hallow Thy name!
Our business and strife Is Thee to proclaim;
Accept our thanksgiving For creating grace;
The living, the living Shall show forth Thy praise.

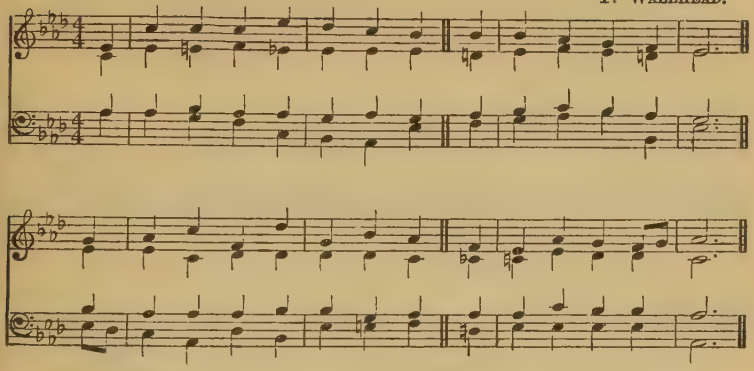
3 Our Father and Lord, Almighty art Thou;
Preserved by Thy word, We worship Thee now;
The bountiful donor Of all we enjoy,
Our tongues to Thine honour, And lives we employ.

4 But O! above all, Thy kindness we praise,
From sin and from thrall Which saves the lost race;
Thy Son Thou hast given The world to redeem,
And bring us to heaven, Whose trust is in Him.

5 Wherefore of Thy love We sing and rejoice,
With angels above We lift up our voice:
Thy love each believer Shall gladly adore,
For ever and ever, When time is no more.

Hymn 57 (Tune 35.) Nazareth. C.M.

T. WALLHEAD.



The LORD *He is God; there is none else beside Him.*—Deuteronomy iv. 35.

1 *f* NONE is like God, who reigns above,
So great, so pure, so high;
mf None is like God, whose name is love
And who is always nigh.

2 In all the earth there is no spot
Excluded from His care;
We cannot go where God is not,
For He is everywhere.

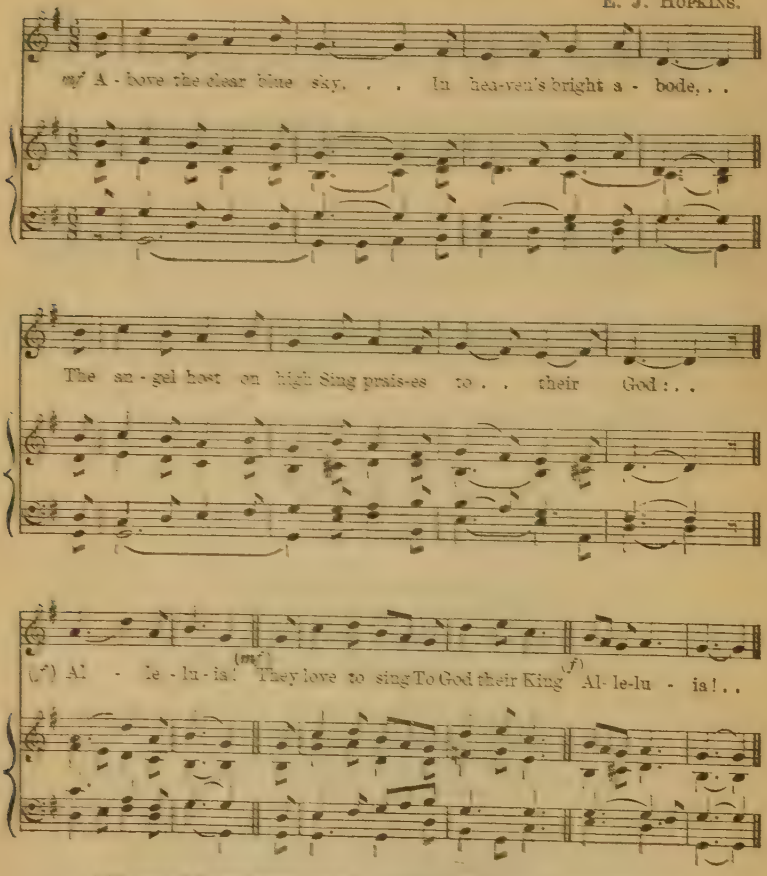
3 He sees us when we are alone,
Though no one else can see;
And all our thoughts to Him are known,
Wherever we may be.

4 He is our best and kindest Friend,
And guards us night and day;
To all our wants He will attend,
And answer when we pray.

5 *cr.* O if we love Him as we ought,
And on His grace rely,
f We shall be joyful at the thought
That God is always nigh.

Hymn 58 (Tune 178.) Children's Voices. 6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4.

E. J. HOPKINS.


mf A - bove the clear blue sky, . . In hea-ven's bright a - bode, . .
The an - gel host on high Sing prais-es to . . their God : . .
(mf) Al - le - lu - ia! They love to sing To God their King (f) Al - le-lu - ia! . .

The voice of a great multitude . . . saying, Alleluia.—Revelation xix. 6.

1 *mf* ABOVE the clear blue sky,
In heaven's bright abode,
The angel host on high
Sing praises to their God:
f Alleluia!
mf They love to sing
To God their King
f Alleluia!

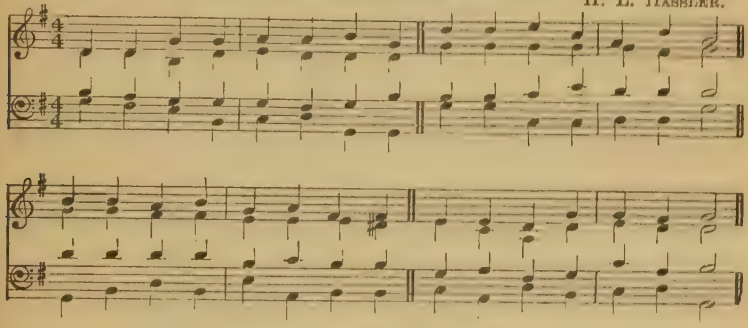
2 *mf* But God from infant tongues
On earth receiveth praise;
or. We then our cheerful songs
In sweet accord will raise:
f Alleluia!
mf We too will sing
To God our King
f Alleluia!

3 *p* O blessèd Lord, Thy truth
To us, Thy babes, impart,
And teach us in our youth
cr. To know Thee as Thou art.
f Alleluia!
mf Then shall we sing
To God our King
f Alleluia!

4 *mf* O may Thy holy word
Spread all the world around;
cr. All then with one accord
Shall lift the joyful sound,
f Alleluia!
All then shall sing
To God their King
ff Alleluia!

Hymn 59 (Tune 391.) Stuttgard. 8.7.8.7.

H. L. Hasslar.



O magnify the Lord *with me.*—Psalm xxxiv. 3.

1 *f* Day by day we magnify Thee,
When our hymns in school we raise;
Daily work begun and ended
With the daily voice of praise.

2 Day by day we magnify Thee,
When, as each new day is born,
mf On our knees at home we bless Thee
For the mercies of the morn.

3 Day by day we magnify Thee,
In our hymns before we sleep;
p Angels hear them, watching by us,
Christ's dear lambs all night to keep.

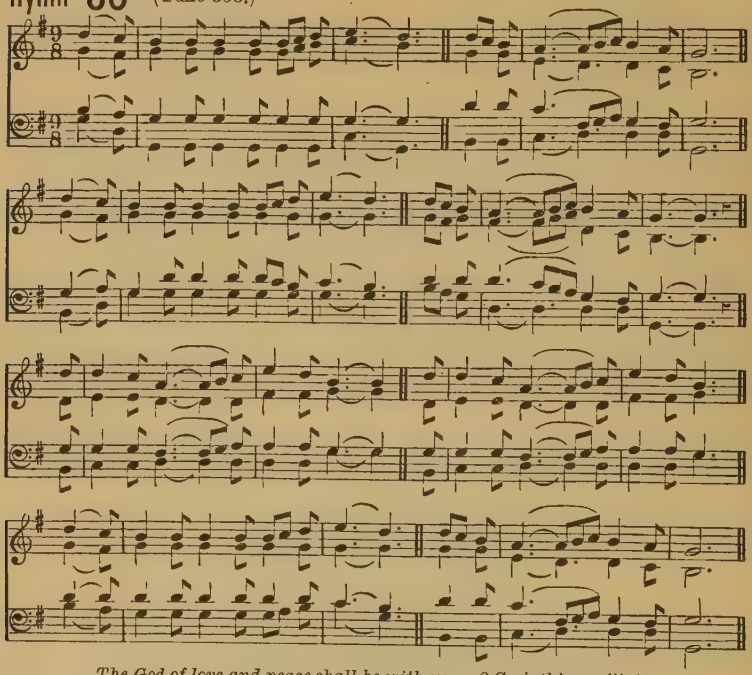
4 *mf* Day by day we magnify Thee,
Not in words of praise alone;
Truthful lips, and meek obedience
Show Thy glory in Thine own.

5 Day by day we magnify Thee,
When for Jesu's sake we try
Every wrong to bear with patience,
Every sin to mortify.

6 Day by day we magnify Thee,
Till our days on earth shall cease,
Till we rest from these our labours,
p Waiting for Thy day in peace.

Come, let us all unite. 8.3.8.3.8.8.8.3.

Hymn 60 (Tune 353.)



The God of love and peace shall be with you.—2 Corinthians xiii. 11.

1 *f* COME, let us all unite and sing,
God is love! [bring:
While heaven and earth their praises
God is love!
Let every soul from sin awake,
Each in his heart sweet music make,
And sweetly sing for Jesu's sake:
God is love!

2 *f* O tell to earth's remotest bound
God is love!
In Christ is full redemption found:
God is love!
p His blood can cleanse our sins away;
His Spirit turns our night to day,
cr. And leads our soul with joy to say,
f God is love!

3 How happy is our portion here:
God is love!
His promises our spirits cheer:
God is love!

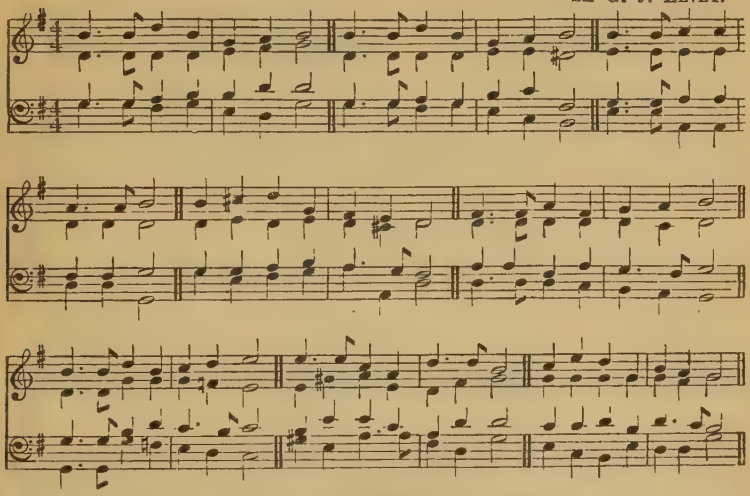
mf He is our Sun and Shield by day,
By night He near our tents will stay,
He will be with us all the way:
God is love!

4 What though our heart and flesh
God is love! [should fail:
Through Christ we shall o'er death
God is love! [prevail:
Through Jordan's swell we need not
cr. For Jesus will be with us there, [fear,
f Our soul above the waves to bear:
God is love!

5 *f* In Zion we shall sing again
God is love!
Yes; this shall be our highest strain,
God is love!
Whilst endless ages roll along,
In concert with the heavenly throng,
This shall be still our sweetest song,
God is love!

Hymn 61 (Tune 343.) St. George. 7.7.7.7. D.

Sir G. J. Elvey.



With favour wilt Thou compass him, as with a shield.—Psalm v. 12.

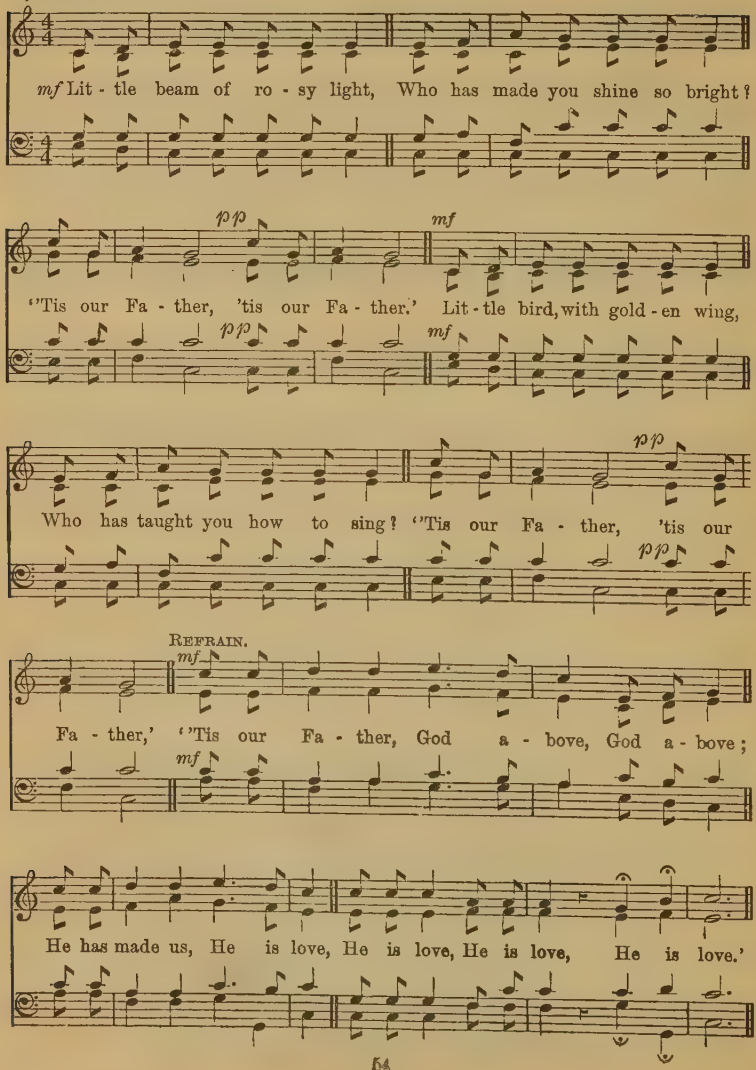
1 *f* Happy child whom God doth aid!
God our souls and bodies made;
God on us, in gracious showers,
Blessings every moment pours;
Compasses with angel-bands,
Bids them bear us in their hands;
Parents, friends, 'twas God bestowed,
Life, and all, descend from God.

2 *mf* He this flowery carpet spread,
Made the earth on which we tread;
God refreshes in the air,
Covers with the clothes we wear,
Feeds us with the food we eat,
Cheers us by His light and heat,
Makes His sun on us to shine;
All our blessings are divine!

3 *f* Give Him, then, and ever give,
Thanks for all that we receive;
Man we for his kindness love,
How much more our God above?
Worthy Thou, our heavenly Lord,
To be honoured and adored;
God of all-creating grace,
Take the everlasting praise.

Our Father. 7.7.4.7.7.4. *With Refrain.*

Hymn 62 (Tune 273.)


mf Lit - tle beam of ro - sy light, Who has made you shine so bright?
pp
mf
'Tis our Fa - ther, 'tis our Fa - ther.' Lit - tle bird, with gold - en wing,
pp
mf
Who has taught you how to sing? 'Tis our Fa - ther, 'tis our
pp
pp
REFRAIN.
mf
Fa - ther,' 'Tis our Fa - ther, God a - bove, God a - bove;
mf
He has made us, He is love, He is love, He is love, He is love.'

One God and Father of all, who is above all.—Ephesians iv. 6.

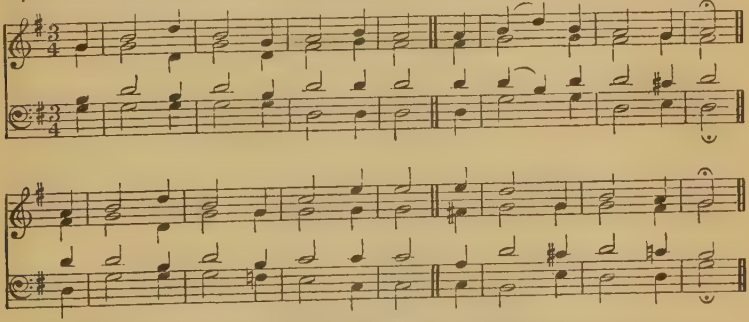
1 *mf* LITTLE beam of rosy light,
Who has made you shine so bright?
'Tis our Father.'
Little bird, with golden wing,
Who has taught you how to sing?
'Tis our Father.'
'Tis our Father, God above;
He has made us, He is love.'

2 *p* Little blossom, sweet and rare,
Who has made you bloom so fair?
'Tis our Father.'
Little streamlet in the dell,
Who has made you, can you tell?
'Tis our Father.'
'Tis our Father, God above;
He has made us, He is love.'

3 *mf* Little child, with face so bright
Who has made your heart so light?
'Tis your Father.'
Who has taught you how to sing,
Like the merry bird of spring?
'Tis your Father.'
'Tis our Father, God above,
He has made us, He is love.'

Hymn 63 (Tune 37.) Righi. C.M.

B. PROBST.



Though the LORD *be high, yet hath He respect unto the lowly.*—Psalm cxxxviii. 6.

1 *mf* FROM His high throne above the sky,
The Lord can all things see:
I cannot see Him, but His eye
Looks kindly down on me.

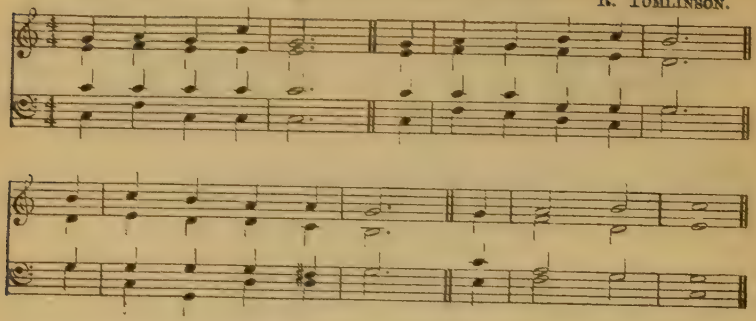
2 *p* He cared for me before I knew
That I had such a Friend:
When my first feeble breath I drew,
He did my life defend.

3 *mf* He keeps me still, by His great power,
From danger, night and day:
I could not live a single hour,
If He were far away.

4 But He is always near and kind,
And loves to hear my prayer:
May I His tender mercy find,
And trust His love and care.

Hymn 64 (Tune 113.) Providence. 5.6.6.4.

R. TOMLINSON.



For He careth for you.—1 Peter v. 7.

1 *mf* GOD, who made the earth,
The air, the sky, the sea,
Who gave the light its birth,
Careth for me.

2 God, who made the grass,
The flower, the fruit, the tree
The day and night to pass,
Careth for me.

3 God, who made the sun,
The moon, and stars, is He
Who, when life's clouds come on
Careth for me.

4 God, who made all things
On earth, in air, in sea,
Who changing seasons brings,
Careth for me.

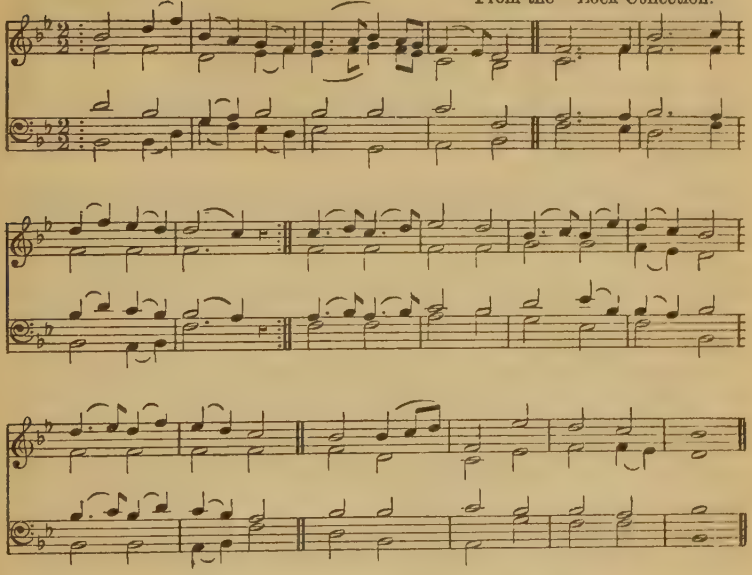
5 God, who gave me breath,
Be this my prayer to Thee
dim. That when I sink in death
Thou care for me.

6 *p* God, who sent His Son
To die on Calvary,
cr. He, if I lean on Him,
Will care for me.

7 *f* When in heaven's bright land
I all His loved ones see,
I'll sing with that blest band
God cared for me.

Hymn 65 (Tune 398.) Helmsley. 8.7.8.7.4.7.

From the "Lock Collection."



Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel.—Psalm lxxiii. 24.

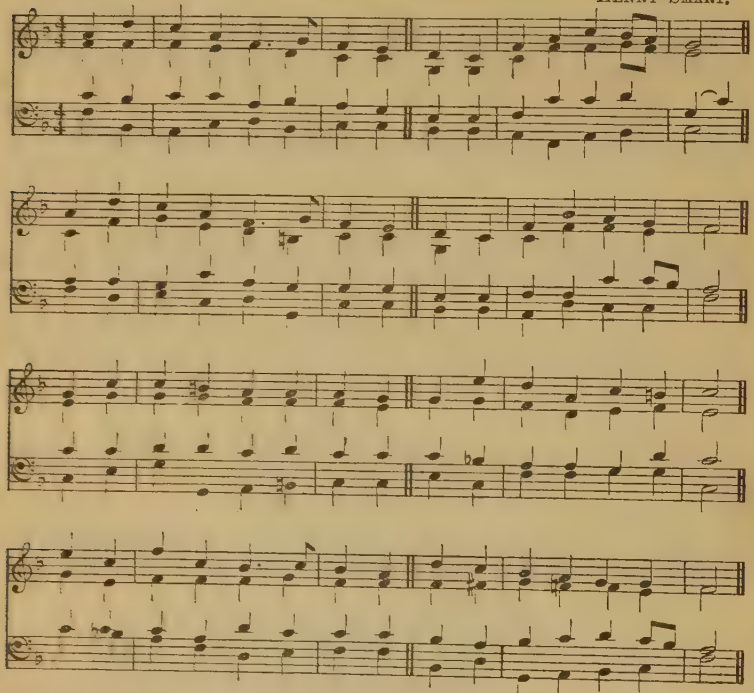
1 *mf* GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
p I am weak, but (*f*) Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy powerful hand;
p Bread of heaven!
cr. Feed me now and evermore.

2 *mf* Open Thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
f Strong Deliverer!
Be Thou still my help and shield.

3 *p* When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
f Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
ff I will ever give to Thee.

Hymn 66 (Tune 422.) Bethany. 8.7.8.7. D.

HENRY SMART.



Salvation belongeth unto the LORD.—Psalm iii. 8.

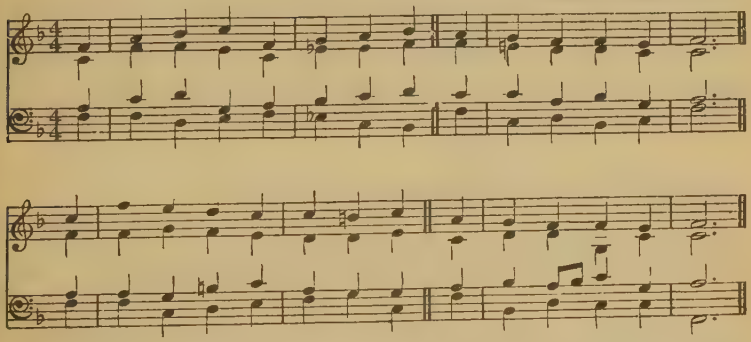
1 *mf* LORD of angels pure and holy,
Who in heaven Thy will obey,
Meek Thou art to those, and lowly,
Who in earthly temples pray.
Listen to our supplication,
Thou, who art the children's Friend
Bless us with Thy great salvation
p While we at Thy footstool bend.

2 *mf* Give us now Thy Holy Spirit,
Raise our thoughts to things on high
Where the glorified inherit
Pleasures that can never die.
cr. We would pass the pearly portals,
Gain the many mansions there,
f And with all the bright immortals
Heaven's unfading glory share.

3 *mf* From the guilt of sin deliver,
From the power of sin set free;
Thou of life the Lord and Giver,
Make, O make us all like Thee.
Then, Thy blessèd will obeying,
f We shall gain that blissful shore,
Where, for ever safe from straying,
ff We will praise Thee evermore.

Hymn 67 (Tune 26.) French. C.M.

Scotch Psalter, 1615.



The place where God spake with him, Bethel.—Genesis xxxv. 15.

1 *mf* O God of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led:

2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

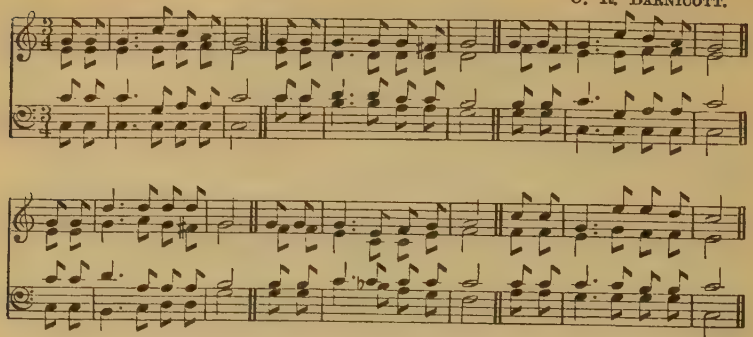
3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 O spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace!

5 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
f And Thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore.

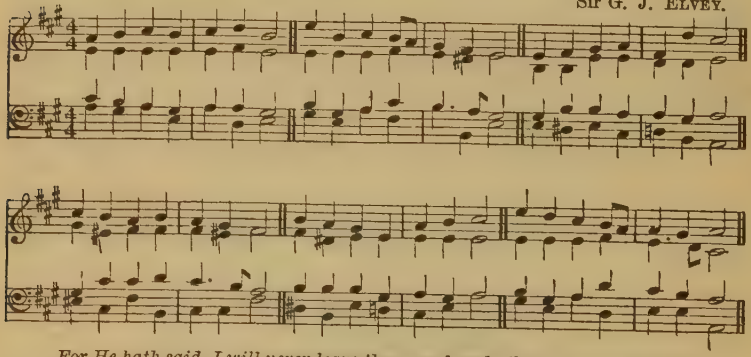
Hymn 68 (Tune 325.) Edgecumbe. 7.7.7.7.7.7.

O. R. Barnicott.



2nd Tune. (Tune 326.) Elijah. 7.7.7.7.7.7.

Sir G. J. Elvey.



For He hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.—Hebrews xiii. 5.

1 *mf* Poor and needy though I be,
God Almighty cares for me;
Gives me clothing, shelter, food
Gives me all I have of good.
p Poor and needy though I be,
cr. God Almighty cares for me.

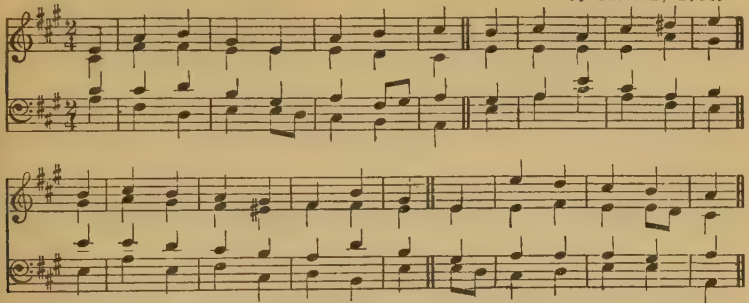
2 *mf* He will hear me when I pray;
He is with me night and day;
When I sleep and when I wake,
For the Lord my Saviour's sake.
p Poor and needy though I be,
cr. God Almighty cares for me.

3 *p* He who reigns above the sky
Once became as poor as I;
He whose blood for me was shed
Had not where to lay His head.
Poor and needy though I be,
cr. God Almighty cares for me.

4 *mf* Though I labour here awhile,
He will bless me with His smile;
And when this short life is past
cr. I shall rest with Him at last.
Poor and needy though I be
God Almighty cares for me.

Hymn 69 (Tune 42.) St. Magnus. C.M.

J. Clarke, 1700.



Thou, O Lord, *art our Father.*—Isaiah lxiii. 16.

1 *mf* Our Father sits on yonder throne,
Amidst the hosts above;
He reigns throughout the world alone—
He reigns the God of love.

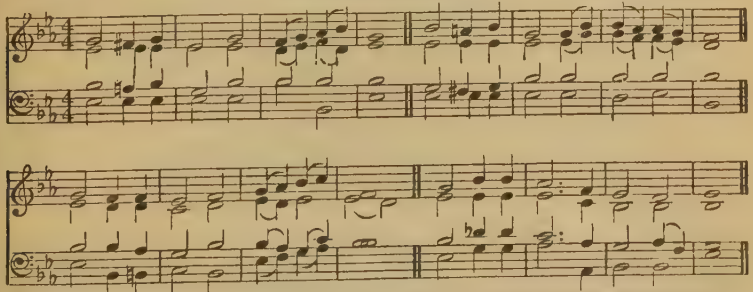
2 He knew us when we knew Him not,
Was with us, though unseen;
His mercies came to us unsought,
His love has wondrous been.

3 O let us, while we dwell below,
Obey our Father's voice;
p To Him in meek submission bow,
cr. And in His love rejoice:

4 That we may hear Him say, at last,
'Ye blessed children, come;
f The days of toil and sin are past,
And heaven is now your home.'

Hymn 70 (Tune 78.) Holley. L.M.

G. Hews.



Thou art my Father, my God, and the rock of my salvation.—Psalm lxxxix. 26.

1 *mf* Great God, and wilt Thou condescend
To be my Father and my Friend?
I a poor child, and Thou so high,
The Lord of earth and air and sky!

Art Thou my Father? Canst Thou bear
To hear my poor, imperfect prayer?
p Or wilt Thou listen to the praise
That such a feeble one can raise?

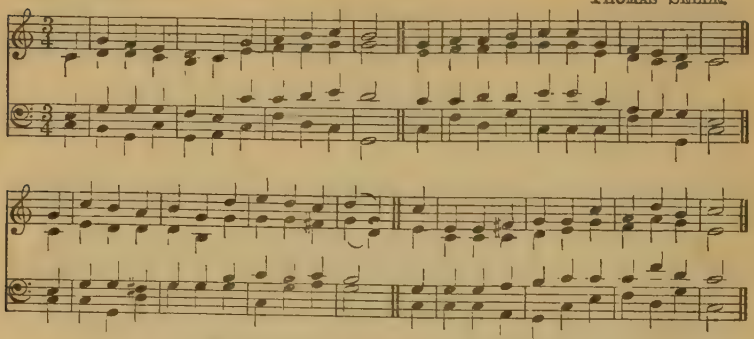
3 *mf* Art Thou my Father? Let me be
A meek, obedient child to Thee;
And try in word and deed and thought
To serve and please Thee as I ought.

4 Art Thou my Father? I'll depend
Upon the care of such a Friend,
And only wish to do and be
Whatever seemeth good to Thee.

5 Art Thou my Father? (*cr.*) Then, at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
f Send down and take me. in Thy love,
To be Thy better child above.

Hymn 71 (Tune 513.) Oldenburg. 11.11.11.11.

THOMAS SELLE.



All we like sheep have gone astray.—Isaiah liii. 6.

1 *mf* OUR Father in heaven, Thou madest the earth;
The sun, moon, and stars to Thy word owe their birth;
By Thee were they formed, by Thy counsel they stand,
And we are Thy children, the work of Thy hand.

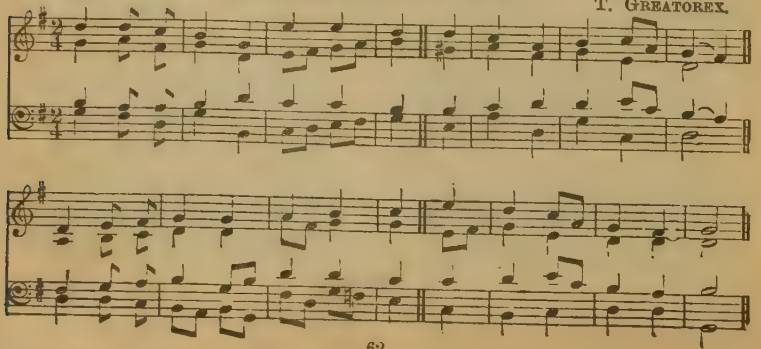
2 Thou gavest our life; to Thy goodness we owe
All the blessings that bloom round our pathway below;
In thousand endearments Thy love we may read,
Declaring that Thou art our Father indeed.

3 *p* But we have all wandered, as sheep, from Thy fold;
The hearts of Thy children through sin have grown cold,
Though young, we have erred, and would humbly implore
The mercy we need, that we wander no more.

4 We own we are guilty, but Jesus has died;
Nor shall we, when pleading His name, be denied;
cr. For hast Thou not promised that plea Thou wilt heed,
And through Thy free grace make us children indeed?

Hymn 72 (Tune 47.) Tottenham. C.M.

T. GREATOREX.



Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast Thou ordained strength.—Psalm viii. 2.

1 *f* Come, let us join the hosts above,
Now in our youngest days,
Remember our Creator's love,
And sing our Father's praise.

2 His Majesty will not despise
The day of feeble things,
Grateful the songs of children rise,
And please the King of kings.

3 *mf* He loves to be remembered thus,
And honoured for His grace;
Out of the mouths of babes like us
His wisdom perfects praise.

4 *f* Glory to God, and praise, and power
Honour and thanks be given;
Children and cherubim adore
The Lord of earth and heaven.

Hymn 73 (Tune 69.) Alstone. L.M.

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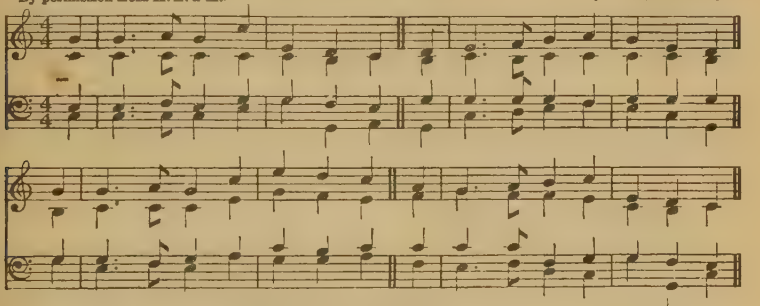
C. E. Willing.



The Lord *is good.*—Nahum i. 7.

1 *mf* Almighty God, Thy works around
In beauteous order speak Thy praise,
And years, with smiling mercy crowned,
To Thee successive honours raise;

2 Each changing season on our souls
Its sweetest, kindest influence sheds;
And every period, as it rolls,
Showers countless blessings on our heads.

3 *f* Yes; God is good: in earth and sky,
From ocean depths and spreading wood,
Ten thousand voices seem to cry,
God made us all, and God is good!

4 The sun that keeps his trackless way,
And downward pours his golden flood,
Night's sparkling hosts, all seem to say,
In accents clear, that God is good.

5 *mf* The merry birds prolong the strain,
Their song with every spring renewed,
dim. And balmy air and falling rain,
pp Each softly whispers, God is good;

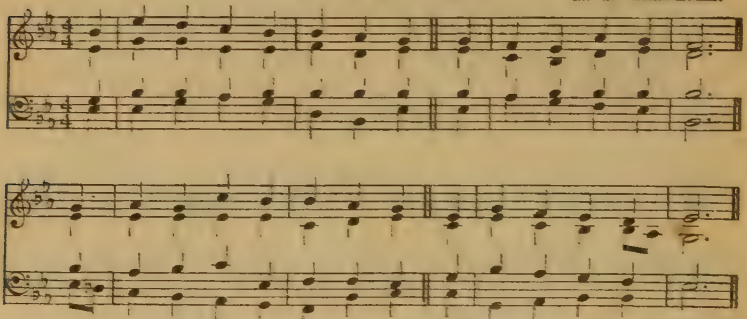
6 *cr.* We hear it in the rushing breeze;
The hills, that have for ages stood,
f The echoing sky, and roaring seas,
All swell the chorus, God is good.

7 Yes; God is good, all nature says,
By God's own hand with speech endued;
f And we, in louder notes of praise,
Will sing for joy that God is good.

8 For all Thy gifts we bless Thee, Lord,
But chiefly for our heavenly food;
Thy pardoning grace, Thy quickening Word,
These prompt our song that God is good!

Hymn 74 (Tune 44.) St. Peter. C.M.

A. R. Reinagle.



A name which is above every name.—Philippians ii. 9.

1 *f* O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honours of Thy name.

3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free:
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

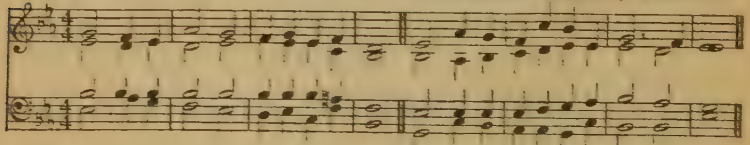
5 He speaks, and listening to His voice,
dim. New life the dead receive,
cr. The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
f The humble poor believe.

6 *f* Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

7 Look unto Him, ye nations, own
Your God, ye fallen race;
Look, and be saved through faith alone,
Be justified by grace.

Hymn 75 (Tune 480.) Cœna Domini. 10.10.

Sir Arthur Sullivan, Mus. Doc.



2nd Tune. (Tune 481.) Stapleton Road. 10.10.

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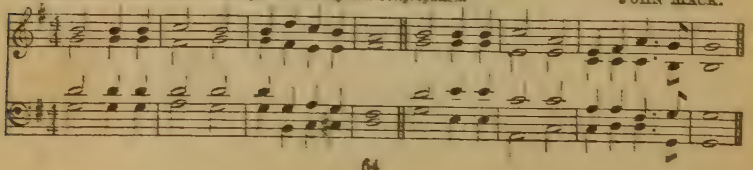
John Mack.



Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, . . . because he trusteth in Thee.—Isaiah xxvi. 3

1 *mf* PEACE, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?—
p The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

2 Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed?—
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

3 *mf* Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?—
On Jesus' bosom nought but calm is found.

4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?—
In Jesus' keeping we are safe and they.

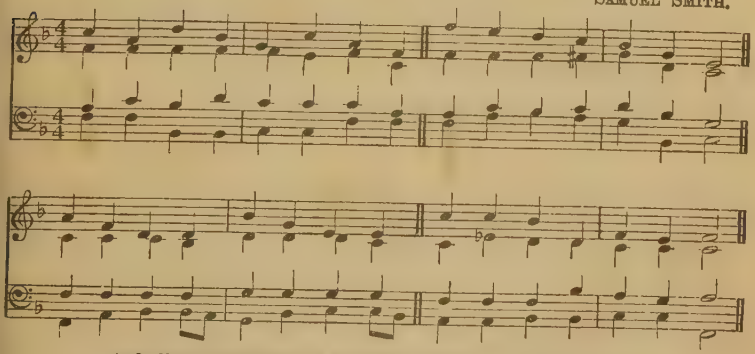
5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?—
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?—
f Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

7 *mf* It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

Hymn 76 (Tune 383.) Newton Ferns. 8.7.8.7.

SAMUEL SMITH.



And all thy children shall be taught of the LORD.—Isaiah liv. 13.

1 *mf* JESUS, Saviour, wilt Thou hear us,
Now we come to sing to Thee?
Wilt Thou in Thy love draw near us,
While our praise we bring to Thee?

2 Thou dost hear the angels' praises
Offered at Thy glorious throne;
But the cry an infant raises
Thou, dear Lord, wilt not disown.

3 We would thank Thee we are living,
Thank Thee for Thy ceaseless love;
Thou art daily, hourly giving
Some new blessing from above.

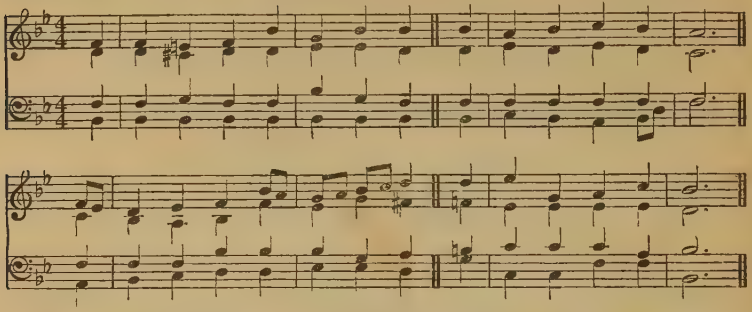
4 All we have by Thee is given;
Food to eat and clothes to wear;
Friends, to make our home like heaven:
Lord, we thank Thee for Thy care.

5 Now that Thou to-day hast brought us
Here to meet and read and pray,
Bless, O Lord, the lessons taught us,
Keep us near Thee all the day.

6 *cr.* Teach us all to know and fear Thee,
Lead us to the gate of heaven:
May we all this day, Lord, hear Thee
Say, 'Thy sins are all forgiven.'

Hymn 77 (Tune 39.) Sharon. C.M.

T. WALLHEAD.



The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us.—John i. 14.

1 *mf* O WISDOM, whose unfading power
Beside the Eternal stood,
To frame in nature's earliest hour
The land, the sky, the flood:

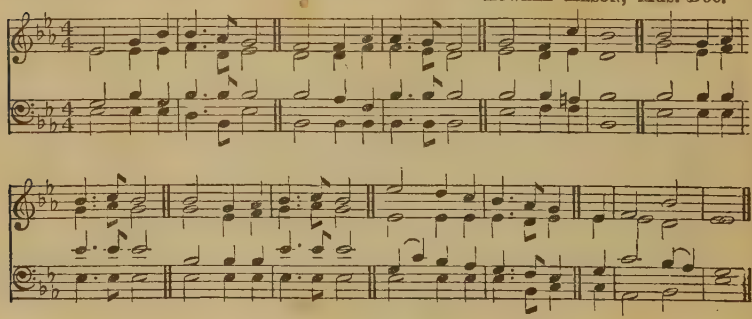
2 Yet didst Thou not disdain awhile
An infant's form to wear;
p To bless Thy mother with a smile
And lisp Thy faltering prayer.

3 *cr.* But in Thy Father's own abode,
With Israel's elders round,
Conversing high with Israel's God,
Thy greatest joy was found.

4 *mf* So may our youth adore Thy name!
And, Saviour, deign to bless
With fostering grace the timid flame
Of early holiness!

Hymn 78 (Tune 167.) Harlan. 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

LOWELL MASON, Mus. Doc.



And let all the angels of God worship Him.—Hebrews i. 6.

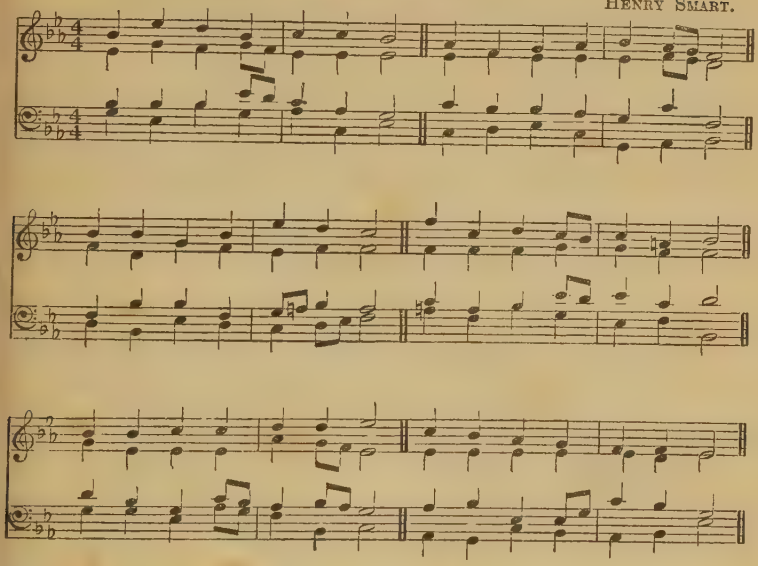
1 *f* PRAISE God, ye seraphs bright,
Praise Him, ye sons of light,
Jesus adore!
What earthly choirs can swell,
What mortal tongue can tell
Thy love, Immanuel?
God evermore!

2 Come, saints, in God rejoice;
Lift up a mighty voice;
Sing to the Lamb!
dim. For us His blood was shed,
cr. For us He left the dead,
His foes discomfited:
Praise the I AM!

tune 136

Hymn 79 ~~(Tune 330.)~~ Heathlands. 7.7.7.7.7.7.

HENRY SMART.



Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above.—James i. 17.

1 *mf* FOR the beauty of the earth,
For the beauty of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies;
cr. Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

2 *mf* For the beauty of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale and tree and flower,
Sun and moon and stars of light:
cr. Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

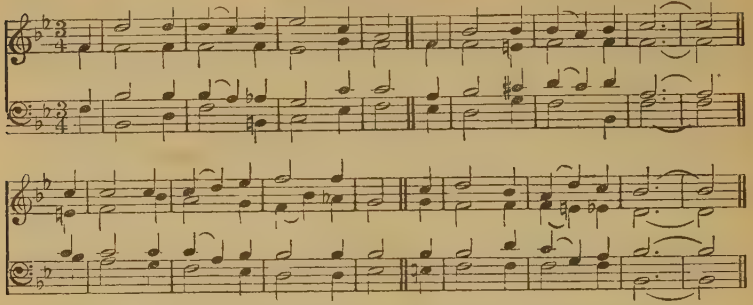
3 *mf* For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth and friends above;
For all gentle thoughts and mild:
cr. Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

4 *mf* For each perfect gift of Thine
To our race so freely given,
Graces human and divine,
Flowers of earth and buds of heaven:
cr. Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

5 *mf* For Thy Church, that evermore
Lifteth holy hands above,
Offering up on every shore
Its pure sacrifice of love:
cr. Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

Hymn 80 (Tune 32.) Lætitia. C.M.

St. Alban's Tune-Book.



Hosanna: blessed is the King of Israel that cometh in the name of the Lord.—John xii. 13.

1 Hosanna! be the children's song
To Christ, the children's King;
His praise to whom their souls belong
Let all the children sing.

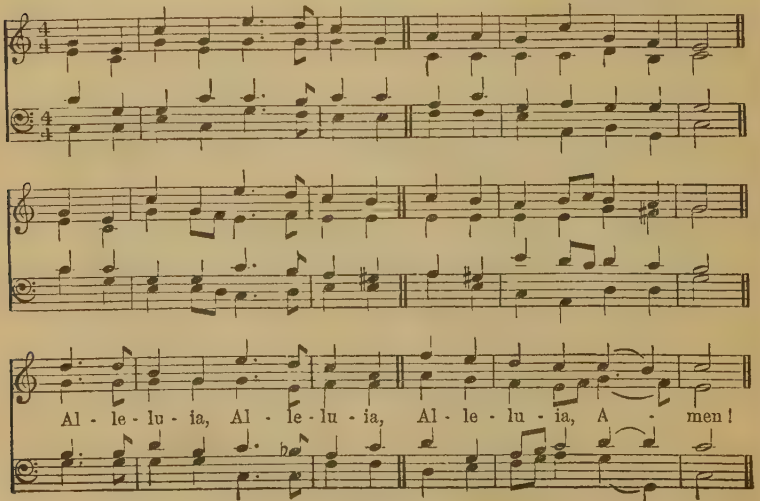
2 *cr.* Hosanna! sound from hill to hill,
And spread from plain to plain;
While louder, sweeter, clearer still,
Woods echo to the strain.

3 *mf* Hosanna! on the wings of light,
O'er earth and ocean fly;
Till morn to eve, and noon to night,
And heaven to earth reply.

4 *cr.* Hosanna! then, our song shall be,
Hosanna! to our King;
f This is the children's jubilee,
Let all the children sing.

Hymn 81 (Tune 401.) Regent Square. 8.7.8.7.4.7.

Henry Smart.



Who being the brightness of His glory.—Hebrews i. 3.

1 *mf* MIGHTY God, while angels bless Thee,
May an infant lisp Thy name?
Lord of men as well as angels,
Every creature speaks Thy fame.
f Alleluia, Amen!

2 Lord of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days,
Sounded through the wide creation
Be Thy just and rightful praise.
Alleluia, Amen!

3 *mf* For the providence that governs
Through Thine empire's wide domain,
Sovereign Lord of earth and heaven,
p Blessèd be Thy gentle reign!
f Alleluia, Amen!

4 *f* Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall Thy praise unuttered be?
Shun, my soul, such guilty silence;
Sing the Lord who died for me!
Alleluia, Amen!

5 *f* Come, return, immortal Saviour;
Come, Lord Jesus, take Thy throne:
Quickly come, and reign for ever;
Be the kingdom all Thine own!
Alleluia, Amen!

Hymn 82 (Tune 297.) Holy-day. 7.7.7.7.

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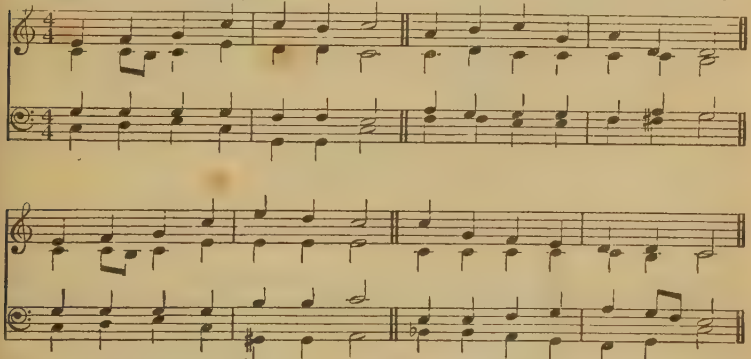


Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne.—Revelation v. 13.

1 *f* LET us sing with one accord
Praise to Jesus Christ our Lord;
He is worthy whom we praise,
Hearts and voices let us raise.

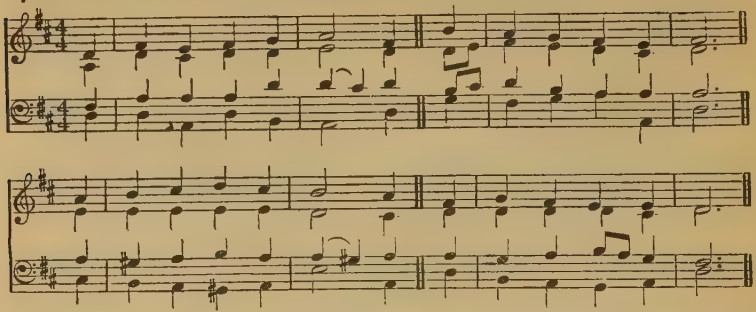
2 He hath made us by His power,
He hath kept us to this hour,
He redeems us from the grave,
He who died now lives to save.

3 *mf* What He bids us let us do;
Where He leads us let us go;
As He loves us let us love
All below and all above.

4 Angels praise Him, so will we
Sinful children though we be;
Poor and weak, we'll sing the more,
Jesus helps the weak and poor.

5 *mf* Dear to Him is childhood's prayer;
Children's hearts to Him are dear;
cr. Hearts and voices let us raise,
f He is worthy whom we praise.

Hymn 83 (Tune 211.) Goldbach. 7.6.7.6.



Thou art worthy, O LORD, *to receive glory and honour and power.*—Revelation iv. 11

1 *f* GLORY and praise and honour
To Thee, Redeemer, King!
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring!

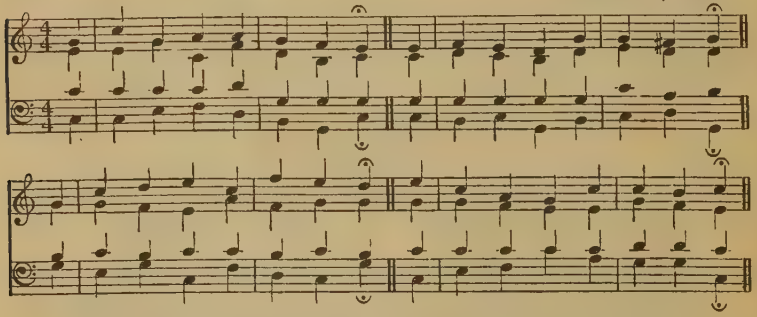
2 Thou art the King of Israel;
Thou David's royal Son;
Who in the Lord's name comest,
The King and blessèd One.

3 *mf* The company of angels
Are praising Thee on high;
And mortal men, and all things
Created, make reply.

4 *mf* The people of the Hebrews
With psalms before Thee went;
Our praise and prayer and anthems
To Thee we now present.

5 *f* Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.

Hymn 84 (Tune 93.) Winchester. L.M. CRASSELIUS, 1650.



Christ came, who is over all, God blessed for ever. Amen.—Romans ix. 5.

1 *mf* OUR Saviour is the sovereign Lord,
Who rules all nature by His word,
Supreme in power, in love supreme,
And heaven and earth depend on Him.

2 He is the true, eternal Word,
By all heaven's glorious hosts adored;
p And He, the Son of man, made known
In a frail body, like our own.

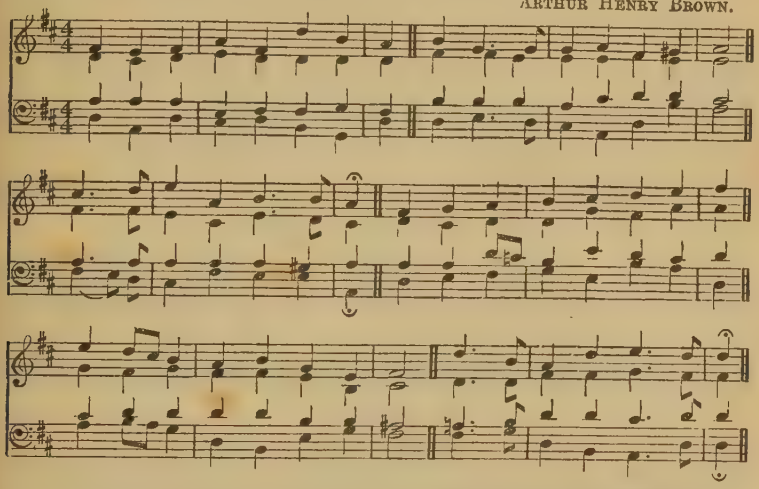
3 *p* He is the hope of all mankind,
A balm for every wounded mind:
cr. The only name to sinners given,
f Their title and their way to heaven.

4 *f* The Son of God, the Son of man,
Who was before the world began,
Who is, and evermore shall be,
Our God to all eternity.

5 *f* To Him be honour and renown
mf Who bore the cross (*f*) and wears the crown,
The King immortal, God supreme,
Let heaven and earth bow down to Him.

Hymn 85 (Tune 449.) St. Cosmas. 8.8.7.8.8.7.

ARTHUR HENRY BROWN.



But unto the Son He saith, Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever.—Hebrews i. 8.

1 *mf* LORD Jesus Christ, our God and King!
This sacrifice of song we bring;
And Thy name we magnify!
Son of the Blessèd, Thee we praise,
Ancient of everlasting days,
ff Thee, O Christ, we glorify!

mf Blessèd and only Potentate,
Thee in our hymns we celebrate;
Son of God and Son of man;
True speaker of the gracious words,
cr. Yet King of kings and Lord of lords,
f Faithful and unchanging One!

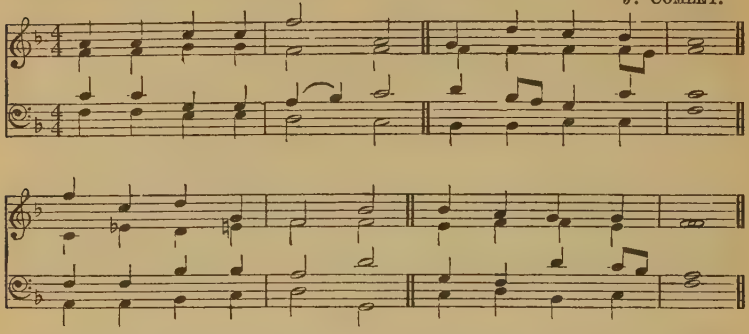
3 Great First and Last, the Christ of God,
Of Jesse's stem the regal Rod,
Prince of life, and Prince of peace;
Great King of saints and King of kings,
Still night and day Thy Church Thee sings,
Never shall Thy glories cease.

4 *mf* Thee, Thee we hail, now seen afar,
Herald of day, fair Morning Star,
Light of life, creation's Sun,
Bright Dayspring of our clouded sky,
cr. Rising in gladness from on high,
f Glorious and unsetting Sun.

5 *mf* Heir of all things, creation's Head,
And first-begotten of the dead;
Thou whose dying now is o'er:
cr. We praise Thee, with the Spirit one,
The Father's co-eternal Son,
ff Praise we give Thee evermore!

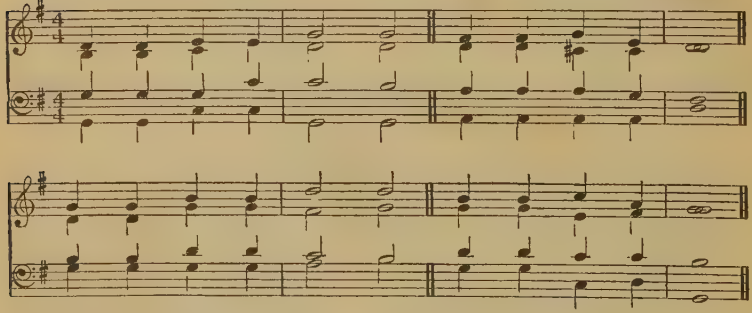
Hymn 86 (Tune 132.) Jesus, high in Glory. 6.5.6.5.

J. Comley.



2nd Tune. (Tune 134.) North Coates. 6.5.6.5.

Rev. T. R. Matthews.



Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise.—Matthew xxi. 16.

1 *mf* Jesus, high in glory,
Lend a listening ear;
When we bow before Thee,
Children's praises hear.

2 Though Thou art so holy,
Heaven's almighty King,
Thou wilt stoop to listen
When Thy praise we sing.

3 *p* We are little children,
Weak and apt to stray;
Saviour, guide and keep us
In the heavenly way.

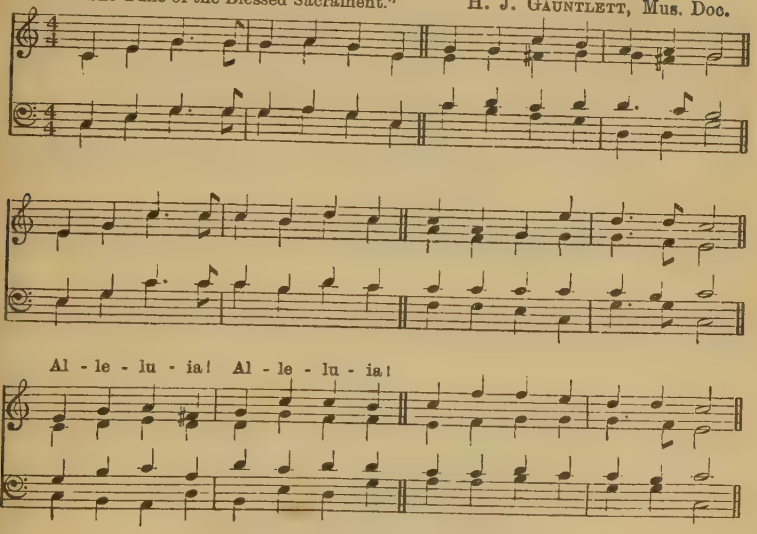
4 *mf* Save us, Lord, from sinning;
Watch us day by day;
Help us now to love Thee,
Take our sins away.

5 *f* Then, when Jesus calls us
To our heavenly home,
We would gladly answer,
Saviour, Lord, we come.

Hymn 87 (Tune 403.) Triumph. 8.7.8.7.4.7.

Originally in "Church Hymn and Tune Book," as "The Tune of the Blessed Sacrament."

H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus. Doc.



For His mercy endureth for ever.—Psalm cvi. 1.

1 *f* PRAISE the Lord! for still He reigneth
High o'er kingdoms, thrones, and powers,
He the whole world's course ordaineth;
We are His, yet He is ours.
Alleluia!
For His mercy aye endures.

2 He of old creation founded,
Earth below and heaven above,
Built in truth, and well surrounded
With His boundless, changeless love.
Alleluia!
For His mercy aye endures.

3 *mf* Bow we low in adoration:
Us from endless woe to save,
He, the Lord of all creation,
p Chose the manger, cross, and grave.
f Alleluia!
For His mercy aye endures.

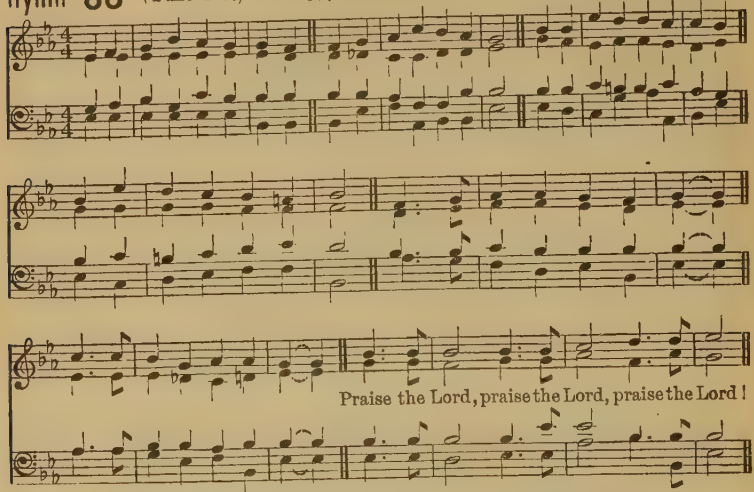
4 Lord of life, He lives for ever:
Free to all His love extends;
Us He shows His choicest favour,
Calls us children, calls us friends.
Alleluia!
For His mercy aye endures.

5 *mf* Wrath of man or rage of devil
Shall not cause His work to fail;
God is love, and o'er all evil
He shall in the end prevail.
f Alleluia!
For His mercy aye endures.

6 *mf* Yield we Him our hearts' devotion;
Be His name alone adored;
Sun and stars and earth and ocean,
cr. Men and angels, praise the Lord!
f Alleluia!
For His mercy aye endures.

Saviour, for Thy love we praise Thee.

Hymn 88 (Tune 413.) 8.7.8.7.7.7.3. Rev. Henry J. Foster.



For His great love wherewith He loved us.—Ephesians ii. 4.

1 *f* Saviour, for Thy love we praise Thee,
Love that brought Thee down to earth;
Like the angels we would praise Thee,
Singing welcome at Thy birth;
mf Let Thy star, through all our gloom,
Guide us to Thy manger home.
f Praise the Lord!

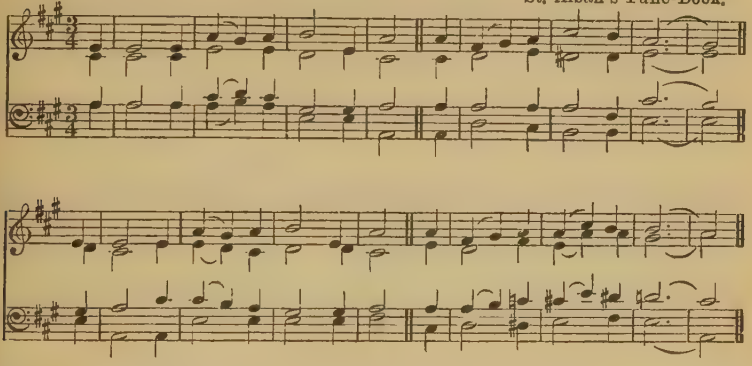
2 Saviour, for Thy life we praise Thee,
Life that brings us from the dead;
Like the children we would praise Thee,
Lay Thine hands upon our head.
mf Call us, as Thou didst of old,
Little lambs into Thy fold.
f Praise the Lord!

3 *mf* Saviour, for Thy death we praise Thee,
Death that is our hope of life;
Like the ransomed we would praise Thee,
Who have passed beyond the strife.
p Wash us in Thy cleansing blood,
Make us kings and priests to God.
f Praise the Lord!

4 *f* Saviour, for Thy love we praise Thee,
Love that lifts us up to Thee;
With the angels let us praise Thee,
Joining in their minstrelsy;
All our love for ever telling,
ff And the mighty chorus swelling,
Praise the Lord!

Hymn 89 (Tune 38.) Sabbata. C.M.

St. Alban's Tune-Book.



I will confess to Thee, . . . and sing unto Thy name.—Romans xv. 9.

1 *f* THERE is a name I love to hear,
I love to speak its worth;
It sounds like music in my ear,
The sweetest name on earth.

2 *mf* It tells me of a Saviour's love,
Who died to set me free!
It tells me of His precious blood,
The sinner's perfect plea.

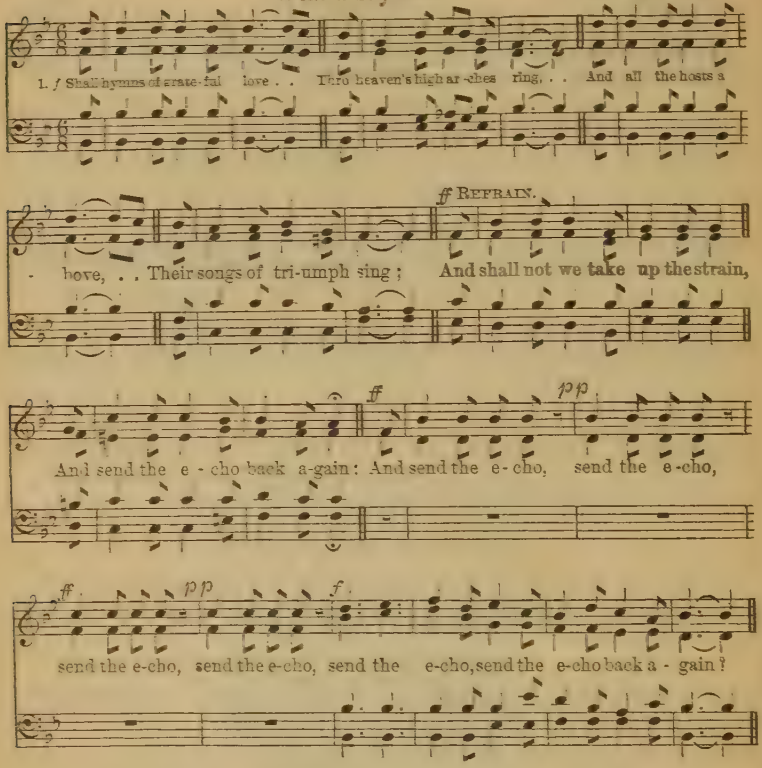
3 It tells of One whose loving heart
Can feel my deepest woe;
Who in my sorrow bears a part
That none can bear below.

4 *cr.* It bids my trembling heart rejoice.
It dries each rising tear;
p It tells me in a 'still small voice
f To trust and never fear.

5 Jesus, the name I love so well,
The name I love to hear!
No saint on earth its worth can tell
No heart conceive how dear!

Hymn 90 (Tune 195.) Echo Song. 6.6.6.6.8.8.

With a Refrain. WM. BRADBURY.


1. f Shall hymns of grate-ful love . . Thro heaven's high ar-ches ring, . . And all the hosts a
ff REFRAIN.
- bove, . . Their songs of tri-umph sing ; And shall not we take up the strain,
ff pp
And send the e - cho back a-gain : And send the e-cho, send the e-cho,
ff pp f
send the e-cho, send the e-cho, send the e-cho, send the e-cho back a - gain ?

And they sung a new song, saying, Thou art worthy.—Revelation v. 9.

1 *f* SHALL hymns of grateful love
Through heaven's high arches ring.
And all the hosts above
Their songs of triumph sing ;
And shall not we take up the strain,
And send the echo back again ?

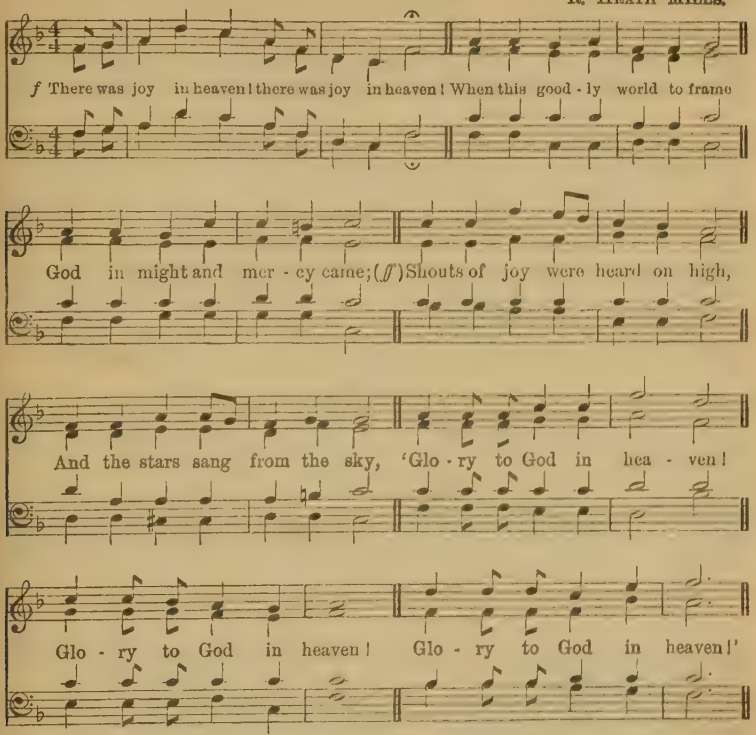
2 Shall every ransomed tribe
Of Adam's scattered race,
To Christ all power ascribe,
Who saved them by His grace ;
And shall not we take up the strain,
And send the echo back again ?

3 *mf* Shall they adore the Lord,
Who bought them with His blood
And all the love record
That led them home to God ;
And shall not we take up the strain,
And send the echo back again ?

4 *f* O spread the joyful sound,
The Saviour's love proclaim,
And publish all around
Salvation through His name.
Till the whole world take up the strain
And send the echo back again.

Hymn 91 (Tune 196.) Barry Road. 6.6.7.7.7.7.6.

R. Heath Mills.


f There was joy in heaven! there was joy in heaven! When this good - ly world to frame
God in might and mer - cy came; (ff) Shouts of joy were heard on high,
And the stars sang from the sky, 'Glo - ry to God in hea - ven!
Glo - ry to God in heaven! Glo - ry to God in heaven!'

A multitude of the heavenly host, praising God.—Luke ii. 13.

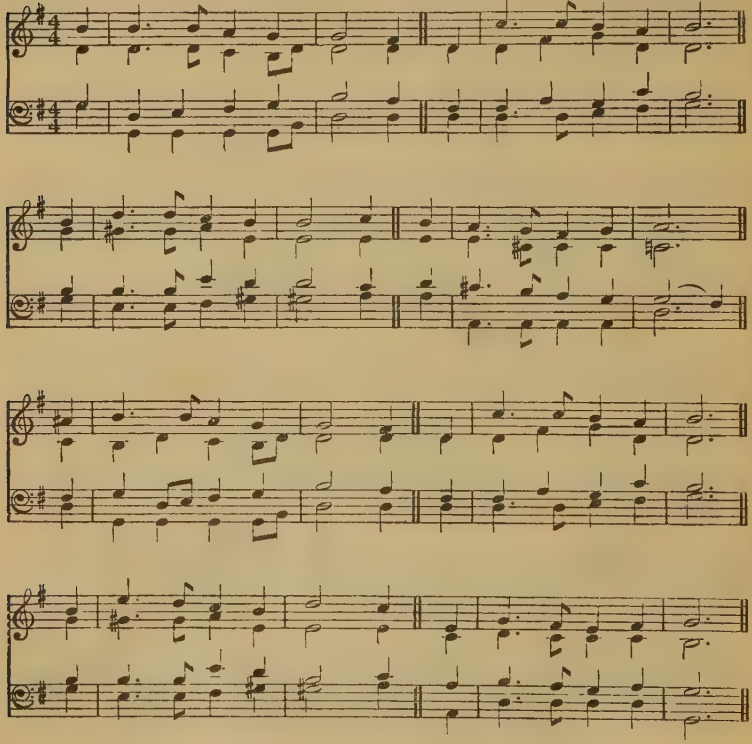
1 *f* There was joy in heaven!
There was joy in heaven!
When this goodly world to frame
God in might and mercy came;
ff Shouts of joy were heard on high,
And the stars sang from the sky,
'Glory to God in heaven!'

2 *f* There was joy in heaven!
There was joy in heaven!
When the billows, heaving dark,
mf Sank around the stranded ark,
And the rainbow's watery span
Spake of mercy, hope to man,
p And peace with God in heaven!

3 *f* There was joy in heaven!
There was joy in heaven!
When of love the midnight beam
Shone on towers of Bethlehem;
And along the echoing hill
Angels sang—'On earth goodwill.
ff And glory in the heaven!'

Hymn 92 (Tune 217.) Angel's Story. 7.6.7.6 D.

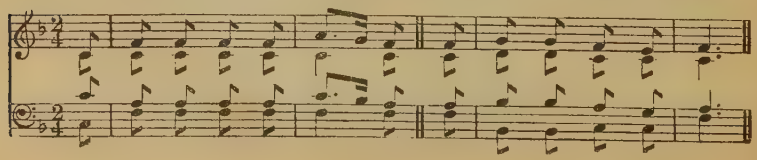
Dr. A. H. Mann.

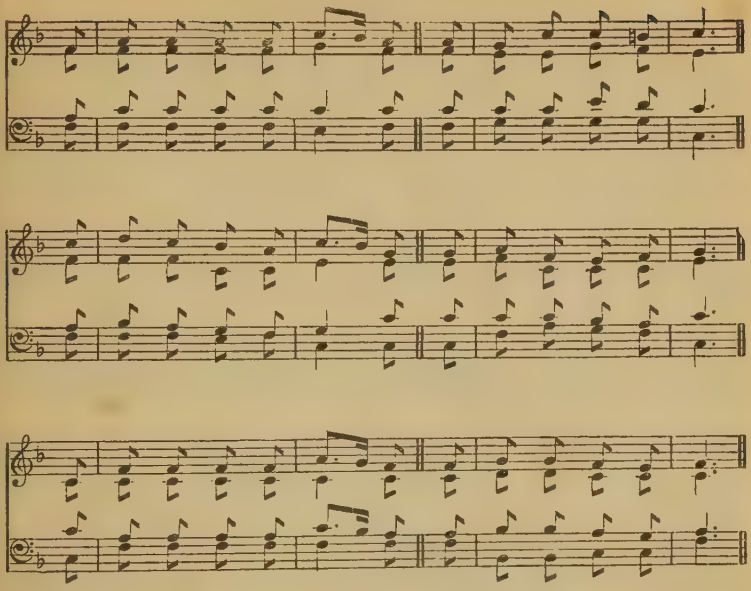


2nd Tune. (Tune 220.) Because He loved me so.

7.6.7.6. D.

Geo. F. Root.





For unto you is born . . . a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.—Luke ii. 11.

1 *mf* I LOVE to hear the story
Which angel-voices tell,
How once the King of glory
Came down on earth to dwell.
p I am both weak and sinful,
But this I surely know,
cr. The Lord came down to save me
f Because He loved me so.

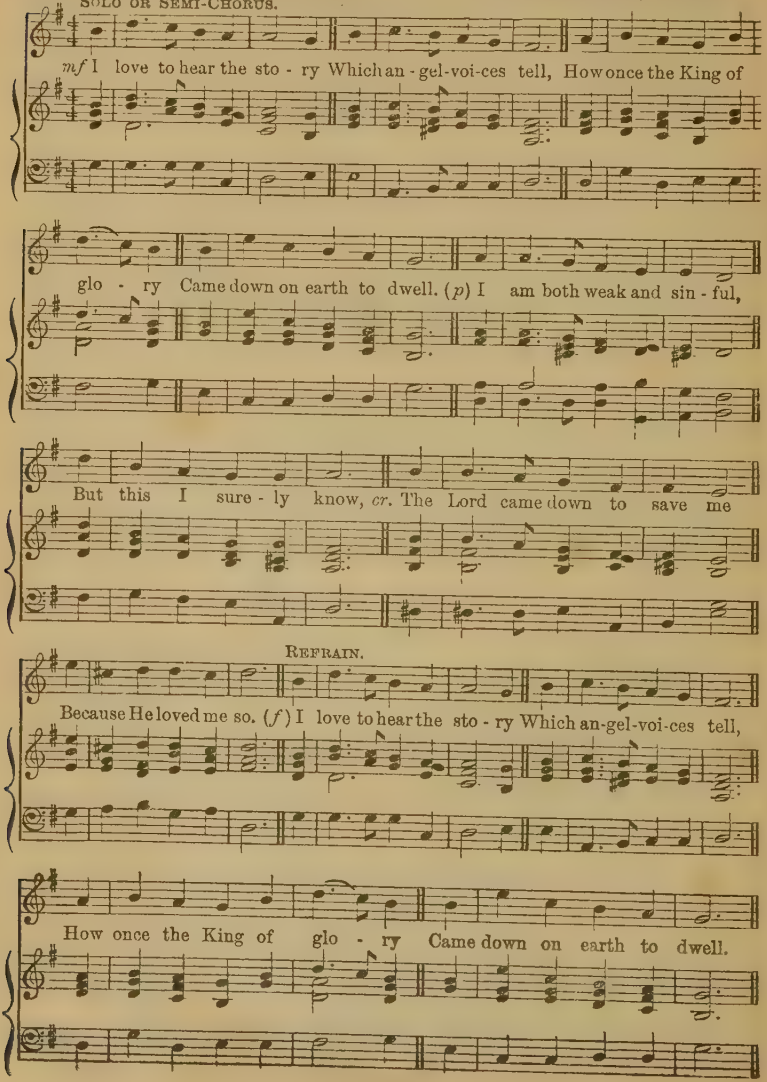
2 *mf* I'm glad my blessèd Saviour
Was once a child like me,
To show how pure and holy
His little ones might be;
And if I try to follow
His footsteps here below,
cr. He never will forget me,
Because He loves me so.

3 *f* To sing His love and mercy,
My sweetest songs I'll raise;
mf And though I cannot see Him,
I know He hears my praise:
cr. For He has kindly promised
That even I may go
ff To sing among His angels,
Because He loves me so.

I love to hear the Story (Angel voices).

7.6.7.6. D. *With Refrain.*

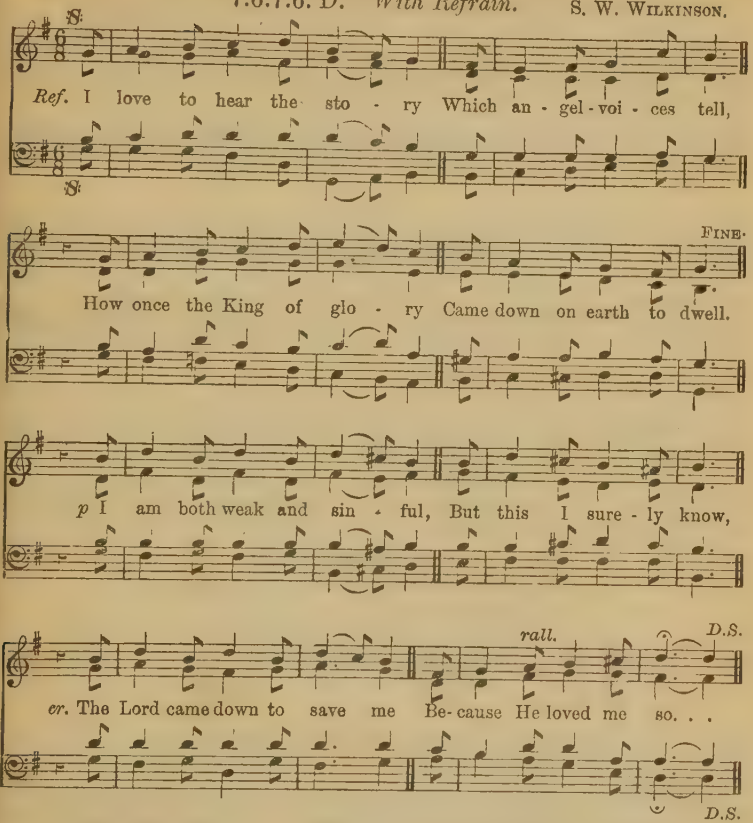
Hymn 92 *3rd Tune.* (Tune 249.) H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus. Doc.


SOLO OR SEMI-CHORUS.
mf I love to hear the sto - ry Which an - gel-voi-ces tell, How once the King of
glo - ry Came down on earth to dwell. (p) I am both weak and sin - ful,
But this I sure - ly know, cr. The Lord came down to save me
REFRAIN.
Because He loved me so. (f) I love to hear the sto - ry Which an-gel-voi-ces tell,
How once the King of glo - ry Came down on earth to dwell.

4th Tune. (Tune 250.)

I love to hear the Story.

7.6.7.6. D. *With Refrain.* S. W. WILKINSON.


Ref. I love to hear the sto - ry Which an - gel - voi - ces tell,
How once the King of glo - ry Came down on earth to dwell.
FINE.
p I am both weak and sin - ful, But this I sure - ly know,
cr. The Lord came down to save me Be - cause He loved me so. . .
rall.
D.S.
D.S.

For unto you is born . . . a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.—Luke ii. 11.

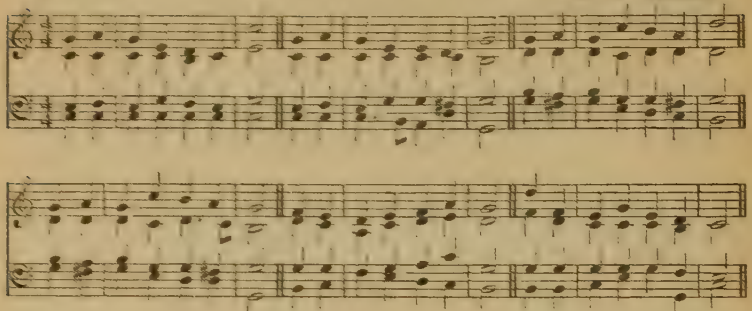
1 *mf* I LOVE to hear the story
Which angel-voices tell,
How once the King of glory
Came down on earth to dwell.
p I am both weak and sinful,
But this I surely know,
cr. The Lord came down to save me
f Because He loved me so.

2 *mf* I'm glad my blessèd Saviour
Was once a child like me,
To show how pure and holy
His little ones might be;
And if I try to follow
His footsteps here below,
cr. He never will forget me,
f Because He loves me so.

3 *f* To sing His love and mercy
My sweetest songs I'll raise:
mf And though I cannot see Him,
I know He hears my praise:
cr. For He has kindly promised
That even I may go
ff To sing among His angels,
Because He loves me so.

Hymn 93 (Tune 827.) Elliott's Litany. 7.7.7.7.7.7.

J. W. ELLIOTT.



I love them that love Me; and those that seek Me early shall find Me.—Proverbs viii. 17

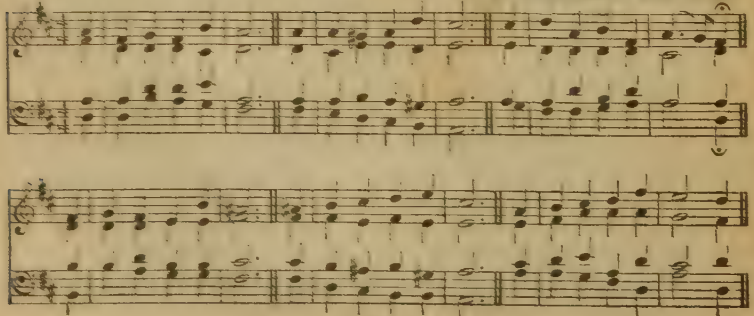
1 *pp* HARK! a still small voice is heard
Gently speaking from above:
cr. 'Tis the message of His love,
'Tis the great Redeemer's word,
Hear the call to you addressed,
Ye who would be truly blessed.

2 *mf* 'Those who with devoted mind
Seek in early life My face,
Shall My lasting favour find,
And enjoy my richest grace.
Early, then, while yet I wait,
Seek Me, ere it be too late.'

3 *f* Lord, we come, without delay;
We would love and seek Thee thus:
Jesus, now Thy love display,
Saving, guiding, blessing us!
May we dwell with Thee above,
Ever happy in Thy love!

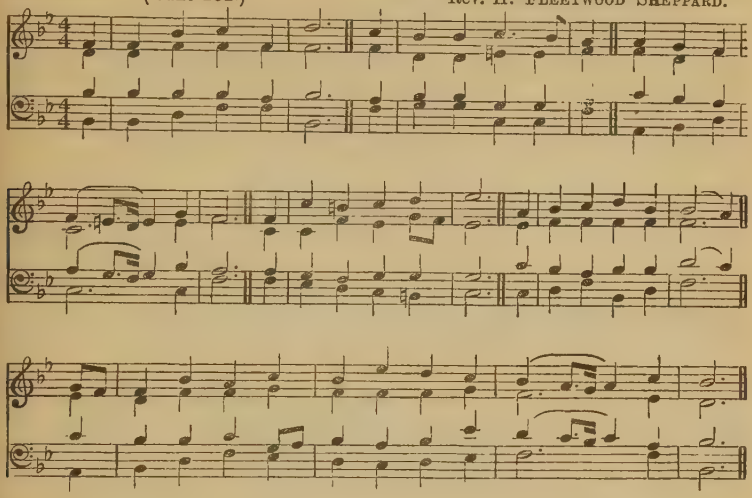
Hymn 94 (Tune 179.) Auriole. 6.6.6. 6.6.6.

H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus. Doc.



When morning gilds the skies. 6.6.6. 6.6.6.

2nd Tune. (Tune 181.) Rev. H. Fleetwood Sheppard.



I will praise Thee for ever . . . and I will wait on Thy name.—Psalm lii. 9.

1 *mf* When morning gilds the skies,
My heart awaking cries,
f May Jesus Christ be praised.
p Alike at work and prayer
cr. To Jesus I repair;
May Jesus Christ be praised.

2 *f* To Thee, O God above,
I cry with glowing love,
May Jesus Christ be praised.
This song of sacred joy,
It never seems to cloy:
May Jesus Christ be praised.

3 *p* When sleep her balm denies,
My silent spirit sighs,
May Jesus Christ be praised.
When evil thoughts molest,
cr. With this I shield my breast,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

4 *p* Does sadness fill my mind?
cr. A solace here I find,
May Jesus Christ be praised.
p Or fades my earthly bliss?
cr. My comfort still is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

5 *mf* Be this, when day is past,
Of all my thoughts the last,
May Jesus Christ be praised.
cr. The night becomes as day,
When from the heart we say,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

6 *mf* The powers of darkness fear,
When this sweet chant they hear.
May Jesus Christ be praised.
f Let earth and sea and sky
From depth to height reply,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

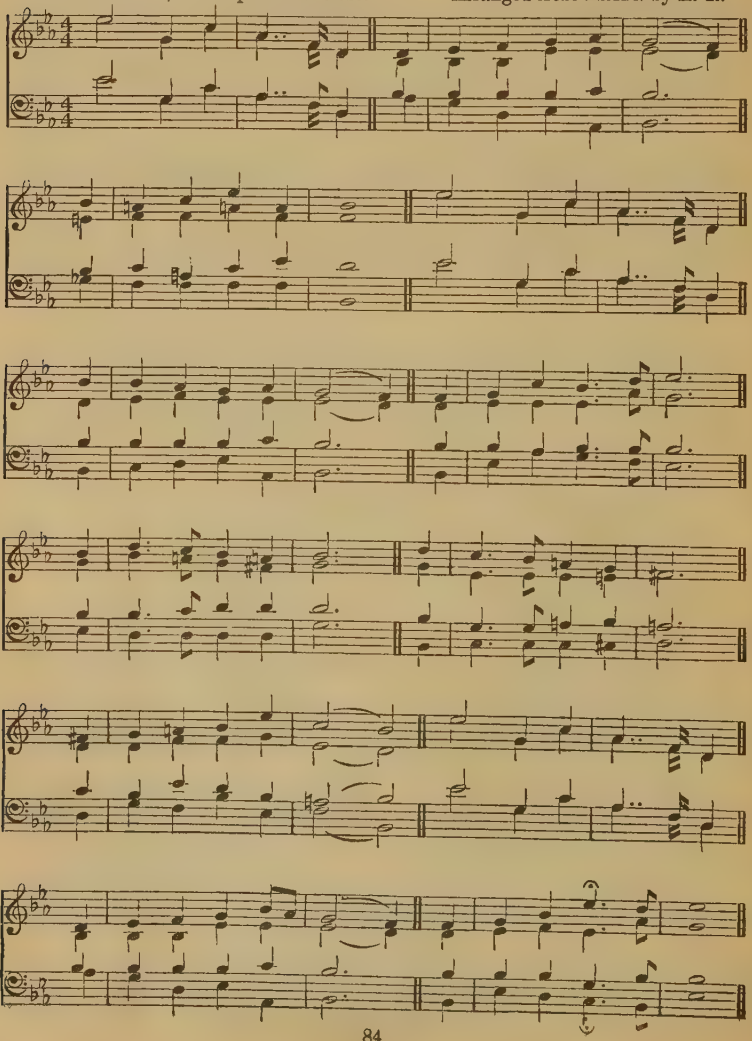
7 *mf* Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine,
f May Jesus Christ be praised.
Be this the eternal song,
Through all the ages long,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

May Jesus Christ be praised. 6.6.6. 6.6.6. D.

Hymn 94 *3rd Tune.* (Tune 180.)

Double Stanzas ; v. 2 repeated at close.

Arranged from HAYDN by A. R.



THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

I will praise Thee for ever . . . and I will wait on Thy name.—Psalm lii. 9.

1 *mf* WHEN morning gilds the skies,
My heart awaking cries,
f May Jesus Christ be praised.
p Alike at work and prayer
To Jesus I repair;
cr. May Jesus Christ be praised.

2 *f* To Thee, O God above,
I cry with glowing love,
May Jesus Christ be praised.
This song of sacred joy,
It never seems to cloy:
May Jesus Christ be praised.

3 *p* When sleep her balm denies,
My silent spirit sighs,
May Jesus Christ be praised.
p When evil thoughts molest,
cr. With this I shield my breast,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

4 *p* Does sadness fill my mind?
cr. A solace here I find,
May Jesus Christ be praised.
p Or fades my earthly bliss?
cr. My comfort still is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

5 *mf* Be this, when day is past,
Of all my thoughts the last,
May Jesus Christ be praised.
cr. The night becomes as day,
When from the heart we say,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

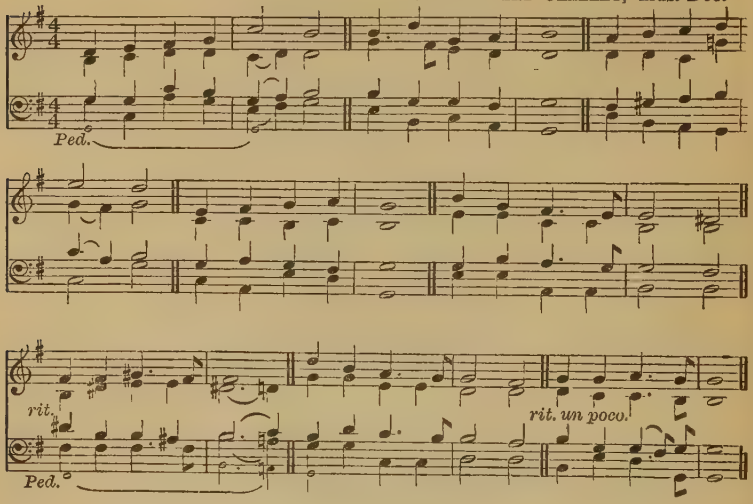
6 *mf* The powers of darkness fear,
When this sweet chant they hear,
May Jesus Christ be praised.
f Let earth and sea and sky
From depth to height reply,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

7 *mf* Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine,
f May Jesus Christ be praised.
Be this the eternal song,
Through all the ages long,
May Jesus Christ be praised

8 *f* To Thee, O God above
I cry with glowing love
May Jesus Christ be praised.
This song of sacred joy
It never seems to cloy:
May Jesus Christ be praised,

Hymn 95 (Tune 143.) Edina. 6.5.6.5. D.

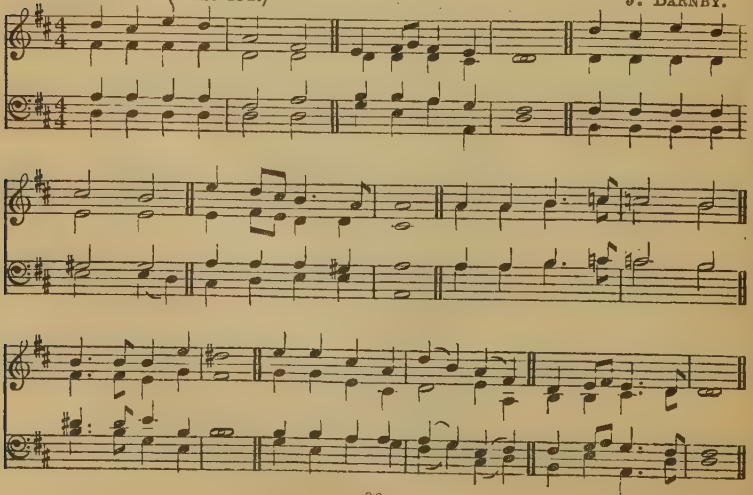
Sir Herbert Oakeley, Mus. Doc.



Saviour, blessed Saviour. 6.5.6.5. D.

2nd Tune. (Tune 151.)

J. Barnby.



The praises of Him who hath called you.—1 Peter ii. 9.

1 *mf* SAVIOUR, blessèd Saviour!
Listen while we sing,
Hearts and voices raising
f Praises to our King.
All we have to offer,
All we hope to be,
p Body, soul, and spirit,
May we yield to Thee.

2 *mf* Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to Thee,
p Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee,
Thou for our redemption,
Cam'st on earth to die;
cr. Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.

3 *f* Great and ever greater
Are Thy mercies here;
True and everlasting
Are the glories there.
Where no pain or sorrow,
Toil or care is known,
Where the angel legions
Circle round Thy throne.

SECOND PART.

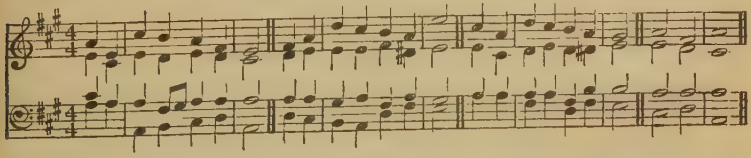
4 *mf* Clearer still, and clearer,
Dawns the light from heaven.
cr. In our sadness bringing
News of sin forgiven;
f Life has lost its shadows,
Pure the life within;
Thou hast shed Thy radiance
On a world of sin.

5 *mf* Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God;
cr. Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
f Till the prize is won.

6 *f* Higher, then, and higher
Bear the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgotten,
Saviour, to its goal;
Where, in joys unthought of,
Saints with angels sing,
Never weary, raising
ff Praises to their King.

Hymn 96 (Tune 276.) Samos. 7.7.7.3.

Rev. W. H. HAVERGAL.



The children of God by faith in Christ Jesus.—Galatians iii. 26.

1 *mf* COME, ye children, sweetly sing
Praises to your Saviour King;
Hearts and voices gladly bring;
f Praise His name.

mf Jesus is the children's Friend,
Loving, faithful to the end;
Richest gifts from Him descend,
p Joy and peace.

3 *p* Once from heaven to earth He came,
Suffered death, contempt, and blame,
pp Died upon a cross of shame
Crowned with thorns.

4 *p* 'Twas our sinful souls to save
Thus His precious blood He gave,
cr. Ransomed now from sin's dark grave,
f We may sing.

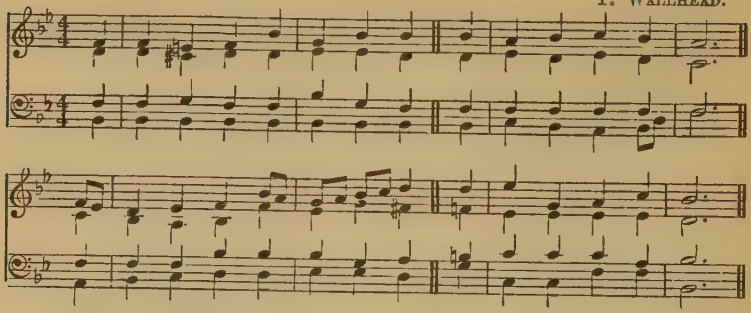
5 *f* O, what boundless grace and love,
All our highest thoughts above!
Fear and unbelief remove
At the cross.

6 *mf* Blessèd Jesus, loving, kind,
We would early seek and find;
And our souls in covenant bind,
Thine to be.

7 *p* For our sins we deeply grieve,
cr. But Thy promise we believe
'Him that cometh I receive:
Lord, we come.

Hymn 97 (Tune 39.) Sharon. C.M.

T. Wallhead.



Ye are My friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you.—John xv. 14.

1 *mf* Thou Guardian of our earliest days,
To Thee our prayers ascend:
To Thee we'll tune our songs of praise,
Jesus, the children's Friend.

2 From Thee our daily mercies flow,
Our life and health descend;
O save our souls from sin and woe!
Thou art the children's Friend.

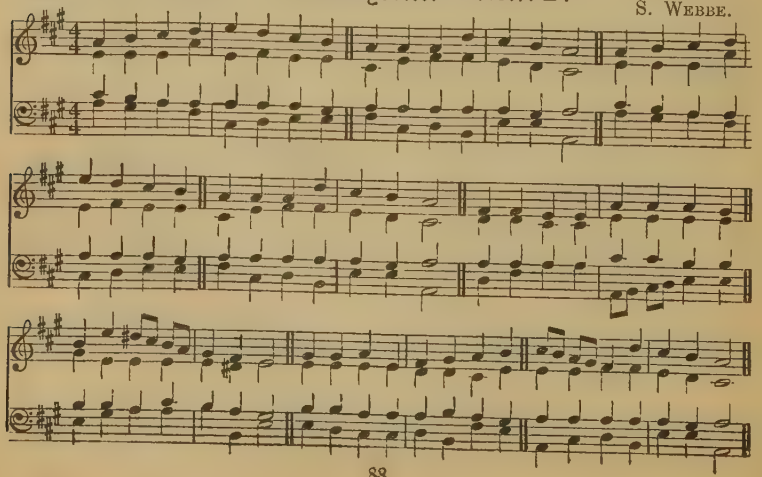
3 Teach us to prize Thy holy Word,
And to its truth attend:
Thus shall we learn to fear the Lord,
And love the children's Friend.

4 O! may we feel a Saviour's love,
To Him our souls commend,
cr. Who left His glorious throne above
To be the children's Friend.

5 *mf* Lord, draw our youthful hearts to Thee;
And when this life shall end,
cr. Raise us to live above the sky
With Thee, the children's Friend.

Hymn 98 (Tune 423.) Bithynia. 8.7.8.7. D.

S. Webbe.



And to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge.—Ephesians III. 19.

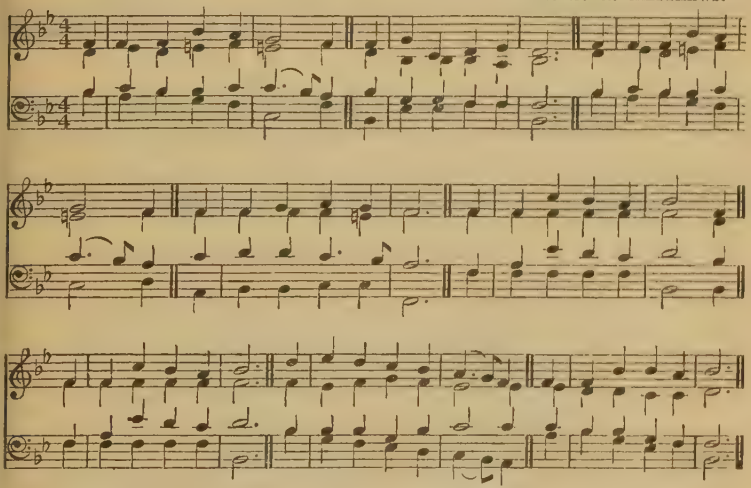
1 *mf* Love Divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven to earth come down!
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown;
Jesu, Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
f Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

2 *f* Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive:
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more, Thy temples leave
mf Thee we would be always blessing,
cr. Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise Thee, without ceasing
ff Glory in Thy perfect love.

3 *mf* Finish then Thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be,
cr. Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee;
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
ff Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise!

Hymn 99 (Tune 238.) Orwich. 7.6.7.6. D.

Rev. T. R. Matthews.



And worshipped Him: and . . . presented unto Him gifts, etc.—Matthew II. 11.

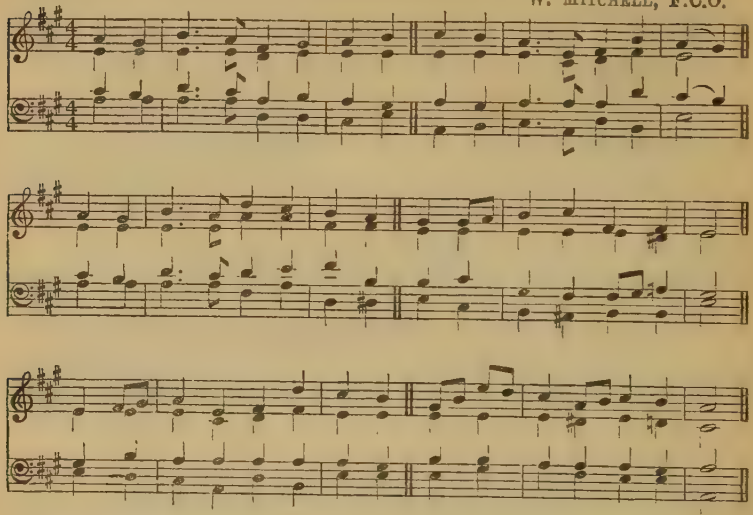
1 *mf* We bring no glittering treasures,
No gems from earth's deep mine;
We come with simple measures
To chant Thy love divine.
Children, Thy favours sharing,
cr. Their voice of thanks would raise;
Father, accept our offering,
Our song of grateful praise.

2 *mf* The dearest gift of heaven,
Love's written word of truth,
To us is early given,
To guide our steps in youth.
mf We hear the wondrous story,
The tale of Calvary,
cr. We read of homes in glory,
From sin and sorrow free.

3 *p* Redeemer, grant Thy blessing!
O teach us how to pray!
That each, Thy fear possessing,
May tread life's onward way.
cr. Then where the pure are dwelling,
We hope to meet again;
f And, sweeter numbers swelling,
For ever praise Thy name.

Hymn 100 (Tune 418.) Stepney. 8.7.8.7.8.7.

W. MITCHELL, F.C.O.



Hearest Thou what these say? And Jesus saith unto them, Yea.—Matthew xxi. 16.

1 *mf* JESUS, Lord of life and glory,
Friend of children, hear our lays;
Humbly would our souls adore Thee,
f Sing Thy name in hymns of praise.
Jesus, Lord of life and glory,
Friend of children, hear our lays.

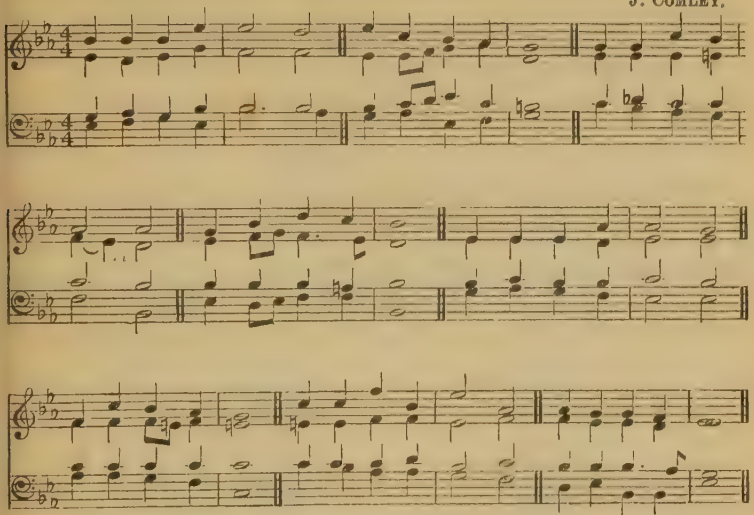
2 *mf* Lo, what debtors to Thy kindness
Are we, God of boundless love!
p Thousands wander on in blindness,
Strangers to the light above.
f Jesus, Lord of life and glory,
Friend of children, hear our lays.

3 *mf* Jesus, on Thine arm relying,
We would tread this earthly vale;
cr. Be our life when we are dying,
Be our strength when strength shall fail.
f Jesus, Lord of life and glory,
Friend of children, hear our lays.

4 *cr.* Let us climb the hills of glory,
Far from sins and woes and pains,
f There in perfect songs adore Thee,
And in everlasting strains.
Jesus, Lord of life and glory,
Friend of children, hear our lays.

Hymn 101 (Tune 144.) Emmanuel. 6.5.6.5. D.

J. Comley.



That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, etc.—Philippians ii. 10.

1 *mf* At the name of Jesus
Every knee shall bow,
Every tongue confess Him
King of glory now.
'Tis the Father's pleasure
We should call Him Lord,
Who from the beginning
Was the mighty Word.

2 *mf* At His voice creation
f Sprang at once to sight,
All the angel faces,
All the hosts of light,
Thrones and dominations,
Stars upon their way,
All the heavenly orders
In their great array.

3 *p* Humbled for a season,
To receive a name
From the lips of sinners
Unto whom He came;
cr. Faithfully He bore it,
Spotless to the last,
f Brought it back victorious
When from death He passed.

SECOND PART.

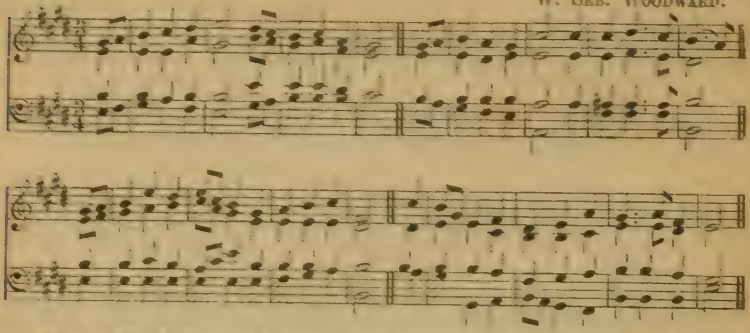
4 *f* Name Him, brothers, name Him,
With love strong as death,
p But with awe and wonder,
pp And with bated breath;
cr. He is God the Saviour,
He is Christ the Lord,
f Ever to be worshipped,
Trusted, and adored.

5 In your heart enthrone Him;
There let Him subdue
mf All that is not holy,
All that is not true;
f Crown Him as your Captain
In temptation's hour;
Let His will enfold you
In its light and power.

6 *f* Brothers, this Lord Jesus
Shall return again,
With His Father's glory.
With His angel train.
cr. For all wreaths of empire
Meet upon His brow,
And our hearts confess Him
ff King of glory now.

Hymn 102 (Tune 494.) King Street. 10.10.11.11.

W. Sebb. Woodward.



The man Christ Jesus; who gave Himself a ransom for all.—1 Timothy ii. 5, 6.

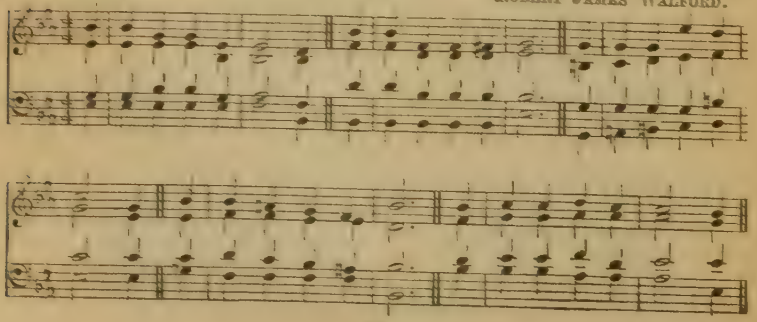
1 *f* Let children proclaim
Their Saviour and King:
To Jesu's great name
Hosannas we sing:
Our best adoration
To Jesus we give,
Who purchased salvation
For us to receive.

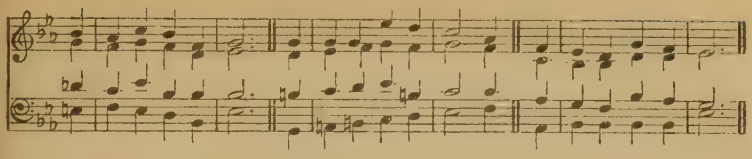
2 *p* The meek Lamb of God
From heaven came down
To ransom with blood,
And make us His own:
cr. And Him without ceasing
We all shall proclaim,
f And ever be blessing
Our Jesu's great name.

3 *mf* To Him will we give
Our earliest days,
f And thankfully live
To publish His praise:
Our lives shall confess Him
Who came from above:
Our tongues ever bless Him,
ff And tell of His love.

Hymn 103 (Tune 287.) Mostyn. 7.6.7.6. D.

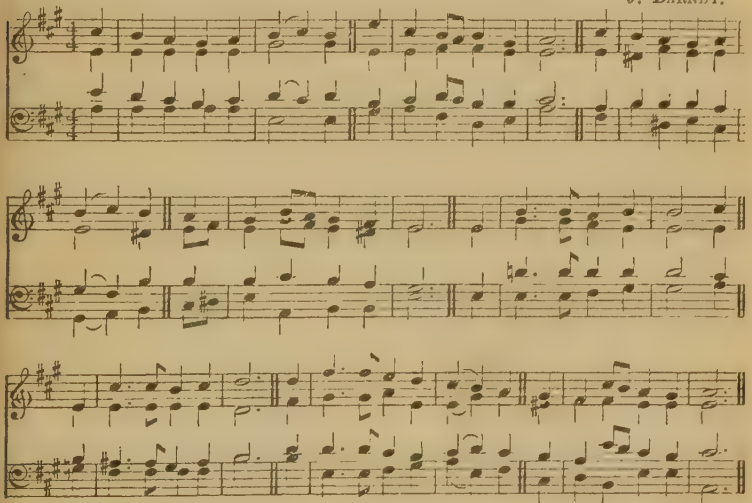
Robert James Walford.





2nd Tune. (Tune 241.) **Salvation Bringing.** 7.6.7.6. D.

J. BARNBY.



Alleluia: for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.—Revelation xix. 6.

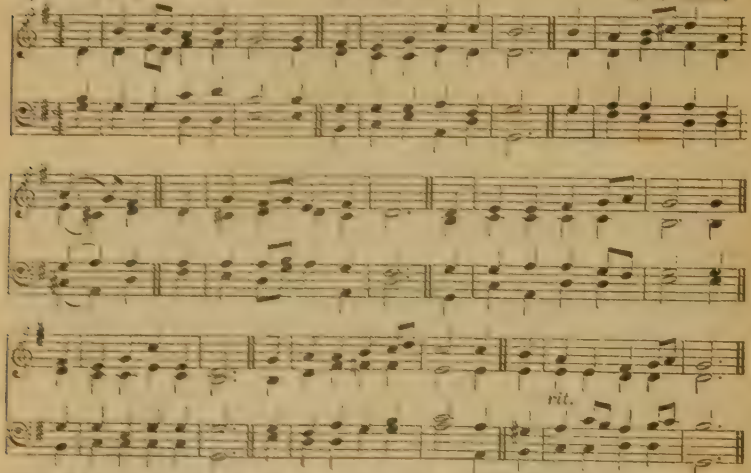
1 *f* COME sing with holy gladness!
High alleluias sing,
Uplift your loud hosannas
To Jesus, Lord and King!
Sing, boys, in joyful chorus
Your hymn of praise to-day,
p And sing, ye gentle maidens,
Your sweet responsive lay.

2 *f* 'Tis good for boys and maidens
Sweet hymns to Christ to sing,
'Tis meet that children's voices
Should praise the children's King.
For Jesus is salvation,
And glory, grace, and rest;
To babe and boy and maiden
The one Redeemer blest.

3 *f* O boys, be strong in Jesus!
To toil for Him is gain,
And Jesus wrought with Joseph,
With chisel, saw, and plane;
mf O maidens, live for Jesus!
Who was a maiden's Son;
p Be patient, pure, and gentle
cr. And perfect grace begun.

Come, praise your Lord and Saviour.

Hymn 104 (Tune 221.) 7.6.7.6. D. C. J. Dale.



He took them up in His arms, put His hands upon them, and blessed them. —Mark x. 16.

1 *f* Come, praise your Lord and Saviour
In strains of holy mirth:
Give thanks to Him, O children,
Who lived a Child on earth.
mf He loved the little children,
And called them to His side,
dim. His loving arms embraced them
p And for their sake He died.

(Boys only.)

2 *f* O Jesu, we would praise Thee
With songs of holy joy.
For Thou on earth didst sojourn,
A pure and spotless boy.
Make us, like Thee, obedient,
Like Thee, from sin-stains free,
mf Like Thee in God's own temple,
In lowly home like Thee.

(Girls only.)

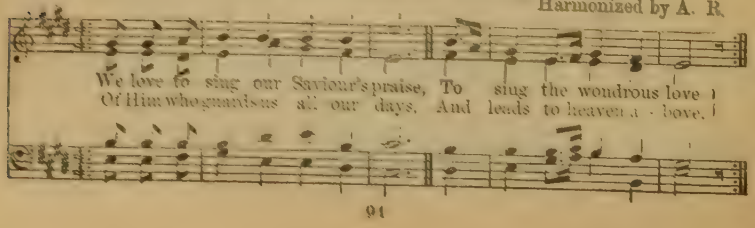
3 *mf* O Jesu, we too praise Thee,
The lowly maiden's Son:
In Thee all gentlest graces
Are gathered into one;
O! give that best adornment
That Christian maid can wear,
p The meek and quiet spirit
Which shone in Thee so fair.

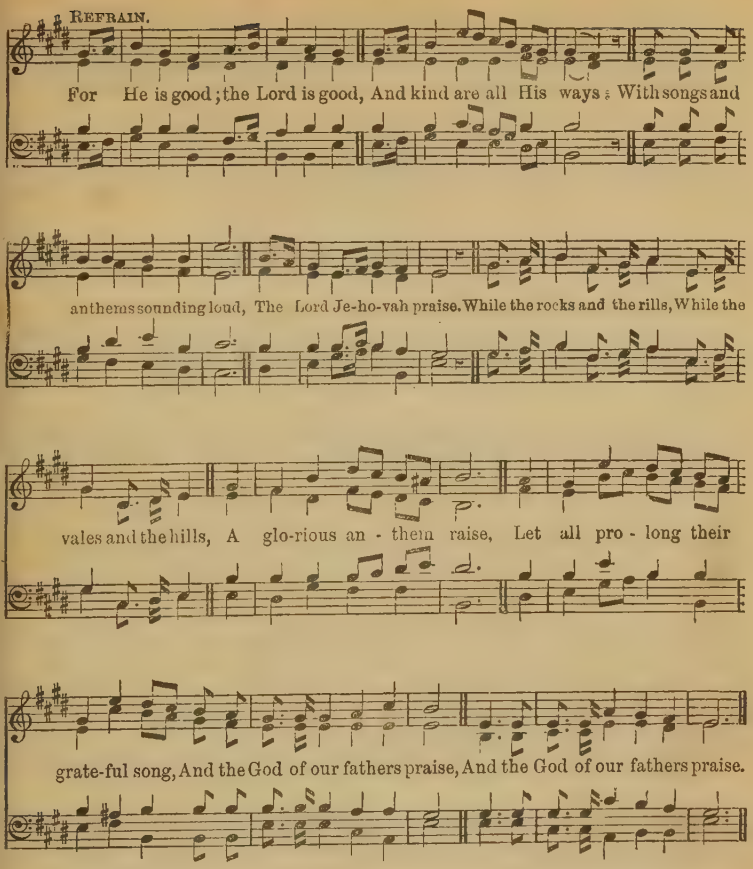
(All.)

4 *f* O Lord, with voices blended
We sing our songs of praise:
Be Thou the light and pattern
Of all our childhood's days:
And lead us ever onward,
That, while we stay below
We may like Thee, O Jesu,
In grace and wisdom grow.

Hymn 105 Tune 55. **Praise.** C.M. *With Refrain.*

Harmonized by A. R.




REFRAIN.
For He is good; the Lord is good, And kind are all His ways: With songs and
anthems sounding loud, The Lord Je-ho-vah praise. While the rocks and the rills, While the
vales and the hills, A glo-rious an - them raise, Let all pro - long their
grate-ful song, And the God of our fathers praise, And the God of our fathers praise.

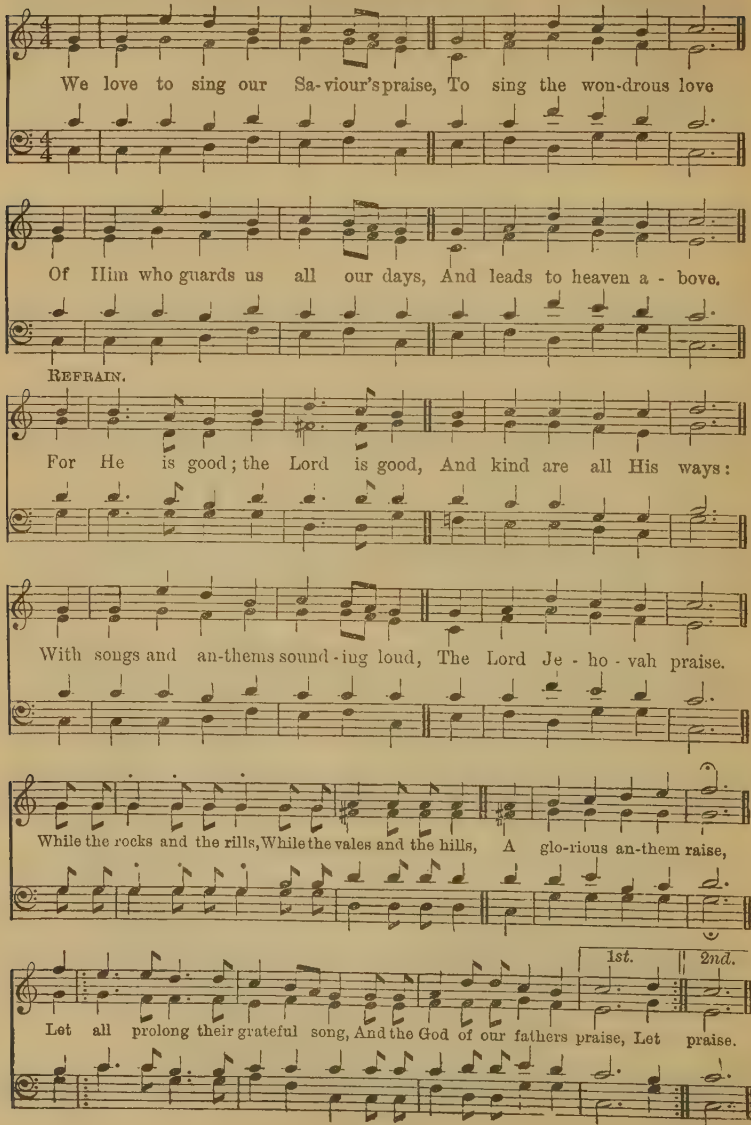
For Thou, LORD, *hast made me glad, . . . I will triumph in the works of Thy hands.*—
Psalm xcii. 4.

1 *mf* WE love to sing our Saviour's praise,
To sing the wondrous love
Of Him who guards us all our days,
And leads to heaven above.
For He is good, &c.

2 *cr.* We love to sing of mercies given,
Through every passing year;
We love to sing to Him in heaven
f With voices loud and clear:
For He is good, &c

3 *mf* We love to think of Sabbath days,
While in this sacred place
Our youthful hearts, in songs of praise,
f Have magnified God's grace.
For He is good, &c.

2nd Tune. (Tune 56.) **Princetown.** C.M. *With Refrain.*


We love to sing our Sa-viour's praise, To sing the won-drous love
Of Him who guards us all our days, And leads to heaven a - bove.
REFRAIN.
For He is good; the Lord is good, And kind are all His ways:
With songs and an-thems sound-ing loud, The Lord Je - ho - vah praise.
While the rocks and the rills, While the vales and the hills, A glo-rious an-them raise,
1st.
2nd.
Let all prolong their grateful song, And the God of our fathers praise, Let praise.

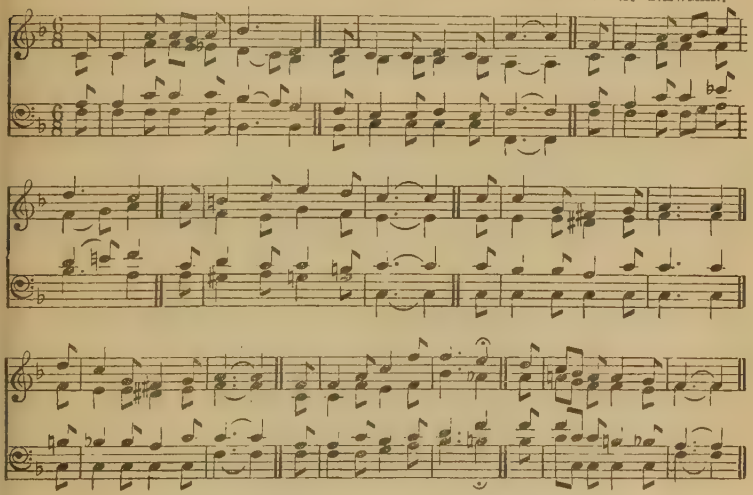
1 *mf* We love to sing our Saviour's praise,
To sing the wondrous love
Of Him who guards us all our days,
And leads to heaven above.
For He is good, &c.

2 *cr.* We love to sing of mercies given,
Through every passing year:
We love to sing to Him in heaven
f With voices loud and clear:
For He is good, &c.

3 *mf* We love to think of Sabbath days,
While in this sacred place
Our youthful hearts, in songs of praise,
f Have magnified God's grace.
For He is good, &c.

Hymn 106 (Tune 235.) Merridale. 7.6.7.6. D.

RICHARD S. NEWMAN.



Suffer the little children to come unto Me.—Mark x. 14.

1 *mf* God who hath made the daisies,
And every lovely thing,
He will accept our praises,
And hearken while we sing.
He says though we are simple,
Though ignorant we be,
Suffer the little children,
And let them come to Me.

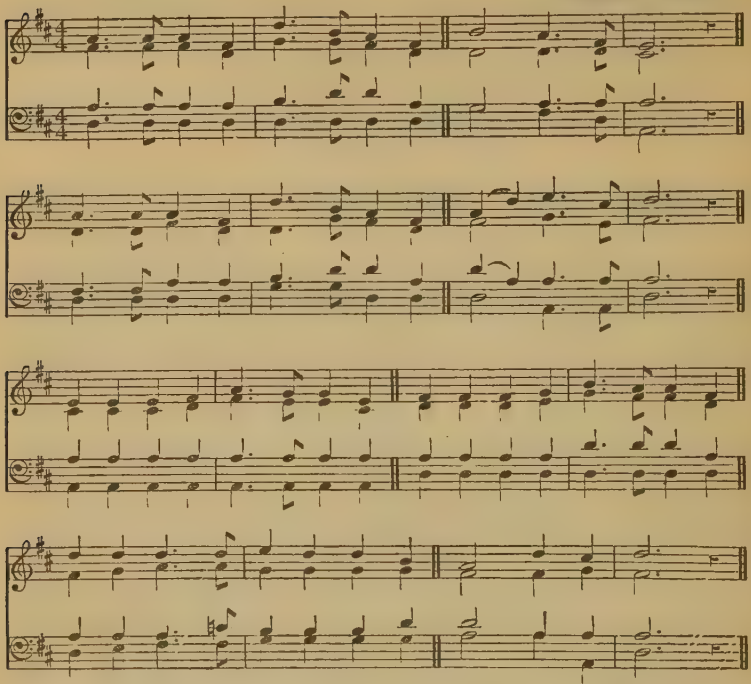
2 *mf* Though we are young and simple,
In praise we may be bold,
f The children in the temple
He heard in days of old.
mf And if our hearts be humble,
He says of you and me,
Suffer the little children,
And let them come to Me.

3 He sees the bird that wingeth
Its way o'er earth and sky,
He hears the lark that singeth
Up in the heaven so high;
Yet sees the heart's low breathing,
And says, well pleased to see,
Suffer the little children,
And let them come to Me.

4 Therefore we will come near Him,
p And solemnly we'll sing,
cr. No cause to shrink or fear Him,
We'll make our voices ring;
For in His temple speaking,
He says of you and me,
f Suffer the little children,
And let them come to Me.

Hymn 107 (Tune 357.) O, how He loves. 8.4.8.4.8.8.4.

HUBERT P. MAIN.



And to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge.—Ephesians iii. 19.

1 *mf* ONE there is, above all others
O, how He loves!
His is love beyond a brother's:
O, how He loves!
Earthly friends may fail or leave us,
One day soothe, the next day grieve us,
But this Friend will ne'er deceive us
O, how He loves!

2 'Tis eternal life to know Him:
O, how He loves!
Think, O think how much we owe Him:
O, how He loves!
p With His precious blood He bought us,
cr. In the wilderness He sought us,
f To His fold He safely brought us:
O, how He loves!

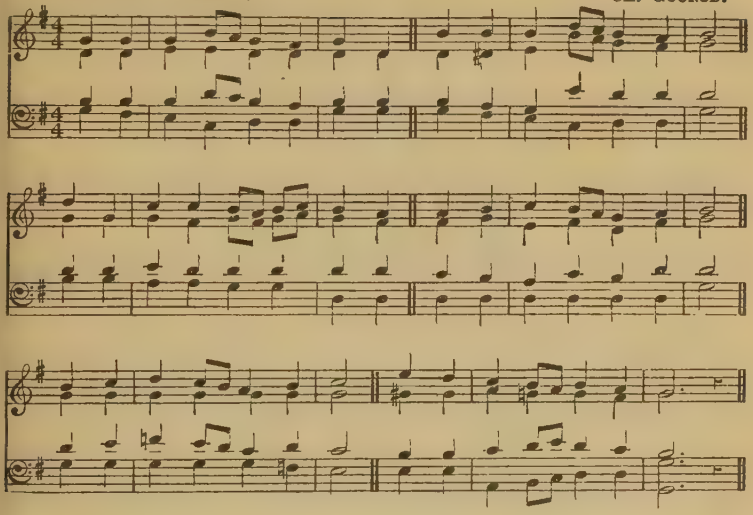
3 We have found a friend in Jesus:
O, how He loves!
'Tis His great delight to bless us:
O, how He loves!
How our hearts delight to hear Him
Bid us dwell in safety near Him!
Why should we distrust or fear Him!
O, how He loves!

4 *f* Through His name we are forgiven:
O, how He loves!
Backward shall our foes be driven:
O, how He loves!
Best of blessings He'll provide us,
Nought but good shall e'er betide us,
Safe to glory He will guide us:
O, how He loves!

Hymn 108 (Tune 410.) Gounod. 8.7.8.7.7.7.

By permission from *The Hymnary*.

CH. GOUNOD.



I have loved Thee with an everlasting love.—Jeremiah xxxi. 3.

1 *mf* ONE there is above all others
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end:
They who will His kindness prove
Find it everlasting love.

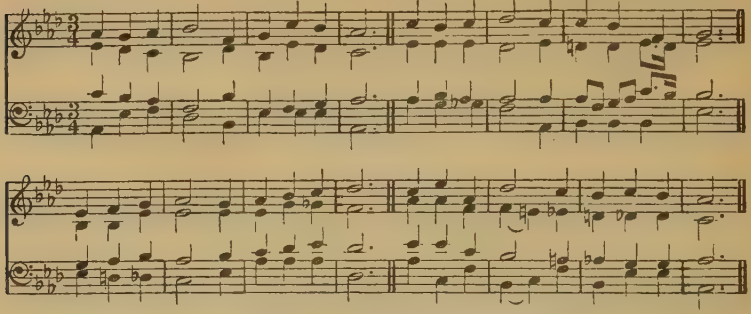
2 *p* Which of all our friends to save us
Could or would have shed His blood?
Christ, the Saviour, died to have us
Reconciled in Him to God:
or This was boundless love, indeed!
Jesus is a friend in need.

3 *mf* When He lived on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was His name;
f Now above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same.
Still He calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

4 *p* O for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above;
f But when home our souls are brought,
We will love Thee as we ought.

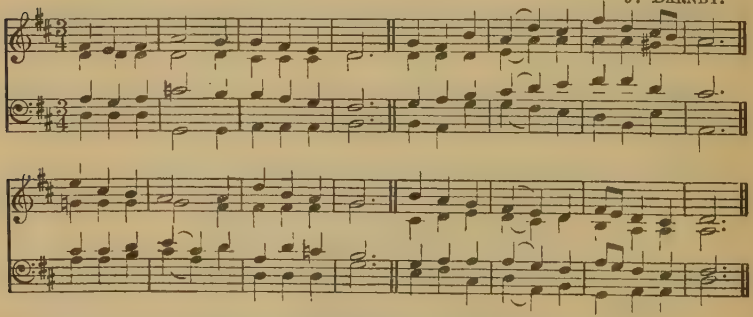
Hymn 109 (Tune 468.) Consolation. 9.9.9.9.

WILLIAM BEST.



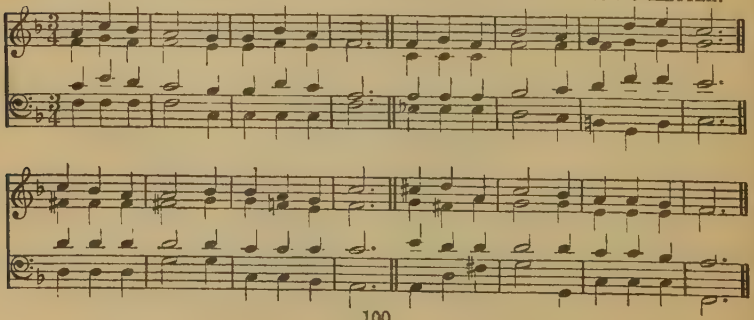
2nd *Tune.* (Tune 469.) **Rest of the weary.** 9.9.9.9.

J. BARNBY.



3rd *Tune.* (Tune 470.) **Salvator amicus.** 9.9.9.9.

C. E. KETTLE.



My Refuge, my Saviour; . . . worthy to be praised.—2 Samuel xxii. 3.

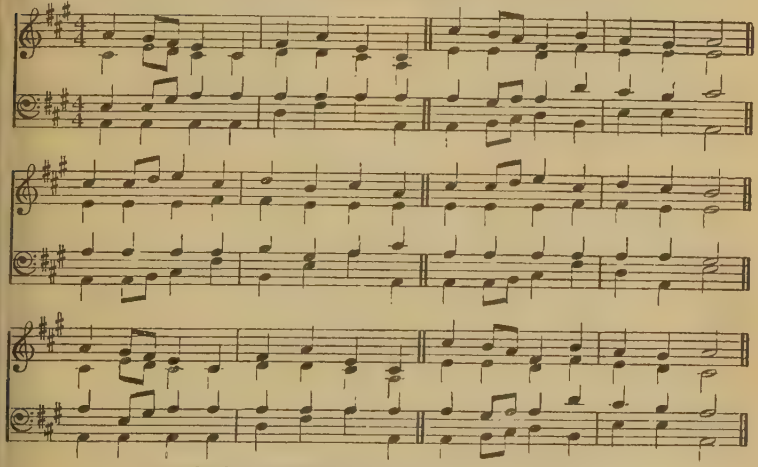
1 *mf* REST of the weary, joy of the sad;
Hope of the dreary, light of the glad;
Home of the stranger, strength to the end;
Refuge from danger, Saviour and Friend.

2 *p* Pillow where lying, love rests its head;
Peace of the dying, life of the dead;
Path of the lowly, prize at the end;
Bliss of the holy, Saviour and Friend.

3 *cr.* When my feet stumble, to Thee I'll cry,
Crown of the humble, cross of the high;
When my steps wander, over me bend,
Truer and fonder, Saviour and Friend.

4 *f* Thee still confessing, ever I'll raise
Unto Thee blessing, glory, and praise;
All my endeavour, world without end,
Thine to be ever, Saviour and Friend.

Hymn 110 (Tune 397.) Dismissal. 8.7.8.7.4.7.



He shall feed His flock like a shepherd.—Isaiah xl. 11.

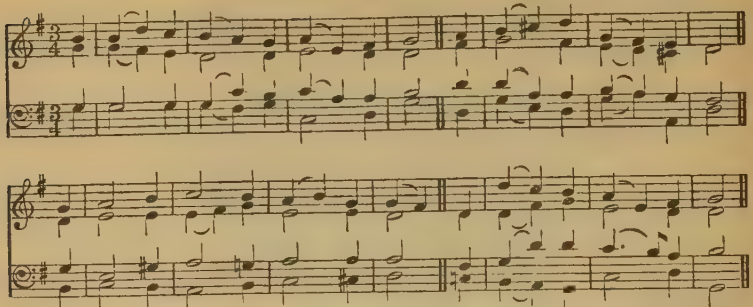
1 *mf* SAVIOUR, like a shepherd, lead us;
Much we need Thy tenderest care;
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us;
For our use Thy fold prepare:
Blessèd Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, Thine we are!

2 Thou hast promised to receive us
p Poor and sinful though we be:
cr. Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free.
Blessèd Jesus,
Early let us turn to Thee!

3 *mf* Early let us seek Thy favour,
Early let us do Thy will;
cr. Blessèd Lord and only Saviour,
f With Thy joy our bosoms fill:
Blessèd Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still!

Hymn 111 (Tune 22.) Dublin. C.M.

Sir JOHN STEVENSON.



He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom.—Isaiah xl. 11.

1 *mf* SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand
With all-engaging charms:
Hark! how He calls the tender lambs!
And folds them in His arms.

2 'Permit them to approach,' He cries,
'Nor scorn their humble name':
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came.

3 *f* He'll lead us to the heavenly streams
Where living waters flow;
And guide us to the fruitful fields,
Where trees of knowledge grow.

4 *mf* The feeblest lamb amidst the flock
Shall be its Shepherd's care;
While folded in the Saviour's arms
We're safe from every snare.

Hymn 112 (Tune 392.) Tolcarne. 8.7.8.7.

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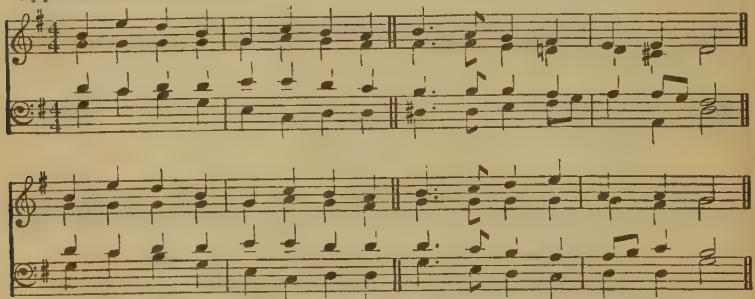
H. G. TREMBATH, Mus. Bac.



I am the good Shepherd: the good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep.—John x. 11.

1 *p* WAS there ever kindest shepherd
Half so gentle, half so sweet
As the Saviour, who would have us
Come and gather round His feet?

2 *mf* There is welcome for the sinner;
There are graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour:
There is healing in His blood;

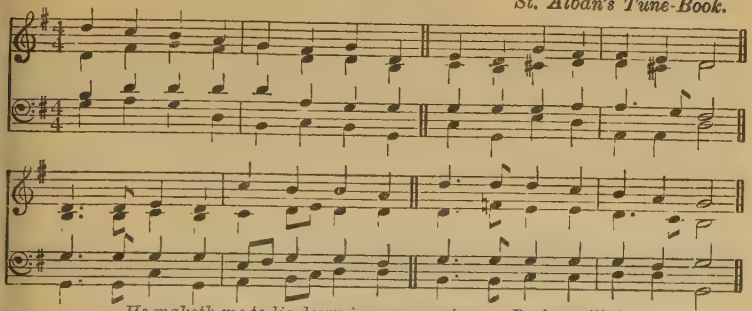
3 There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed:
cr. There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.

4 *f* For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

5 *mf* If our love were but more simple
We should take Him at His word
f And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

Hymn 113 (Tune 386.) St. Alban's. 8.7.8.7.

St. Alban's Tune-Book.



He maketh me to lie down in green pastures.—Psalm xxiii. 2.

1 *mf* SAVIOUR, who Thy flock art feeding
With the Shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs Thy bosom share.

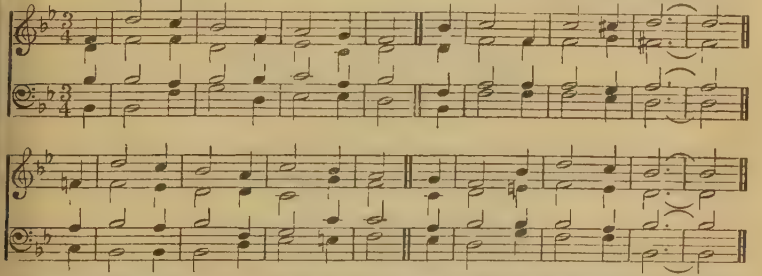
2 Now these little ones receiving,
Fold them in Thy gracious arm,
There we know, Thy word believing,
They are all secure from harm!

3 Never from Thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let Thy tenderness so loving
Keep them all life's dangerous way.

4 *f* Then within Thy fold eternal
Let them find a resting-place,
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace!

Hymn 114 (Tune 46.) Thorner. C.M.

St. Alban's Tune-Book.



He . . . shall lead them, even by the springs of water shall He guide them.—Isaiah xlix. 10.

1 *mf* SHEPHERD of Israel, from above
Thy feeble flock behold;
And let us never lose Thy love,
Nor wander from Thy fold.

2 Thou wilt not cast Thy lambs away;
Thy hand is ever near,
To guide them lest they go astray
And keep them safe from fear.

3 *p* Thy tender care supports the weak
And will not let them fall; [speak,
f Then teach us, Lord, Thy praise to
And on Thy name to call!

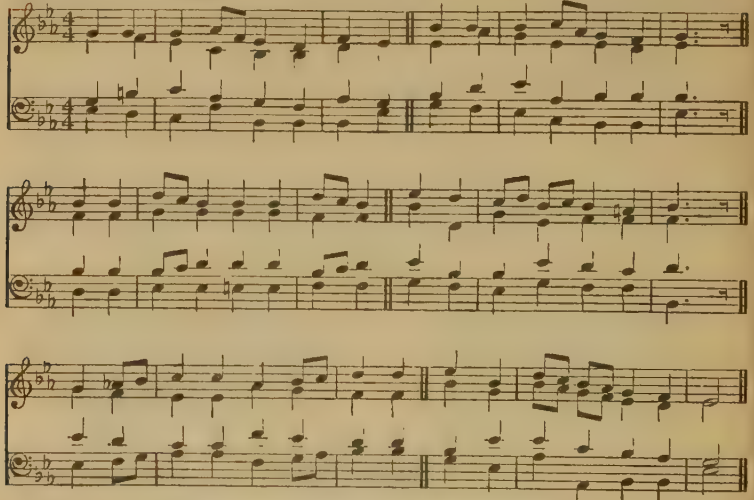
4 *mf* We want Thy help, for we are frail;
Thy light, for we are blind;
Let grace o'er all our doubts prevail,
To prove that Thou art kind.

5 Teach us the things we ought to know;
And may we find them true;
cr. And still in stature as we grow
Increase in wisdom too.

6 Guide us through life; (*p*) and when at last
We enter into rest,
cr. Thy tender arms around us cast,
And fold us to Thy breast!

Hymn 115 (Tune 416.) Gounod (2). 8.7.8.7.8.7.

By permission from *The Hymnary*. CH. GOUNOD.



The LORD *is my Shepherd.*—Psalm xxiii. 1.

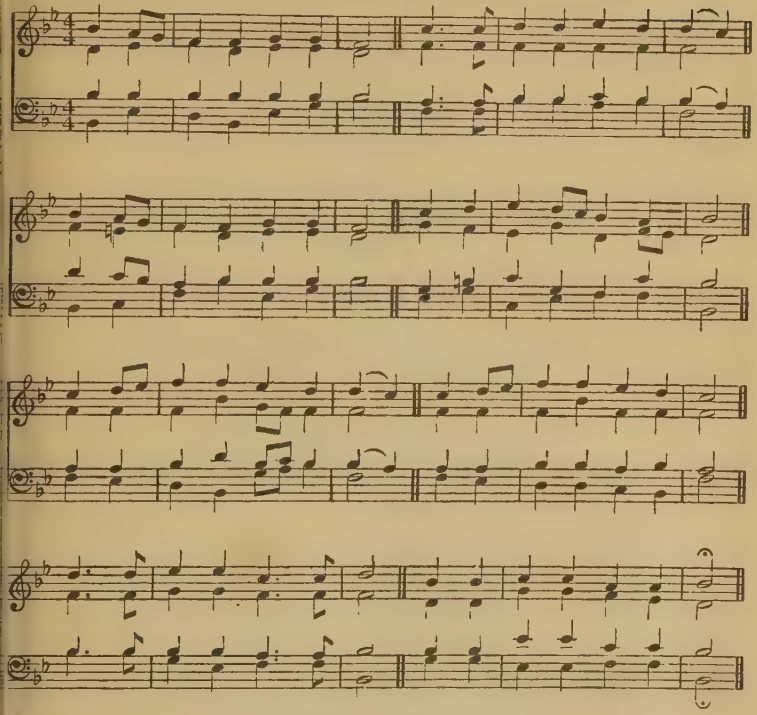
1 *p* GRACIOUS Saviour, gentle Shepherd,
Little ones are dear to Thee;
Gathered with Thine arms, and carried
In Thy bosom may we be;
cr. Sweetly, fondly, safely tended,
f From all want and danger free.

2 *mf* Tender Shepherd, never leave us,
From Thy fold to go astray;
By Thy look of love directed,
May we walk the narrow way;
Thus direct us, and protect us,
Lest we fall an easy prey.

3 Let Thy holy word instruct us;
Fill our minds with heavenly light;
Let Thy love and grace constrain us
To approve whate'er is right;
Let us feel Thy yoke is easy;
Let us prove Thy burden light.

4 Taught to lisp the holy praises
which on earth Thy children sing,
Both with lips and hearts unfeigned
cr. Glad thank-offerings may we bring;
f Then with all the saints in glory
Join to praise our Lord and King.

116 (Tune 344.) Syria. 7.7.7.7. D.



He restoreth my soul.—Psalm xxiii. 3.

f HAPPY soul that free from harms
Rests within his Shepherd's arms!
Who his quiet shall molest?
Who shall violate his rest?
Jesus doth his spirit bear,
Jesus takes his every care;
He who found the wandering sheep,
Jesus still delights to keep.

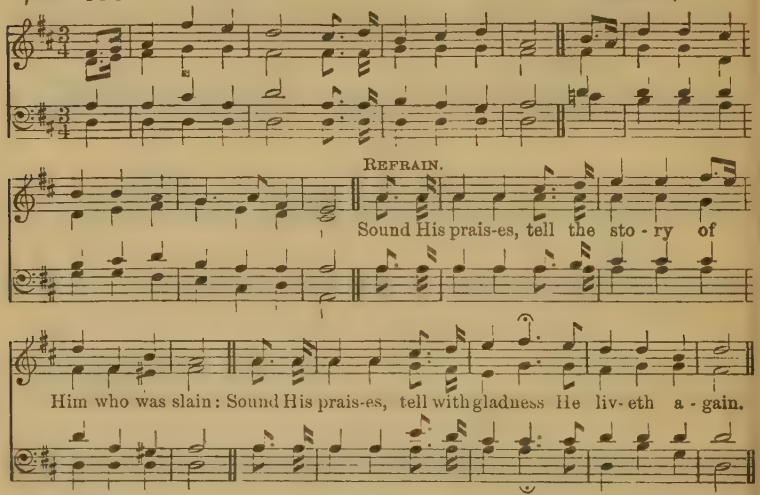
mf O that I might so believe,
Steadfastly to Jesus cleave,
On His only love rely,
f Smile at the destroyer nigh;
Free from sin and servile fear,
Have my Jesus ever near,
All His care rejoice to prove,
All His paradise of love!

3 *p* Jesus, seek Thy wandering sheep,
Bring me back, and lead, and keep;
Take on Thee my every care,
Bear me, on Thy bosom bear:
or. Let me know my Shepherd's voice,
More and more in Thee rejoice,
More and more of Thee receive,
Ever in Thy Spirit live:

4 *f* Live till all Thy life I know,
Perfect through my Lord below.
Gladly then from earth remove,
Gathered to the fold above.
O that I at last may stand
With the sheep at Thy right hand
Take the crown so freely given,
Enter in by Thee to heaven!

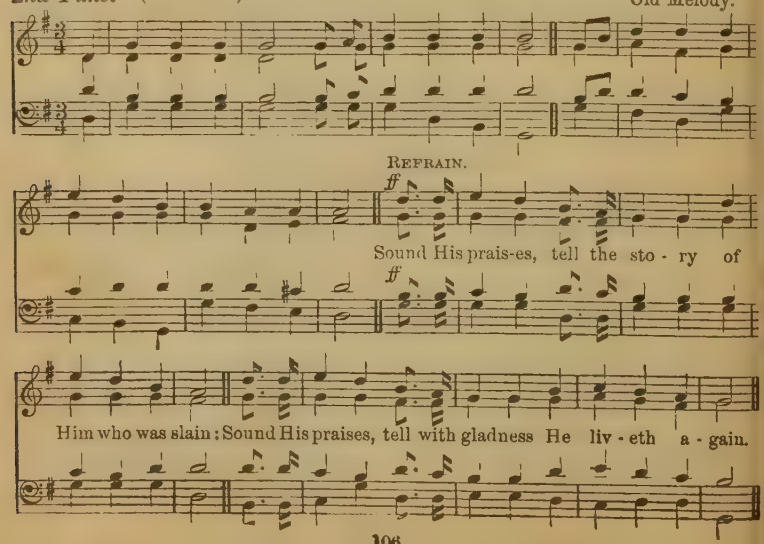
Rejoice and be glad. 11.11.13.13. (*Refrain.*)

Hymn 117 (Tune 521.) Rev. F. L. WISEMAN, B.A.



Rejoice and be glad. 11.11.13.13. (*Refrain.*)

2nd Tune. (Tune 522.) Old Melody.



And rejoice in Christ Jesus.—Philippians iii. 3.

1 *f* REJOICE and be glad! the Redeemer has come!
Go look on His cradle, His cross, and His tomb!
Sound His praises, tell the story of Him who was slain:
Sound His praises, tell with gladness He liveth again.

2 Rejoice and be glad! it is sunshine at last,
The clouds have departed, the shadows are past.
Sound His praises, &c.

3 Rejoice and be glad (*mf*) for the blood hath been shed;
Redemption is finished, the price hath been paid.
Sound His praises, &c.

4 *f* Rejoice and be glad! now the pardon is free!
mf The Just for the unjust has died on the tree.
f Sound His praises, &c.

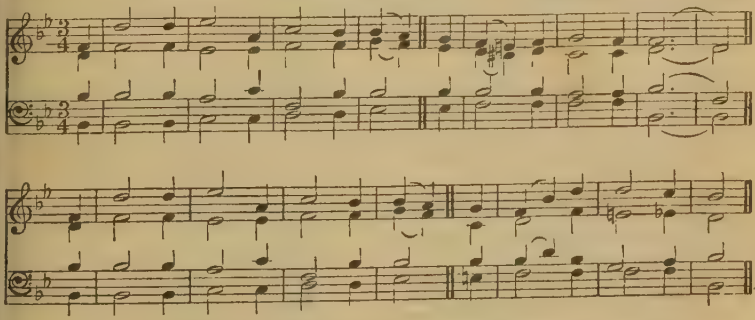
5 *mf* Rejoice and be glad! for the Lamb that was slain
f O'er death is triumphant, and liveth again.
Sound His praises, &c.

6 *mf* Rejoice and be glad! for our King is on high,
He pleadeth for us on His throne in the sky.
Sound His praises, &c.

7 Rejoice and be glad! for He cometh again!
He cometh in glory, the Lamb that was slain.
ff Sound His praises, &c.

Hymn 118 (Tune 36.) Paradise. C.M.

St. Alban's Tune-Book.



For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour.—Luke ii. 11.

1 *f* HARK the glad sound! the Saviour comes!
The Saviour promised long:
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

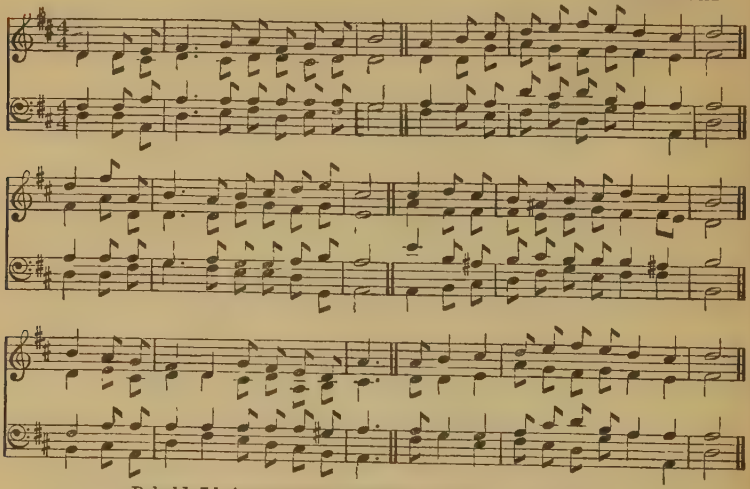
2 He comes the prisoners to release
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 *p* He comes the broken heart to bind
The bleeding soul to cure,
mf And with the treasures of His grace
To enrich the humble poor.

4 *f* Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
ff With Thy beloved name.

Hymn 119 (Tune 490.) Yorkshire. 10.10.10.10.10.10.

J. WAINWRIGHT.



Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy.—Luke ii. 10.

1.

f CHRISTIANS, awake, salute the happy morn
Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born;
Rise to adore the mystery of love,
Which hosts of angels chanted from above;
With them the joyful tidings first begun
Of God incarnate and the virgin's Son.

2.

Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard the angelic heralds voice: 'Behold,
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth
To you and all the nations upon earth;
This day hath God fulfilled His promised word,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the [Lord.'

3.

He spake; and straightway the celestial choir
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire;
The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And heaven's whole orb with alleluias rang;
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
Peace upon earth, and unto men good will.

4.

mf To Bethlehem straight the enlightened shepherds ran,
To see the wonders God had wrought for man: [return,
Then to their flocks, still praising God,
And their glad hearts with holy rapture burn; [claim,
Amazed, the wondrous tidings they pro-
The first apostles of His infant fame.

5.

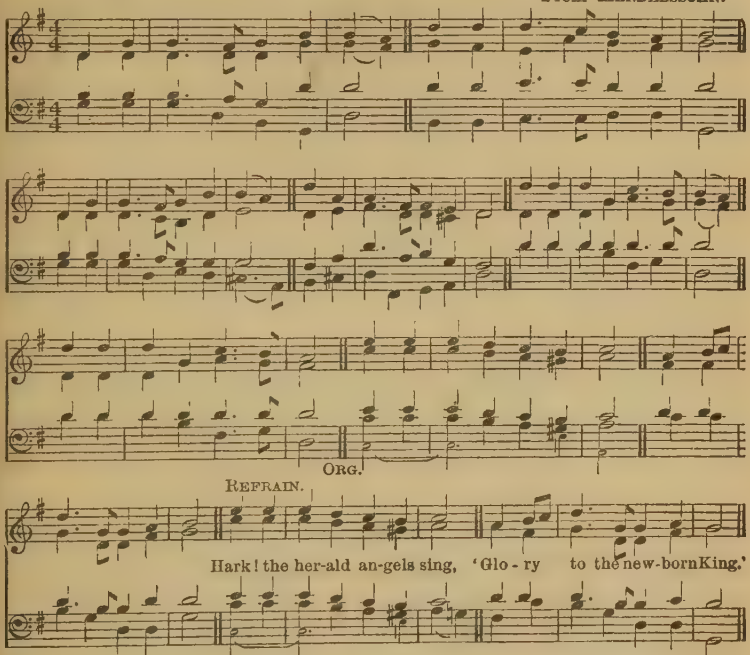
p O! may we keep and ponder in our mind
God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind; [our loss,
Trace we the Babe, who hath retrieved
From the poor manger to the bitter cross; [grace,
Tread in His steps, assisted by His
cr. Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

6.

f Then may we hope, the angelic hosts among, [throng;
To join, redeemed, a glad, triumphant
He that was born upon this joyful day
Around us all His glory shall display;
ff Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing [King.
Eternal praise to heaven's almighty

Hymn 120 (Tune 346.) **Berlin.** 7.7.7.7. D. *With Refrain.*

From MENDELSSOHN.



Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men.—Luke ii. 14.

1 *f* HARK! the herald angels sing,
'Glory to the new-born King!
p Peace on earth and mercy mild,
cr. God and sinners reconciled!'
f Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
dim. Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb!
f Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King!

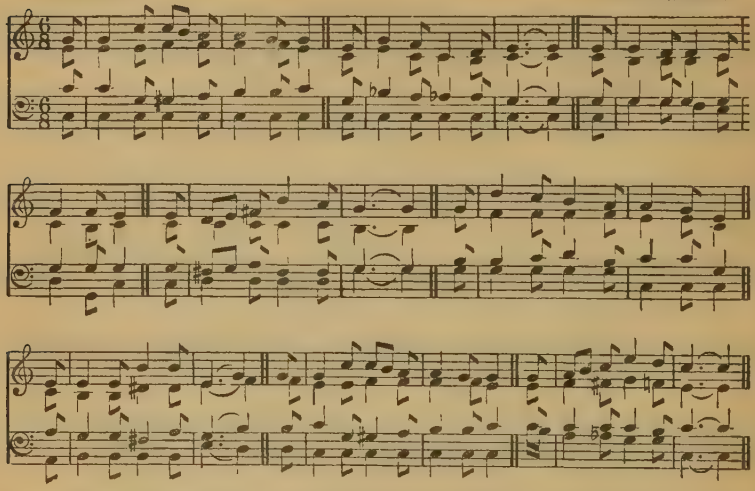
2 *p* Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the incarnate Deity!
Pleased as man with men to appear,
cr. Jesus our Immanuel here.
f Hail the heaven-born Prince of peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King!

3 *mf* Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
cr. Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
mf Come, Desire of nations, come,
Fix in us Thy humble home;
Rise, the woman's conquering Seed,
Bruise in us the serpent's head.
Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King!

4 *cr.* Adam's likeness now efface,
Stamp Thine image in its place:
Second Adam from above,
Reinstate us in Thy love.
f Hark! the herald angels sing,
'Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!'
Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King!

Hymn 121 (Tune 60.) Spes Celestis. D.C.M.

W. A. SMITH.



There were . . . shepherds . . . keeping watch over their flock by night.—Luke ii. 8.

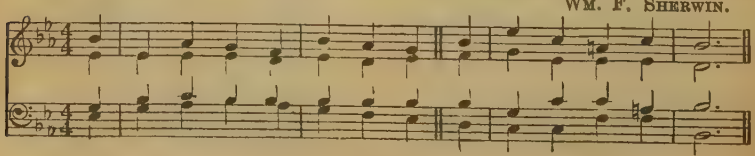
1 *mf* WHILE shepherds watched their flocks
All seated on the ground, [by night,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.
'Fear not!' said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
cr. 'Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

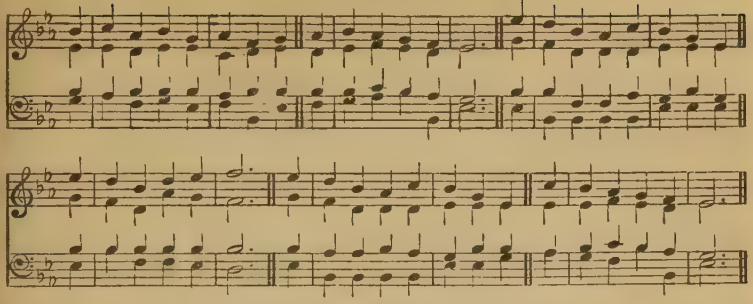
2 'To you, in David's town, this day
Is born, of David's line,
The Saviour who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:
The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swaddling
And in a manger laid.' [bands

3 *f* Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, and thus
Addressed their joyful song:
'All glory be to God on high,
p And to the earth be peace;
f Goodwill henceforth from heaven to men
Begin and never cease.'

Hymn 122 (Tune 65.) Ye Merry Bells. D.C.M.

WM. F. SHERWIN.





A Saviour which is Christ the Lord.—Luke ii. 11.

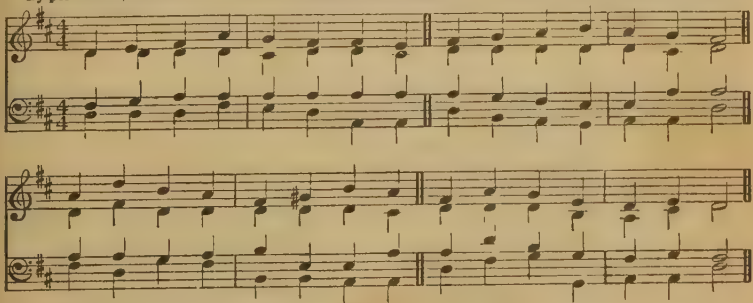
1 *f* HARK, hark! the merry Christmas bells
Are chiming sweet and clear;
O welcome, welcome, festive day,
The brightest of the year.
Chime on, for Christ the Lord has come;
Ring out o'er hills and dells;
Chime on a glad and grateful peal,
Ye merry Christmas bells.

2 Let every living creature wake
And hail His glorious birth,
mf Who came from heaven, the Prince of Peace,
cr. To bring glad news to earth. [Chime on, &c.

3 *f* All glory be to God on high,
Let every soul proclaim;
Goodwill and peace to man below,
Through Christ our Saviour's name!
ff Chime on, &c.

Hymn 123 (Tune 384.) Ovington. 8.7.8.7.

By permission, from Rev. R. R. CHOPE'S *Hymn and Tune-Book.* Rev. R. R. CHOPE, M.A.



And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host.—Luke ii. 13.

1 *mf* HARK! what mean those holy voices
Sweetly sounding through the skies!
Lo! the angelic host rejoices:
Heavenly alleluias rise.

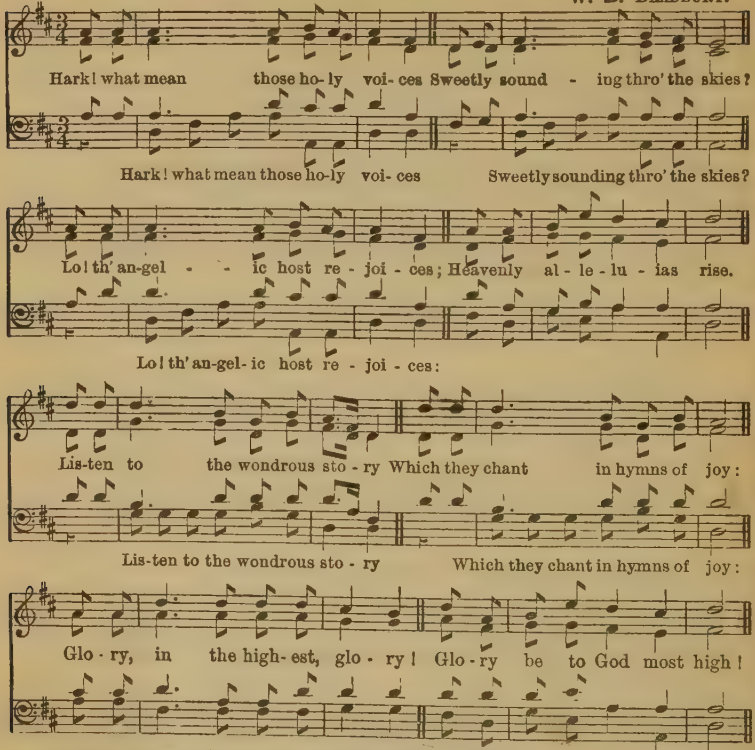
2 Listen to the wondrous story
Which they chant in hymns of joy;
f Glory, in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high!

3 Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth His praises sing;
Him receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King!

4 Hasten, mortals, to adore Him,
Learn His name and taste His joy,
Till in heaven ye sing before Him,
ff 'Glory be to God most high!'

Hymn 123 *2nd Tune.* (420.) Angelic Host. 8.7.8.7. D.

W. B. BRADBURY.


Hark! what mean those ho-ly voi-ces Sweetly sound - ing thro' the skies?
Hark! what mean those ho-ly voi-ces Sweetly sounding thro' the skies?
Lo! th' an-gel - - ic host re - joi - ces; Heavenly al - le - lu - ias rise.
Lo! th' an-gel-ic host re - joi - ces:
Lis-ten to the wondrous sto - ry Which they chant in hymns of joy:
Lis-ten to the wondrous sto - ry Which they chant in hymns of joy:
Glo - ry, in the high-est, glo - ry! Glo - ry be to God most high!

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host.—Luke ii. 13.

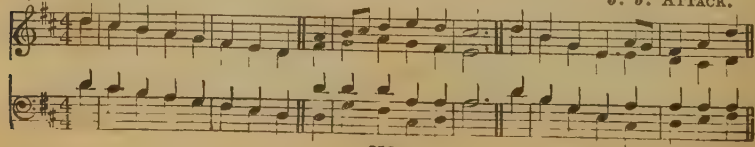
1 *mf* HARK! what mean those holy voices
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! the angelic host rejoices:
Heavenly alleluias rise.
Listen to the wondrous story
Which they chant in hymns of joy:
f Glory, in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high!

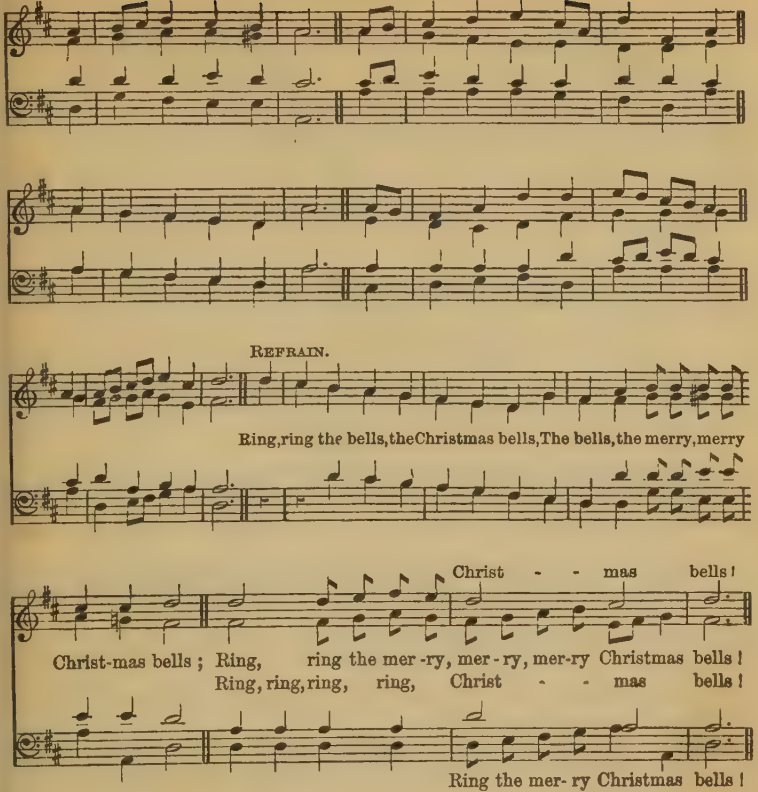
2 Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth His praises sing;
Him receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King
Hasten, mortals, to adore Him,
Learn His name and taste His joy,
Till in heaven ye sing before Him,
ff 'Glory be to God most high!'

Christmas Bells. D.C.M. *With Refrain.*

Hymn 124 (Tune 66.)

J. J. ATTACK.




REFRAIN.
Ring, ring the bells, the Christmas bells, The bells, the merry, merry
Christ - - mas bells!
Christ-mas bells; Ring, ring the mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry Christmas bells!
Ring, ring, ring, ring, Christ - - mas bells!
Ring the mer-ry Christmas bells!

For unto us a child is born, unto us a Son is given.—Isaiah ix. 6.

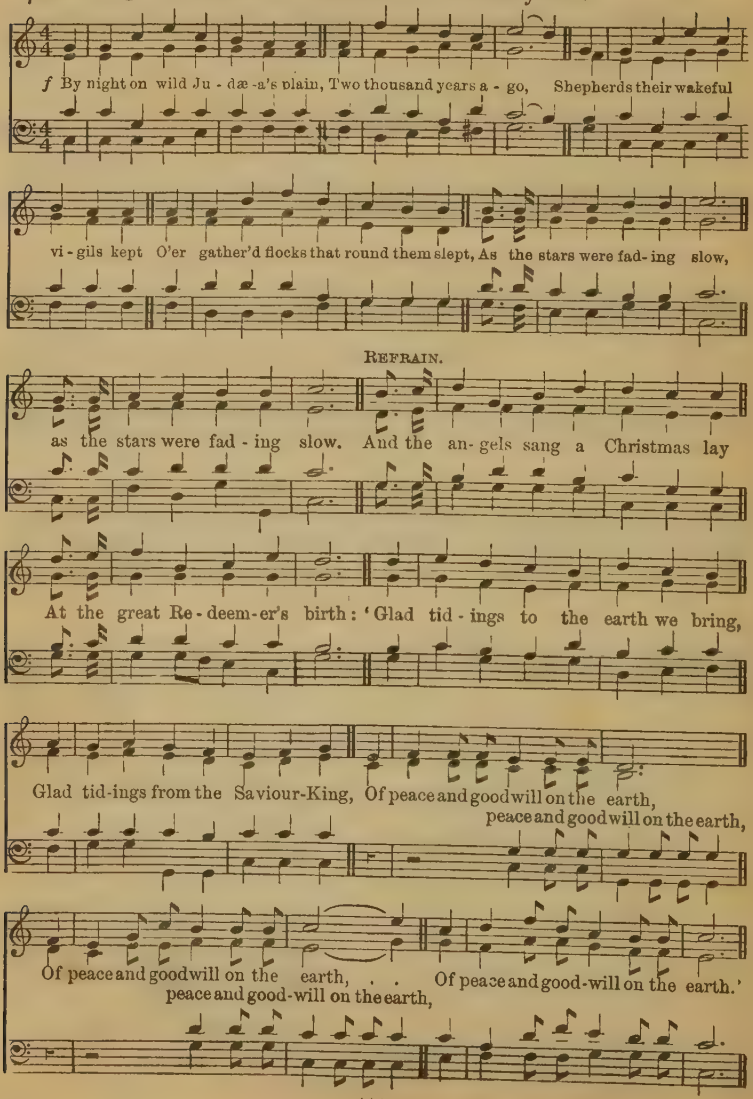
1 *f* RING, ring the bells, the joyful bells,
This merry Christmas morn!
Their sweet, melodious music tells
The day that Christ was born.
mf Sweetly they sound o'er vale and glen;
Hark! how their music swells
f With 'Peace on earth, good will to men!'
O merry Christmas bells!
ff Ring, ring the bells, the Christmas bells,
The bells, the merry, merry Christmas bells; [bells!
Ring, ring the merry Christmas

2 *f* Ring, ring the bells, the Christmas bells!
For in their joyous chime
Once more on earth the chorus swells
Of angel song sublime.
The sweet old story, ever new,
Falls on the heart again,
p Refreshing as the early dew
Or the soft summer rain.
Ring, ring, &c.

3 *f* Ring, ring the bells, the Christmas bells!
Prophetic of the day
When He of whom their music tells
Shall all the nations sway;
Shall bless and fill and rule each heart
Shall bid all sorrows cease,
And give His own the better part
ff Of everlasting peace.
Ring, ring, &c.

By night on wild Judæa's plain.

Hymn 125 (Tune 377.) 8.6.8.8.7. *With Refrain.*


f By night on wild Ju - dæ-a's plain, Two thousand years a - go, Shepherds their wakeful
vi - gils kept O'er gather'd flocks that round them slept, As the stars were fad- ing slow,
REFRAIN.
as the stars were fad - ing slow. And the an- gels sang a Christmas lay
At the great Re - deem-er's birth: 'Glad tid - ings to the earth we bring,
Glad tid-ings from the Saviour-King, Of peace and goodwill on the earth,
peace and goodwill on the earth,
Of peace and goodwill on the earth, . . Of peace and good-will on the earth.'
peace and good-will on the earth,

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the fields, etc.—Luke ii. 8.

1 *f* By night on wild Judæa's plain,
Two thousand years ago,
Shepherds their wakeful vigils kept
O'er gathered flocks that round them slept,
As the stars were fading slow.
And the angels sang a Christmas lay
At the great Redeemer's birth:
'Glad tidings to the earth we bring,
Glad tidings from the Saviour-king,
Of peace and good-will on the earth.'

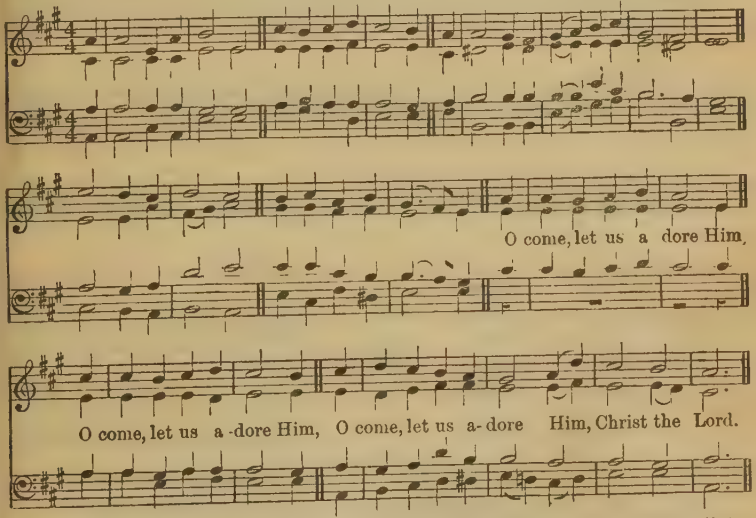
2 *p* Silence around them threw its spell,
And peace fell on the hour;
cr. When sudden light that filled the plain
Fell from the clouds like silver rain,
Or a sunset's golden shower.
f And the angels sang, &c.

3 *mf* To their bewildered sight appeared
A vision wondrous fair,
Of angel-forms from out the clouds
And angel-voices hymning loud
Till their music filled the air.
f And the angels sang, &c.

4 *mf* In manger rude, His form enwrapped
In guise of lowliest birth,
You'll find Messiah, Christ the Lord,
Lo! 'tis foretold in prophet-word;
He shall bring sweet peace on earth.
ff And the angels sang, &c.

Hymn 126 (Tune 524.) Adeste Fideles. Irregular.

JOHN READING.



Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass.—Luke ii. 15.

1 *f* O COME, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant.
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem;
Come, and behold Him
Born, the King of angels; [Lord.
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the

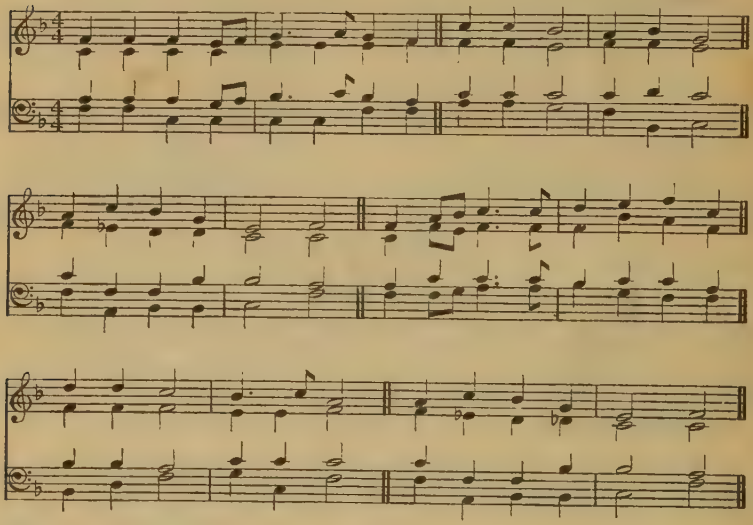
2 *f* God of God,
Light of light;
p Lo! He abhors not the virgin's womb;
Very God,
Begotten, not created; [Lord.
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the

3 *f* Sing, choirs of angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above,
'Glory to God
In the highest:' [Lord.
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the

4 *f* Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,
Born this happy morning;
Jesu, to Thee be glory given:
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing; [Lord.
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the

Hymn 127 (Tune 366.) Roscoe Place. 8.6.6. 8.6.6.

R. P. JEFFERSON.



And she brought forth her firstborn Son, . . . and laid Him in a manger.—Luke ii. 7.

1 *f* ALL my heart this night rejoices
As I hear, far and near,
Sweetest angel voices; [ing,
'Christ is born!' their choirs are sing-
Till the air, everywhere,
Now with joy is ringing.

2 *mf* Hark! a voice from yonder manger,
p Soft and sweet, doth entreat:
'Flee from woe and danger; [you
Brethren, come: from all doth grieve
cr. You are freed · all you need
I will surely give you.'

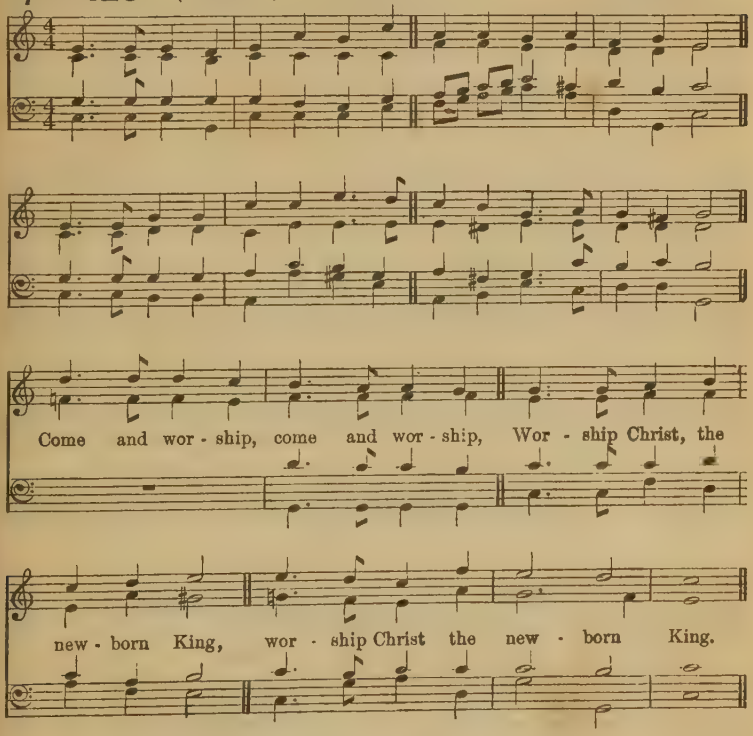
3 *f* Come then, let us hasten yonder;
Here let all, great and small,
dim. Kneel in awe and wonder.
Love Him who with love is yearning;
Hail the star that from far
f Bright with hope is burning.

4 *p* Ye who pine in weary sadness,
Weep no more, for the door
f Now is found of gladness.
Cling to Him, for He will guide you
Where no cross, pain, or loss
Can again betide you.

5 *f* Thee, O Lord, with heed I'll cherish,
Live to Thee, and with Thee
Dying, shall not perish,
But shall dwell with Thee for ever.
Far on high, in the joy
ff That can alter never.

Angels from the Realms of Glory.

Hymn 128 (Tune 395.) 8.7.8.7. 4.7. T. WALLHEAD.



And let all the angels of God worship Him.—Hebrews i. 6.

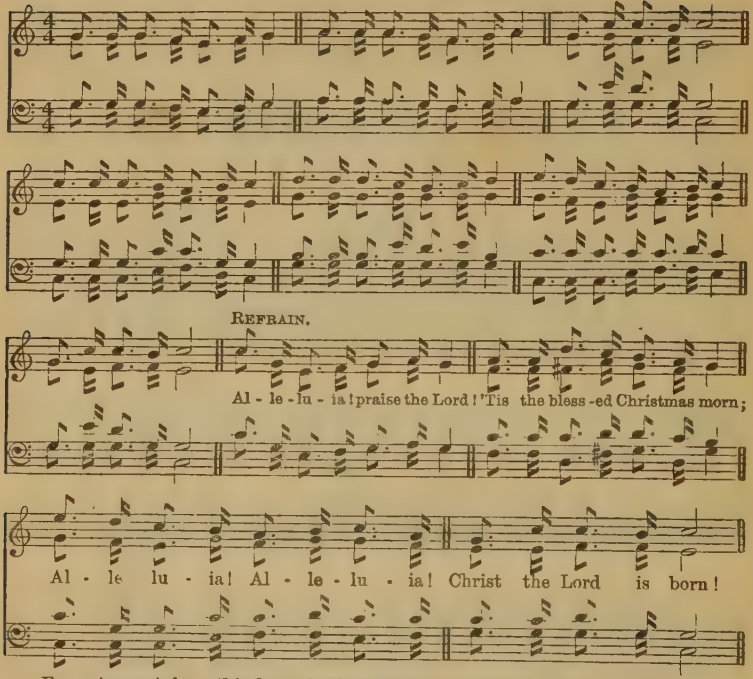
1 *f* ANGELS from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:
p Come and worship,
f Worship Christ, the new-born King.

2 Shepherds in the fields abiding,
Watching o'er your flock by night,
God with man is now residing;
Yonder shines the infant light:
p Come and worship,
f Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Children, now your praises bringing,
Lift your gladsome voices high;
Round the manger join in singing,
'Christ was born for us to die:'
p Come, and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Hymn 129 (Tune 275.) Golden Trumpets.

7.7.5. 7.7.7.5. *With Refrain.*



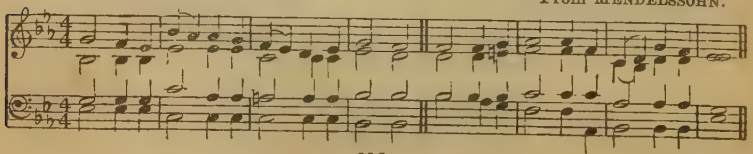
For unto you is born this day a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.—Luke ii. 11.

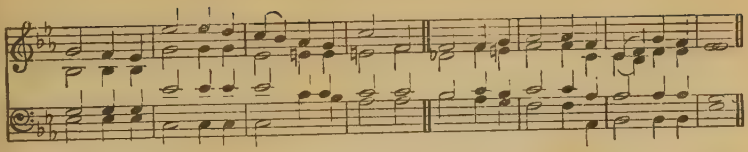
1 *f* BLOW, ye golden trumpets, blow!
Let the sleeping nations know
Christ the Lord is born.
mf Yonder see the Bethlehem star,
Guiding mortals from afar;
Peace shall reign for evermore,
f Christ the Lord is born.
Alleluia! &c.

2 *f* Ring, O ring, ye silvery bells!
Far and near your cadence swells,
Christ the Lord is born.
Ring, and banish doubt and fear,
Ring, till all with joy shall hear
Sin is vanquished, victory's near,
ff Christ the Lord is born.
Alleluia! &c.

Hymn 130 (Tune 508.) Brightest and Best. 11.10.11.10.*

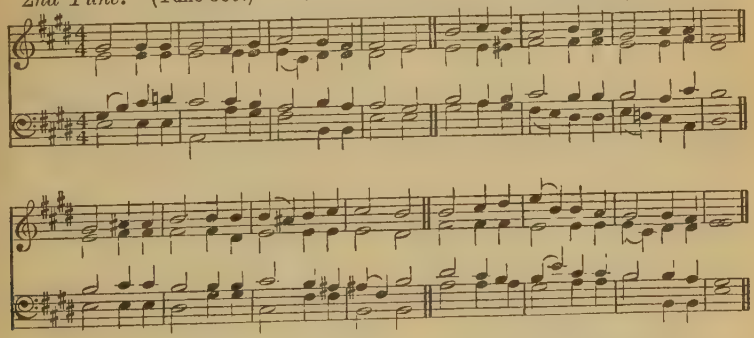
From MENDELSSOHN.





Brightest and best. ("Lamorna.")

2nd Tune. (Tune 509.) 11.10.11.10.* H. G. Trembath, Mus. Bac.



And, lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them.—Matthew ii. 9

1 *f* Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid:
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

2 *p* Cold on His cradle the dewdrops are shining:
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

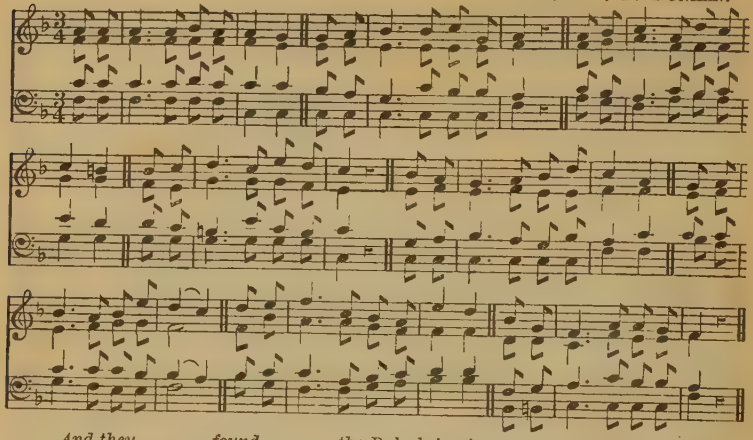
3 *mf* Say shall we yield Him in costly devotion
Odours of Edom and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forests, or gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 *f* Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid:
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

Hymn 131 (Tune 431.) St. Winifred. 8.7.8.7. D.

Rev. S. J. P. Dunman.



And they . . . found . . . the Babe lying in a manger.—Luke ii. 16.

1 *mf* Cradled in a manger, meanly
Laid the Son of man His head;
p Sleeping His first earthly slumber
Where the oxen had been fed.
cr. Happy were those shepherds listening
To the holy angel's word!
Happy they within that stable,
Worshipping their infant Lord!

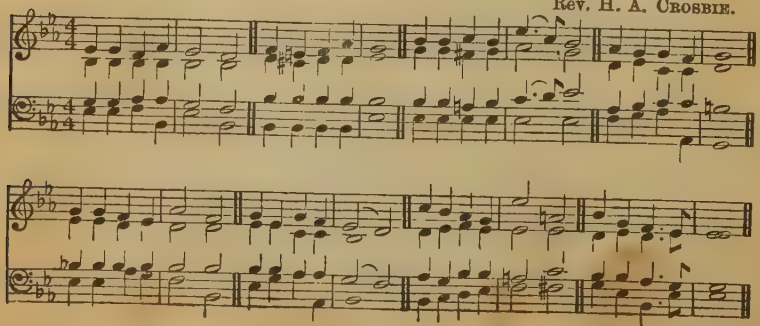
2 *mf* Happy all who hear the message
Of His coming from above!
Happier still who hail His coming,
f And with praises greet His love!
Blessèd Saviour, Christ most holy!
In a manger Thou didst rest:
Canst Thou stoop again, yet lower
mf And abide within my breast?

3 Evil things are there before Thee:
In the heart, where they have fed
Wilt Thou pitifully enter,
Son of man, and lay Thy head?
Enter then, O Christ most holy;
cr. Make a Christmas in my heart:
f Make a heaven of my manger:
It is heaven where Thou art.

4 And to those who never listened
To the message of Thy birth,
Who have winter, but no Christmas
Bringing them Thy 'peace on earth,
f Send to these the joyful tidings:
By all people, in each home,
Be there heard the Christmas anthem,
ff 'Praise to God, the Christ has come!'

Hymn 132 (Tune 152.) St. Cephas. 6.5.6.5. D.

Rev. H. A. Crosbie.



For we have seen His star in the East, and are come to worship Him.—Matthew ii. 2.

1 *mf* In the wintry heaven
Shines a wondrous star;
In the East the wise men
Watched it from afar;
Asking, 'What this lustre,
So unearthly bright?'
Answering, 'Christ in glory
Comes to earth to-night!'

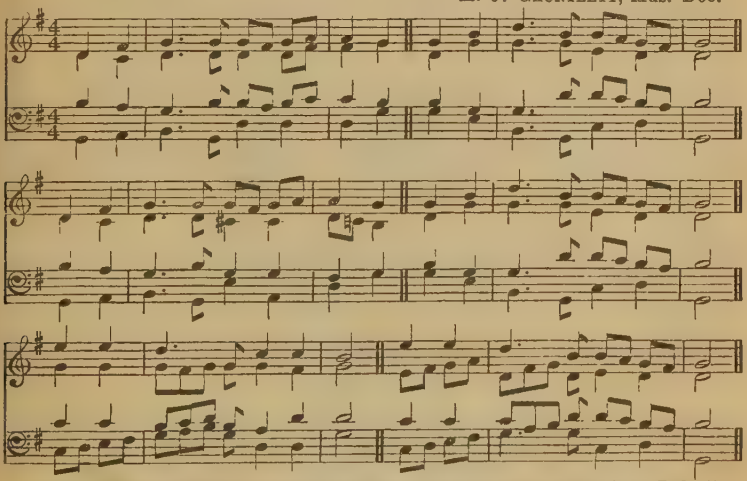
2 O'er the dusty highway,
O'er the deserts drear,
From the East the wise men
Watch it shining clear;
Asking, 'Shall we follow
In this starlit way?'
Answering, 'Yes; 'twill lead us
To the perfect day.'

3 *p* In a lowly manger
Lies an Infant weak;
Is it He whom wise men
Come so far to seek?
cr. Asking, 'Where the Monarch?
Where Judæa's King?'
Saying, 'Gifts and worship
To His throne we bring?'

4 *mf* In our hearts we children
See this star once more:
Not as wise men saw it,
In the days of yore;
Asking, 'May we bring Him
Childhood's love to-day?'
Answering, 'Come, dear children,
Jesus says we may.'

Hymn 133 (Tune 411.) Irby. 8.7.8.7.7.7.

H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. Doc.



And laid Him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.—Luke ii. 7.

1 *mf* Once in royal David's city
Stood a lowly cattle shed,
p Where a mother laid her Baby
In a manger for His bed.
mf Mary was that mother mild,
p Jesus Christ her little Child.

2 He came down to earth from heaven,
f Who is God and Lord of all,
p And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall:
With the poor and mean and lowly
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

3 *mf* And through all His wondrous child-
He would honour, and obey, [hood
Love, and watch the lowly maiden
In whose gentle arms He lay.
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

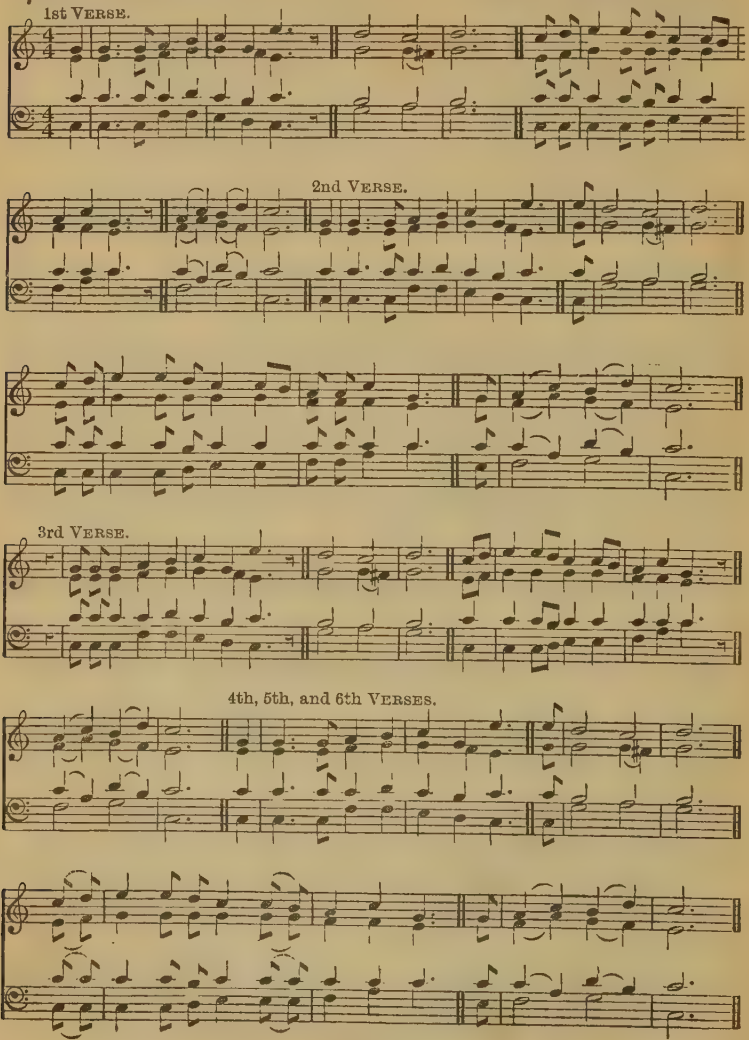
4 For He is our childhood's pattern;
Day by day like us He grew;
p He was little, weak, and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us He knew:
cr. And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

5 *f* And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love,
p For that Child, so dear and gentle,
f Is our Lord in heaven above;
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.

There came a little Child. Irregular.

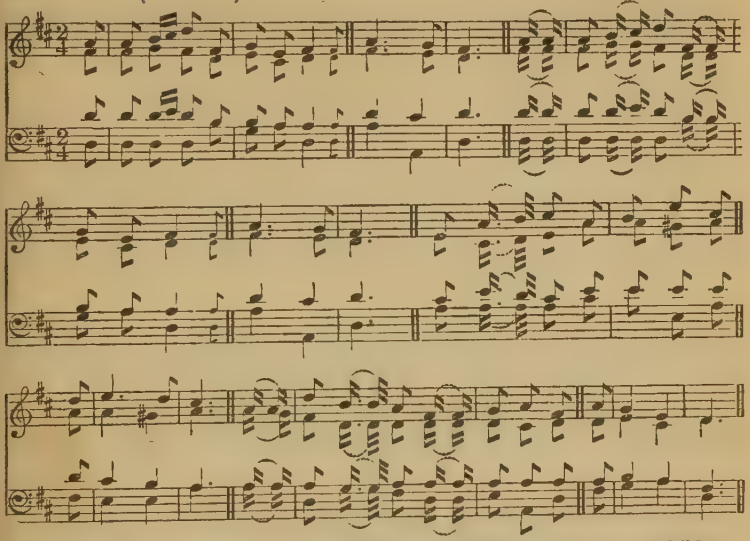
Hymn 134 (Tune 530.)

Rev. J. CONDER NATTRASS.



There came a little Child. Irregular.

2nd Tune. (Tune 531.) F. R. HAVERGAL.



They made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this Child.—Luke ii. 17.

1 *mf* THERE came a little Child to earth
Long ago:
And the angels of God proclaimed His birth
High and low.

2 Out in the night so calm and still,
Their song was heard;
For they knew that the Child on Bethlehem's hill
Was Christ the Lord.

3 Far away in the goodly land,
Fair and bright,
f Children with crowns of glory stand,
Robed in white.

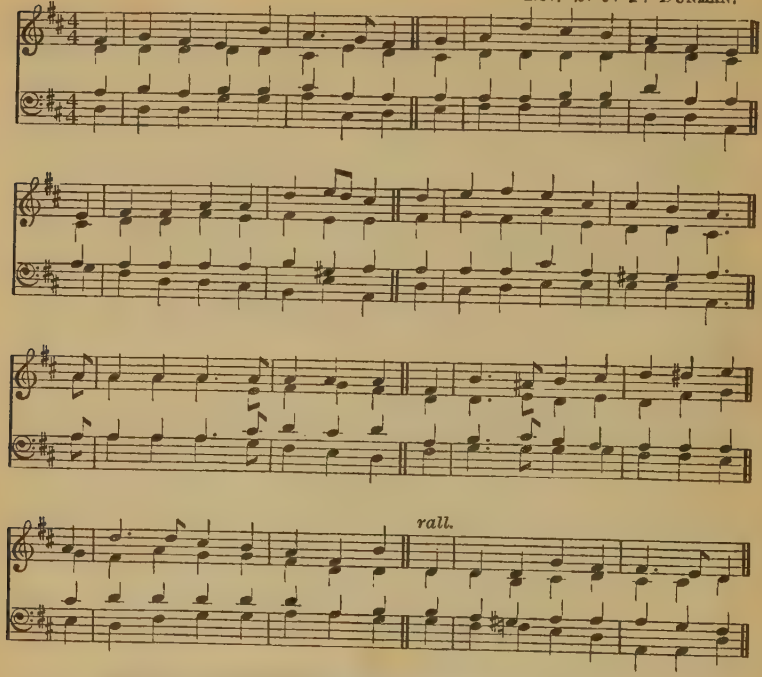
4 They sing, the Lord of heaven so fair
A Child was born;
And that they might His crown of glory share,
p Wore crown of thorn.

5 In mortal weakness, want, and pain,
p He came to die,
cr. That the children of earth might in glory reign
f With Him on high.

6 *f* And evermore in robes so fair
And undefiled,
Those ransomed children His praise declare
Who was a Child.

Hymn 135 (Tune 94.) Ferndale. D.L.M.

Rev. S. J. P. Dunman.



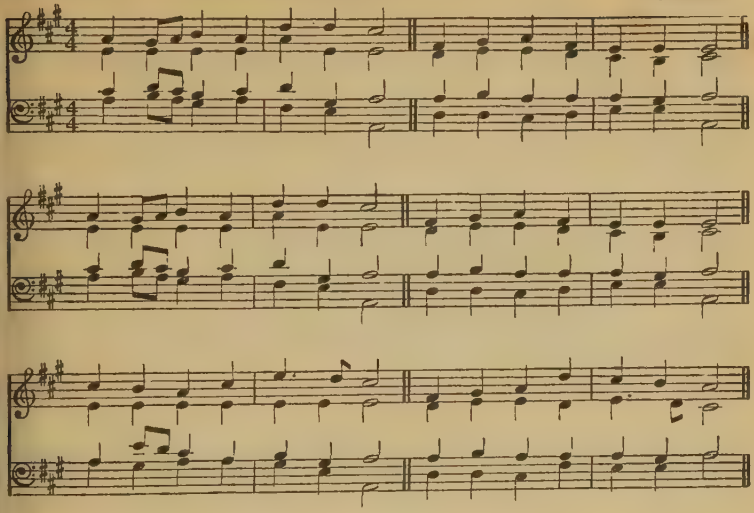
Then took he Him up in his arms, and blessed God.—Luke ii. 28.

1 *mf* Hushed is the raging winter wild,
And earth's ten thousand voices sing
cr. As if to greet the holy Child, [bring.
Whom to the temple courts they
The flowers breathe their incense sweet, [way;
And spread themselves along His
f The birds pour forth their raptures meet,
p The gentle winds their homage pay.

2 *mf* Still lingering at the temple gates,
With patient hope that cannot die,
The hoary Simeon daily waits,—
He to the lowly group draws nigh.
p With awe he finds the infant Lord,
With trembling joy folds to his heart:
cr. 'Be it according to Thy word,
p And now in peace let me depart.'

3 *mf* Help us, O Lord, that we may seek,
And to Thy temple Thou wilt come;
p The heart made lowly, pure, and meek
Is that which Thou wilt make Thy home.
cr. For arms that brought us to the Lord
f For ever let our thanks be given;
But most for Him, the holy Child,
Through whom we enter into heaven.

Hymn 136 (Tune 323.) Dix. 7.7.7.7.7.7. German.



When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.—Matthew ii. 10.

1 *f* As with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold;
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright:
So, most gracious God, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

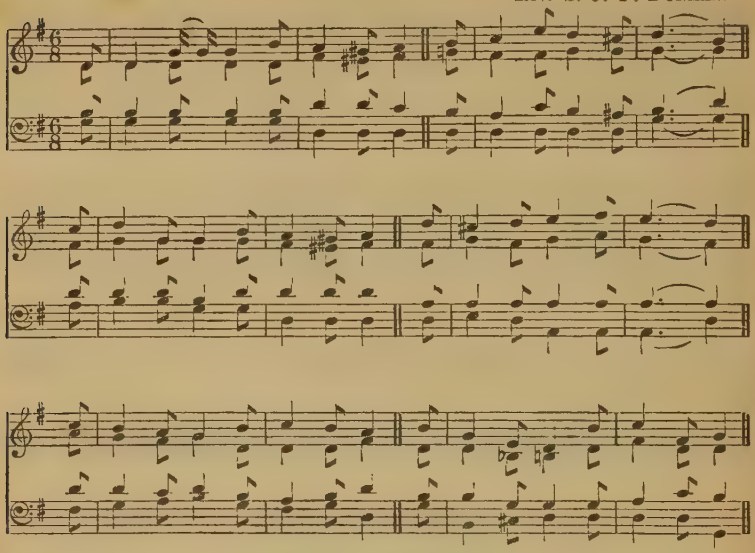
2 *mf* As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore:
So may we, with willing feet,
Ever seek Thy mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger, rude and bare,
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.

4 *p* Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way,
or. And when earthly things are past,
f Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where on clouds Thy glory hide.

Hymn 137 (Tune 374.) St. Mark. 8.6.8.6.8.8.

Rev. S. J. P. Dunman.



They saw the young Child . . . and fell down and worshipped Him.—Matthew ii. 11

1 *mf* O'er Bethlehem's hill, in time of old,
Came wise men from afar,
Bringing their costly gifts of gold,
For they had seen His star.
In princely pomp, with presents meet,
They came to worship at His feet.

2 The silvery lamp through all the night
Led on their eager way,
Until upon His lowly home
Was shed its gentle ray;
And there they found the infant King,
p And on the ground fell worshipping.

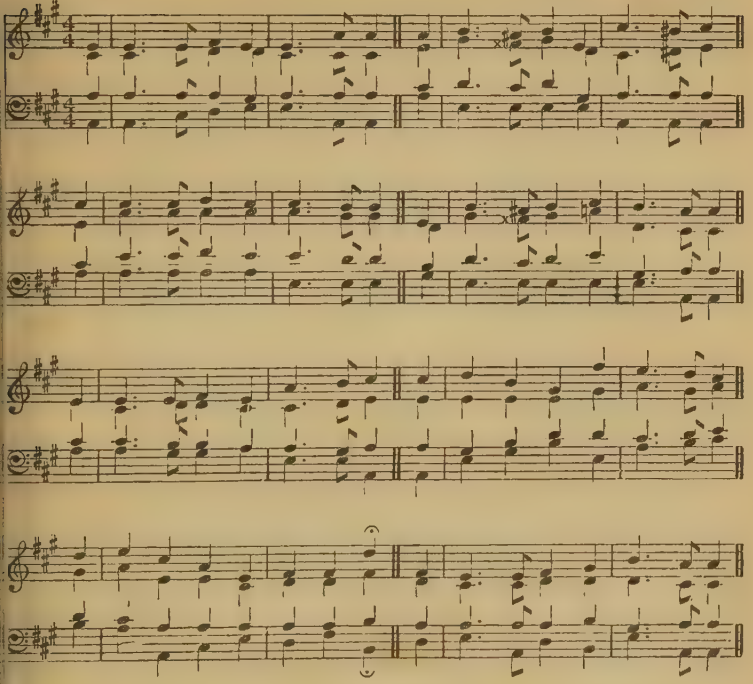
3 *mf* So, gracious Spirit, by Thy light
Shine Thou upon our way,
To guide our feet to Christ the Lord,
Who would our homage pay;
For He who is the children's King
Will not disdain what children bring.

4 Not as wise men, in princely robes,
With offerings rich and rare:
We come with empty hands, O Lord
p Burdened with sin and care,
With hands that wrought Thy misery
And yet Thou bidd'st us come to Thee

5 *mf* For gifts: we give ourselves to Thee,
Our hearts shall be Thy throne;
For gold: we give Thee all our love,
O, make it all Thine own!
cr. As incense sweet Thy praise we sing,
f And bless Thy name, our Saviour-king.

Hymn 138 (Tune 95.) Haverstock Hill. D.L.M

Rev. S. J. P. Dunman.



He took the young Child and His mother by night, and departed into Egypt.—Matthew ii. 14.

f The fierce wind howls about the hills,
Most angrily, most drearily;
The stars shine out with brilliant light,
p All tremblingly, all frostily;
The bird lies sheltered in its nest,
The fox creeps to his crafty rest,
And angels watch by children blest,
pp All tenderly, all tenderly.

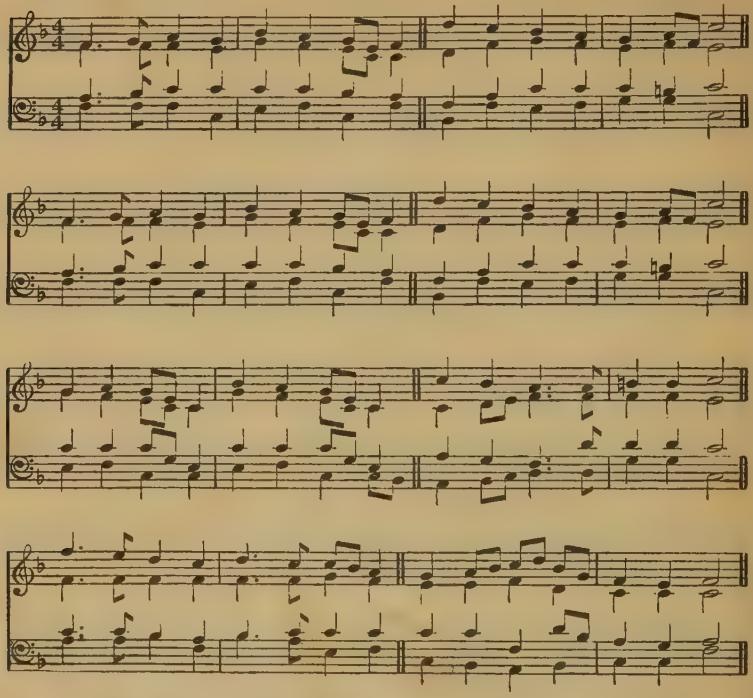
mf But who are these that through the night
p Move wearily, all drearily?
'Tis Joseph, forth from Bethlehem,
cr. All hastily, all eagerly;
For Herod seeks the child to slay,
p And death will come if they delay,
cr. And forth ere ever break of day
They thus must flee, to Egypt flee.

3 *p* The mother screens Him at her breast,
All carefully, all prayerfully;
She feels Him shivering in the blast,
pp All fearfully, all tearfully;
cr. And so along their way they go,
Now numbed by night winds as they blow,
Now starting, fearful of the foe,
p All helplessly, all homelessly.

4 *mf* Had we been there, O gracious Lord,
Most tenderly, most lovingly,
Our hands, our home, our all were given,
To comfort Thee, to shelter Thee.
And we may still; for Thou hast said
When hungry little ones are fed,
And outcast ones find home and bed,
'Tis done to Thee, as unto Thee.

Hymn 139 (Tune 421.) Austria. 8.7.8.7. D.

F. J. Haydn.



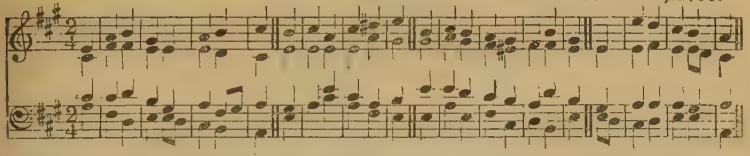
And the Desire of all nations shall come.—Haggai ii. 7

1 *f* Come, Thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set Thy people free,
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in Thee.
Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art;
Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

2 *mf* Born Thy people to deliver;
Born a child and yet a king,
or. Born to reign in us for ever,
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring
By Thine own eternal Spirit
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thine all-sufficient merit
f Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

Hymn 140 (Tune 42.) St. Magnus. C.M.

J. Clark, 1700.



And He went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them.—Luke ii. 51.

1 *mf* I love to think, though I am young,
My Saviour was a child:
That Jesus walked this earth along
With feet all undefiled.

2 He kept His Father's word of truth,
As I am taught to do; [youth
And while He walked the paths of
He walked in wisdom too.

3 I love to think that He who spake,
And made the blind to see,
cr. And called the sleeping dead to wake,
Was once a child like me:

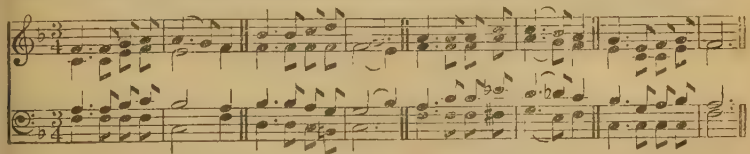
4 That He who wore the thorny crown
pp And tasted death's despair,
cr. Had a kind mother like my own,
And knew her love and care.

5 I know 'twas all for love of me
That He became a child,
And left the heavens, so fair to see,
And trod earth's pathway wild.

6 Then, Saviour, who was once a child,
A child may come to Thee;
p And O! in all Thy mercy mild,
Dear Saviour, come to me.

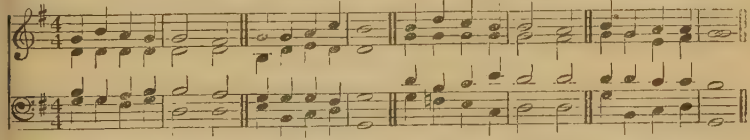
Hymn 141 (Tune 128.) Dartford. 6.5.6.5.

Edwin Moss.



2nd Tune. (Tune 131.) Fulstow. 6.5.6.5.

Rev. T. R. Matthews.



And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man—Luke ii. 52.

1 *p* Gentle, holy Jesus,
Saviour meek and mild,
Thou who once wast fashioned
Like a little child;

2 *cr.* And in grace and meekness
Up to manhood grew;
Sharing human weakness
p Human sorrow too:

3 In Thy word so holy,
Saviour, we can see,
That of us Thou sayest,
'Let them come to Me.'

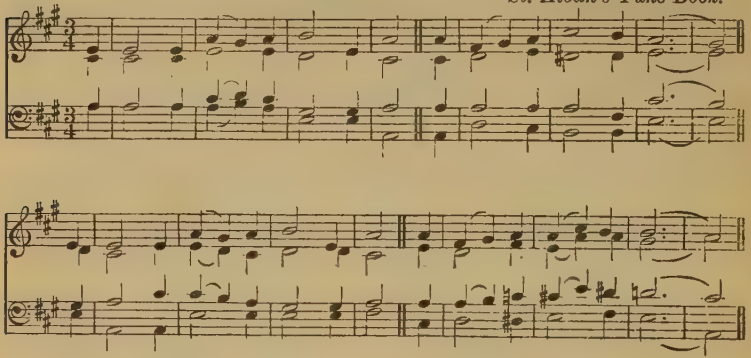
4 *f* Glad we come! and render
All we have to give:
mf While our hearts are tender,
Help us, Lord, to live.

5 Like Thy young disciples,
That the world may see
We are taught by Jesus,
And have learned of Thee.

6 May we copy closely
Him we so much love,
f Till we bear His likeness,
Perfected above.

Hymn 142 (Tune 38.) Sabbata. .M.

St. Alban's Tune-Book.



He took them up in His arms, put His hands upon them, and blessed them.—Mark x. 16.

1 *mf* SING to the Lord the children's hymn,
His gentle love declare,
Who bends amid the seraphim
To hear the children's prayer.

2 He held us to His mighty breast,
The children of the earth;
He lifted up His hands, and blessed
The babes of human birth.

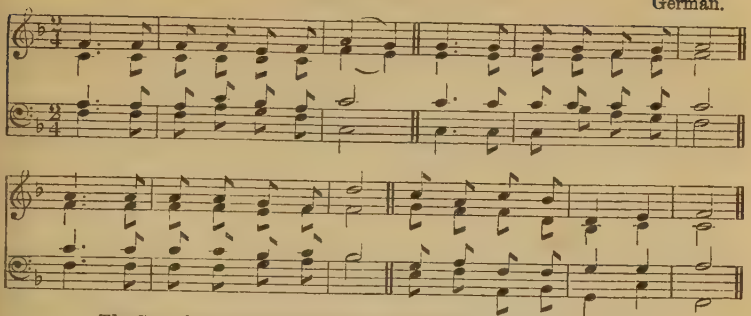
3 So shall He be to us our God,
Our gracious Saviour too;
The ways we tread His footsteps trod
The paths of youth He knew.

4 *p* Lo! from the stars His face will turn
On us with glances mild,
cr. The angels of His presence yearn
To bless the little child.

5 Keep us, O Jesu Lord, for Thee
That so by Thy great grace,
f We children of Thy Church may see
Our heavenly Father's face.

Hymn 143 (Tune 293.) Dijon. 7.7.7.7.

German.



The Son of man hath not where to lay His head.—Matthew viii. 20.

1 *mf* CHRIST is merciful and mild;
He was once a little child;
He whom heavenly hosts adore
Lived on earth among the poor.

2 *p* Thus He laid His glory by
When for us He stooped to die;
How I wonder when I see
His unbounded love to me!

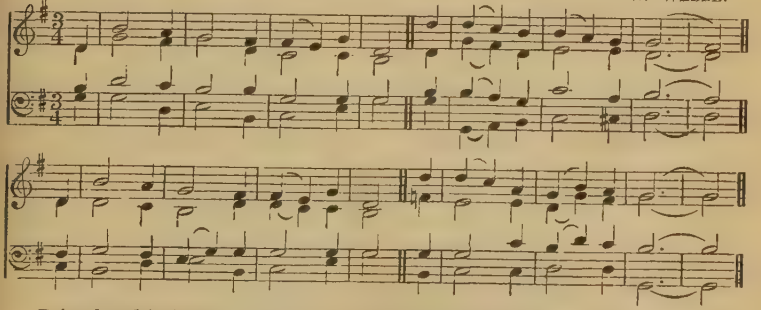
3 *mf* He the sick to health restored,
To the poor He preached the word;
Even children had a share
Of His love and tender care.

4 Every bird can build its nest
Foxes have their place of rest;
He by whom the world was made
p Had not where to lay His head.

5 He who is the Lord most High
Then was poorer far than I,
That I might hereafter be
Rich to all eternity.

Hymn 144 (Tune 19.) Belmont. C.M.

S. WEBBE.



Being found in fashion as a man, He humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death.—Philippians ii. 8.

1 *mf* As to His earthly parents' home
Went down the holy Child,
And found His Father's business there,
p Subjection meek and mild;

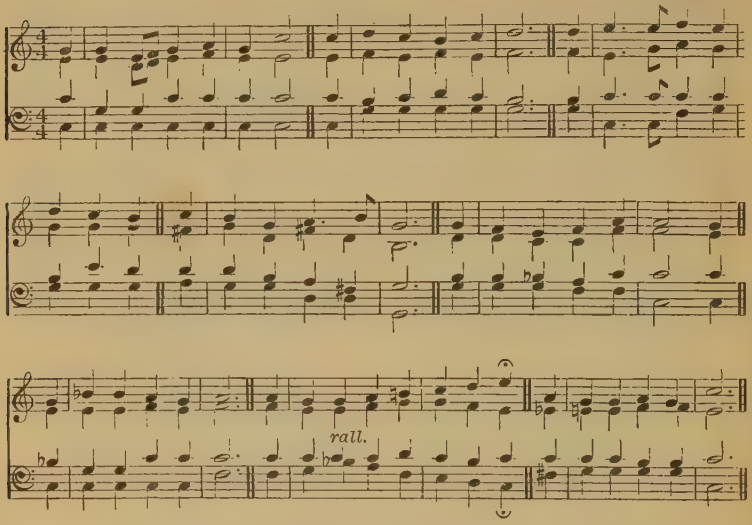
2 *mf* And as obedience all those years
In lowly Nazareth
Forsook Him not, but bore Him on,
p Obedient unto death:

3 *mf* So by Thy mercies teach us, Lord,
Our sacrifice to bring,
cr. Our treasure, heart, and life, and love
To spread before our King.

4 Thy presence is our guiding star,
We seek Thy holy hill;
Transform us, Lord, renew our minds,
To prove Thy perfect will.

Hymn 145 (Tune 265.) Eastbrook. 7.6.8.6.7.6.8.6.

Rev. S. J. P. Dunman.



He first loved us.—1 John iv. 19.

1 *mf* When they brought little children,
To Jesus to be blessed,
He would not have them sent away,
But took them to His breast,
And with such love looked on them,
That every tender child,
Having no fear of that sweet face,
Held out its arms and smiled.

2 For Jesus loved the children,
And said they were to come,
And in His love find happiness,
And in His arms a home:
And then He, looking heavenwards,
Prayed for each little one,
That each the Father's grace might know,
In answer to the Son.

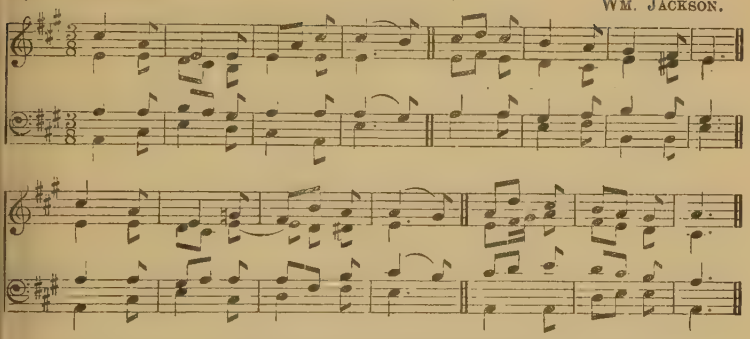
3 Still Jesus loves the children,
And kindly calls them still
To Him, who suffered that He might
Redeem them from all ill.
cr. And into His bright kingdom
He would the children bring,
f To serve Him in the kingdom's work,
The kingdom's joy to sing.

4 Then surely all the children
Should bring their blithest songs,
And warmest love, their Lord to praise
To whom all praise belongs.
For, see, the hands He stretches
To take the children in
p Were nailed upon the dreadful cross
The children's life to win.

5 *f* Come, let us sing our worship
To Him who loves us thus,
dim. And let us give our hearts to Him
Who gave Himself for us:
cr. And then, if we are faithful,
p His love, when death is past,
f Will suffer us to come to Him,
And share His heaven at last.

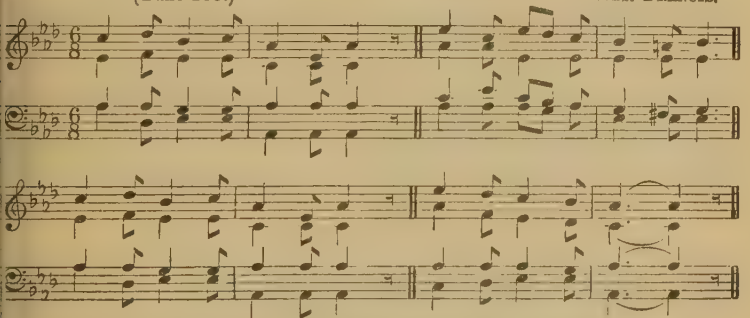
Hymn 146 (Tune 278.) Comforter. 7.7.7.5.

Wm. Jackson.



Jesus, when He left the sky. 7.7.7.5.

2nd Tune. (Tune 280.) Mrs. Francis.



Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me.—Matthew xix. 14.

1 *mf* Jesus when He left the sky
And for sinners came to die,
In His mercy passed not by
p Little ones like me.

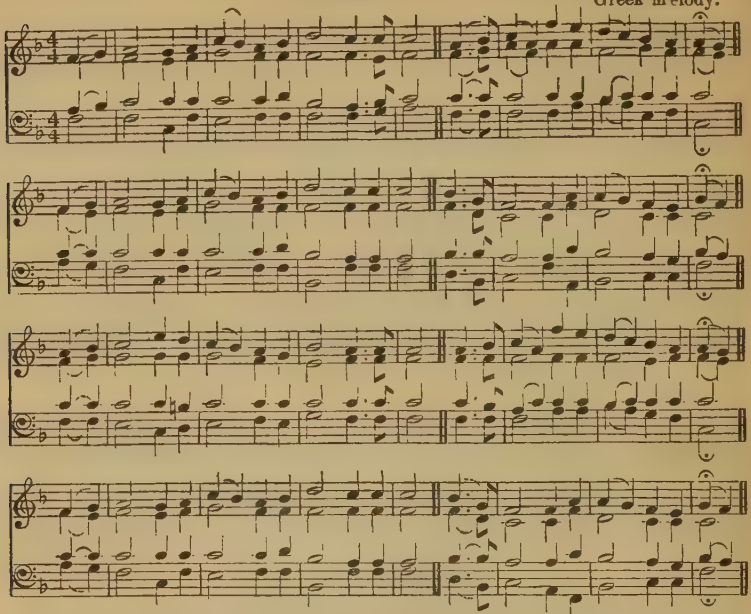
2 Mothers then the Saviour sought
In the places where he taught,
And to Him their children brought:
p Little ones like me.

3 Did the Saviour say them nay?
No, He kindly bade them stay;
Suffered none to turn away
p Little ones like me.

4 Children then should love Him too,
Strive His holy will to do,
Pray to Him and praise Him too
p Little ones like me.

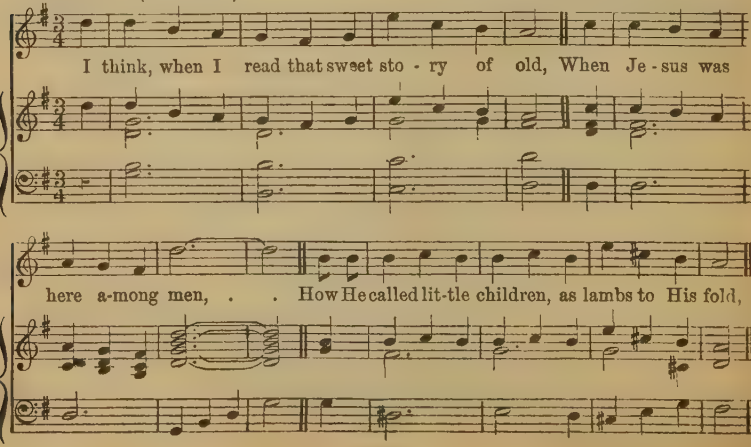
Hymn 147 (Tune 503.) Athens. 11.8.11.9.11.9.11.9.

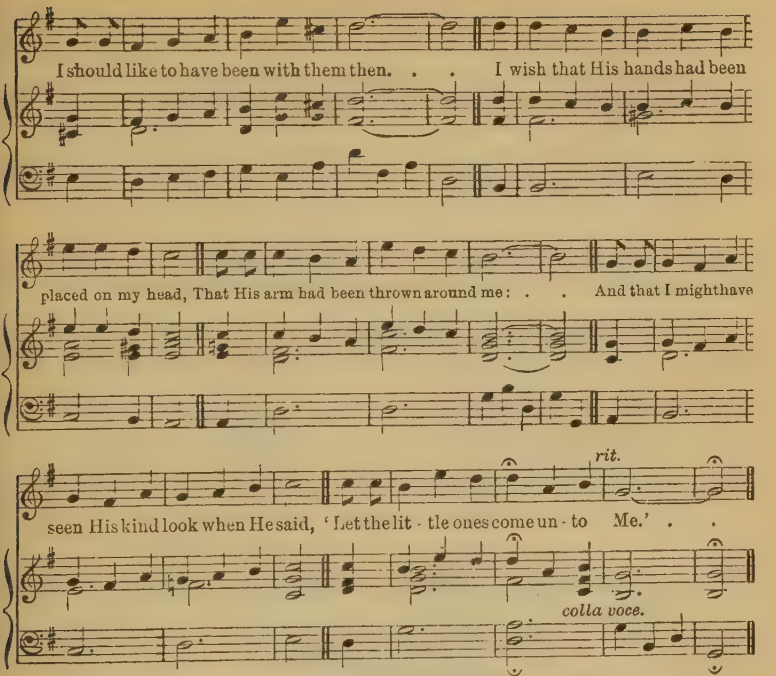
Greek Melody.



The Sweet Story. 11.8.11.9.11.9.11.9.

2nd Tune. (Tune 504.) H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. Doc.




I should like to have been with them then. . . I wish that His hands had been
placed on my head, That His arm had been thrown around me: . . And that I might have
rit.
seen His kind look when He said, 'Let the lit - tle ones come un - to Me.' . .
colla voce.

And Jesus called a little child unto Him.—Matthew xviii. 2.

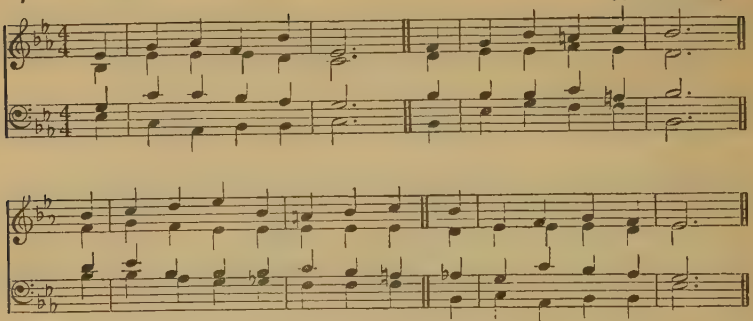
1 *mf* I THINK, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children, as lambs to His fold,
I should like to have been with them then.
I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arm had been thrown around me:
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said
'Let the little ones come unto Me.'

2 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I now earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above.
In that beautiful place He is gone to prepare
For all that are washed and forgiven:
And many dear children are gathering there,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

3 *p* But thousands and thousands, who wander and fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home:
cr. I should like them to know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.
I long for the joy of that glorious time,
The sweetest, the brightest, the best,
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to His arms and be blest.

Hymn 148 (Tune 3.) Clifton. S.M.

J. Brabham.



Who went about doing good.—Acts x. 38.

1 *mf* By Jacob's ancient well
Sat Jesus long ago;
The water-bearer heard Him tell
Where living waters flow.

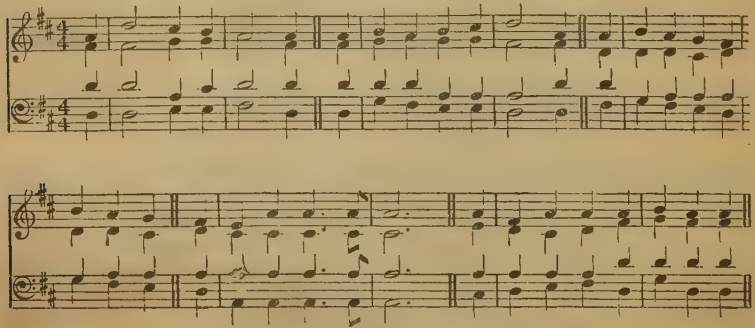
2 *p* The beggar day by day
Sat in a hopeless night,
cr. Until the Master passed that way;
f And said, 'Receive thy sight.'

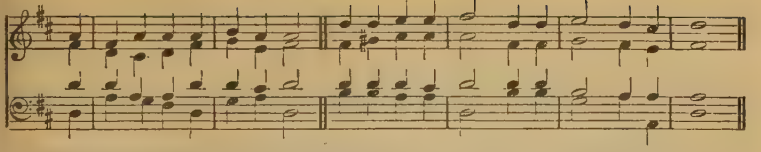
3 *p* The Gentile mother craved
A crumb of healing power, [saved
f The child for whom she prayed was
And healed that selfsame hour.

4 *mf* Beside Bethesda's pool
He to the palsied said,
Before he prayed to be made whole,
'Rise, and take up thy bed.'

5 *p* 'O Lord, remember me,'
The dying robber cries,
cr. 'This day,' saith Jesus, 'Thou shalt be
With Me in paradise.'

Hymn 149 (Tune 203.) Salem. 6.7.8.6.8.8.11.





And they brought young children to Him, that He should touch them.—Mark x. 13.

1 *mf* When mothers of Salem
Their children brought to Jesus,
The stern disciples drove them back,
And bade them to depart;
But Jesus saw them ere they fled,
And sweetly smiled and kindly said,
cr. 'Suffer little children to come unto Me.'

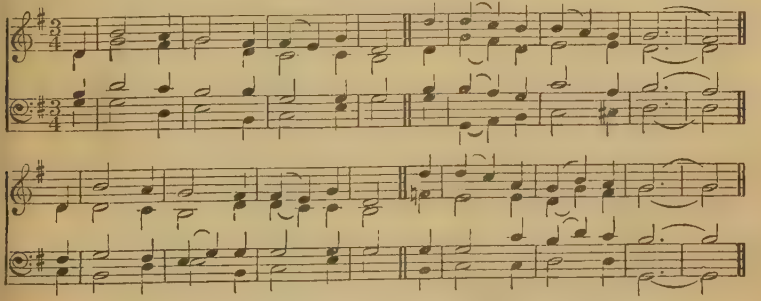
2 *mf* For I will receive them,
And fold them in My bosom;
I'll be a shepherd to these lambs,
O drive them not away;
For if their hearts to Me they give,
They shall with Me in glory live:
'Suffer little children to come unto Me.'

3 How kind was our Saviour
To bid those children welcome!
p But there are many thousands who
Have never heard His name;
The Bible they have never read,
They know not that the Saviour said,
cr. 'Suffer little children to come unto Me.'

4 *f* O soon may the heathen
Of every tribe and nation
Fulfil Thy blessèd word, and cast
Their idols all away;
O shine upon them from above,
And show Thyself a God of love,
Teach the little children to come unto Thee.

Hymn 150 (Tune 19.) Belmont. C.M.

S. Webbe.



Even the winds and the sea obey Him.—Matthew viii. 27.

1 *mf* A little ship was on the sea,
It was a pretty sight;
It sailed along so pleasantly
And all was calm and bright.

2 *cr.* When, lo! a storm began to rise,
f The wind grew loud and strong;
It blew the clouds across the skies,
It blew the waves along.

3 *mf* And all but One were sore afraid
Of sinking in the deep;
His head was on a pillow laid,
p And He was fast asleep.

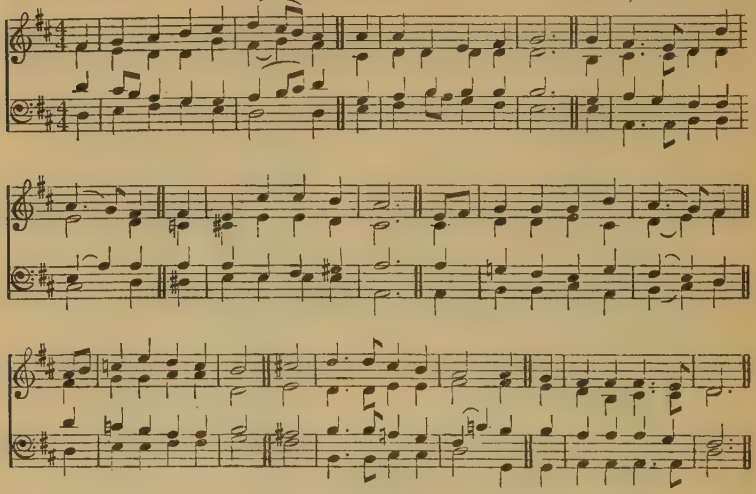
4 *f* 'Master, we perish! Master, save!'
They cried. Their Master heard;
He rose, rebuked the wind and wave,
p And stilled them with a word.

5 *mf* He to the storm says, (*p*) 'Peace; be
The raging billows cease: [still!'
The mighty winds obey His will,
pp And all are hushed to peace.

6 *f* O! well we know it was the Lord,
Our Saviour and our Friend;
Whose care of those who trust His word
ff Will never, never end.

Hymn 151 (Tune 230.) Isleworth. 7.6.7.6.D.

H. G. TREMBATH, Mus. Bac.



Hosanna to the Son of David.—Matthew xxi. 9.

1 *f* HOSANNA! loud hosanna!
The little children sang:
Through pillared court and temple
The glorious anthem rang;
To Jesus who had blessed them,
Close folded to His breast,
The children sang their praises,
The simplest and the best.

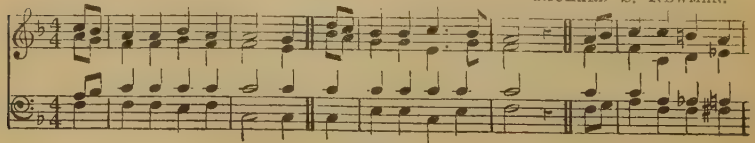
2 From Olivet they followed,
'Midst an exultant crowd,
Waving the victor palm branch,
And shouting clear and loud;
Bright angels joined the chorus
Beyond the cloudless sky.
ff 'Hosanna in the highest!
Glory to God on high!'

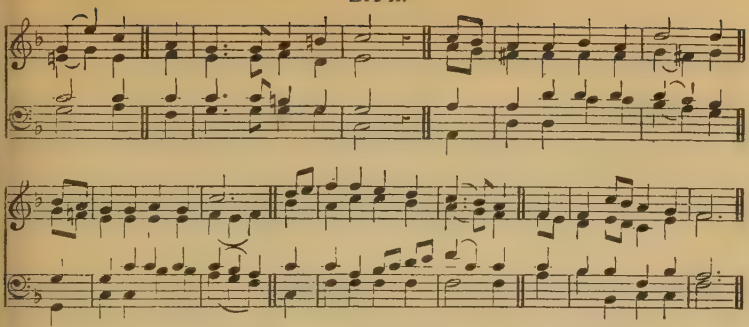
3 *mf* Fair leaves of silvery olive
They strewed upon the ground,
Whilst Salem's circling mountains
Echoed the joyful sound;
The Lord of men and angels
Rode on in lowly state,
Nor scorned that little children
Should on His bidding wait.

4 'Hosanna in the highest!'
That ancient song we sing:
For Christ is our Redeemer,
The Lord of heaven our King.
cr. O! may we ever praise Him
With heart and life and voice,
ff And in His blissful presence
Eternally rejoice!

Hymn 152 (Tune 231.) Ithona. 7.6.7.6.D.

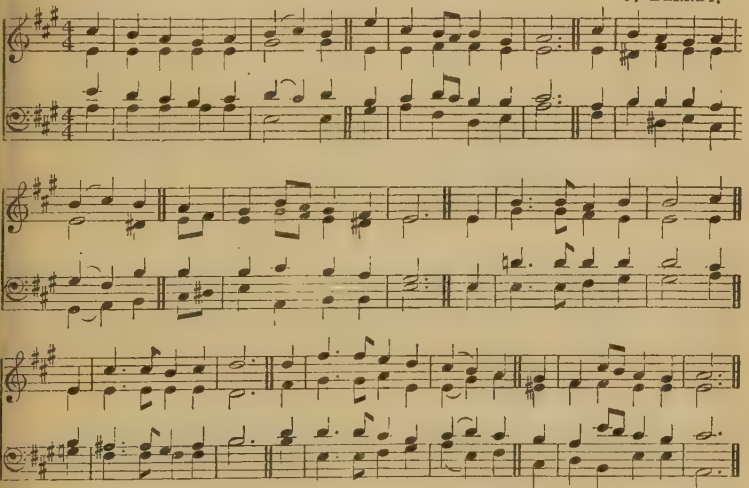
RICHARD S. NEWMAN.





2nd Tune. (Tune 241.) **Salvation Bringing.** 7.6.7.6. D.

J. Barnby.



Hosanna in the highest!—Matthew xxi. 9.

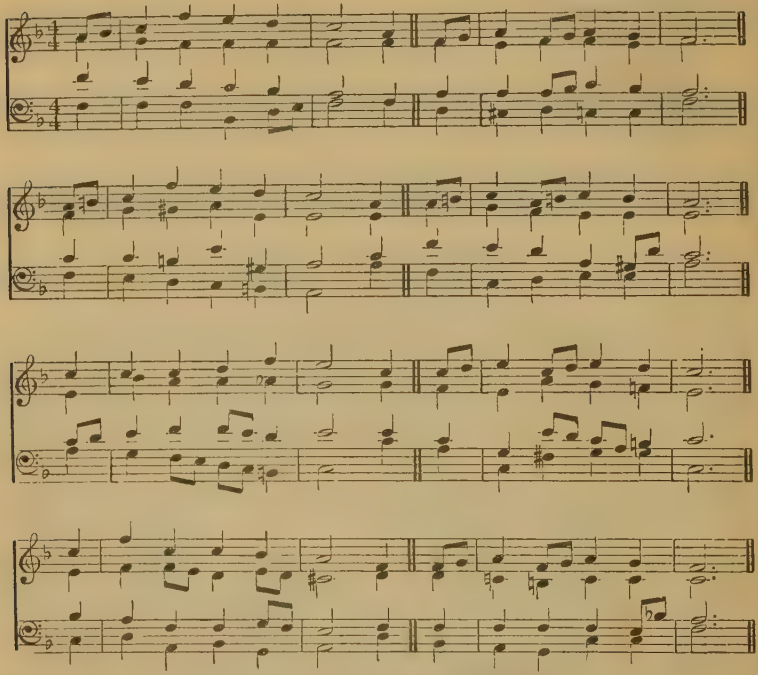
1 *mf* When, His salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
f The children all stood singing
Hosanna to His name.
Nor did their zeal offend Him,
But, as He rode along,
He let them still attend Him,
Well pleased to hear their song.

2 *mf* And since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still,
Though now as King He reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill,
p We'll prostrate fall before Him,
Who sits upon the throne,
f And joyfully adore Him,
David's triumphant Son.

3 For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their hosannas raise.
Nor will we only render
The tribute of our words,
p But while our hearts are tender,
cr. They, too, shall be the Lord's.

Hymn 152 3rd Tune. (244.) Tours. 7.6.7.6.D.

BERTHOLD TOURS.



Hosanna in the highest!—Matthew xxi. 9.

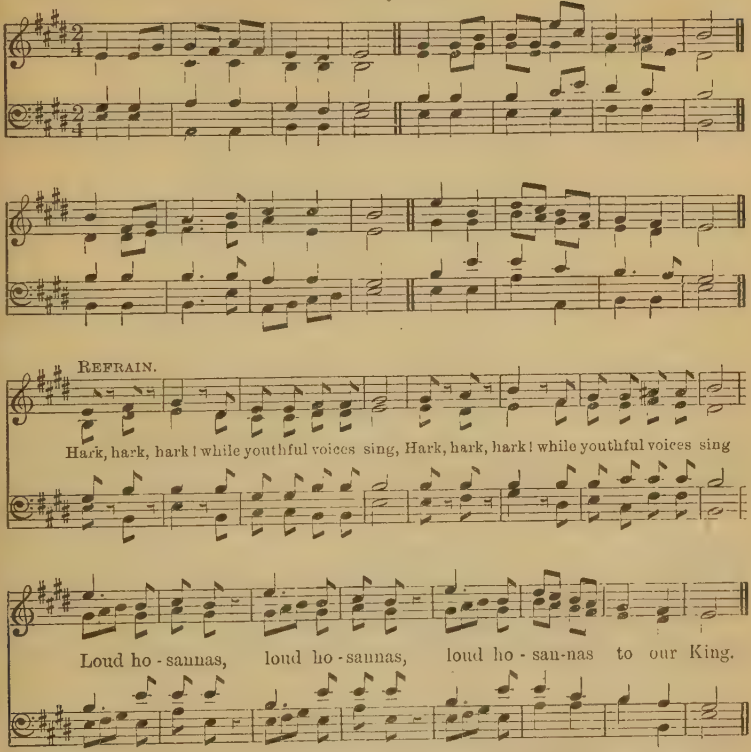
1 *mf* WHEN, His salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to His name.
Nor did their zeal offend Him,
But, as He rode along,
He let them still attend Him,
Well pleased to hear their song.

2 *mf* And since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still,
Though now as King He reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill,
p We'll prostrate fall before Him,
Who sits upon the throne
f And joyfully adore Him,
David's triumphant Son.

3 For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their hosannas raise.
Nor will we only render
The tribute of our words,
p But while our hearts are tender,
cr. They, too, shall be the Lord's,

Hymn 153 (Tune 335.) Infant Praise. 7.7.7.7.7.7.

With Refrain.


REFRAIN.
Hark, hark, hark! while youthful voices sing, Hark, hark, hark! while youthful voices sing
Loud ho - sannas, loud ho - sannas, loud ho - san-nas to our King.

Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast Thou ordained strength.—Psalm viii. 2.

1 *mf* CHILDREN of Jerusalem
Sang the praise of Jesus' name;
Children, too, of later days
Join to sing the Saviour's praise.
Hark! &c.

2 We have often heard and read
What the Royal Psalmist said,
p Babes and sucklings' artless lays
Shall proclaim the Saviour's praise.
ff Hark! &c.

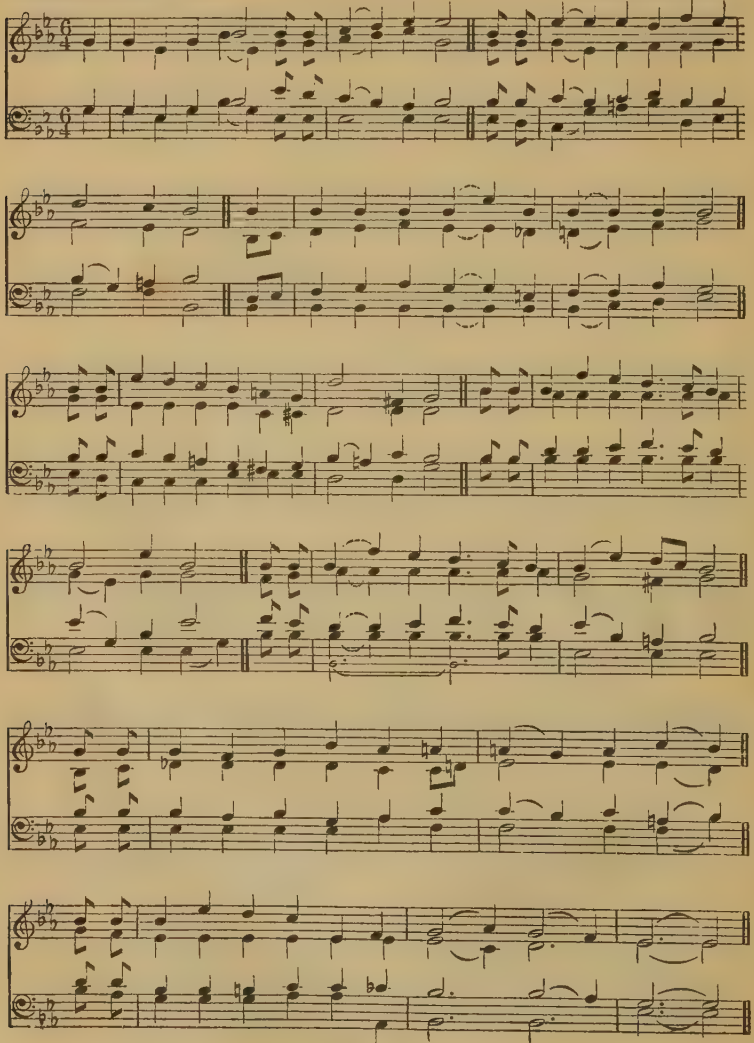
3 *mf* We are taught to love the Lord;
We are taught to read His word;
We are taught the way to heaven:
Praise for all to God be given.
ff Hark! &c.

4 *f* Parents, teachers, old and young,
All unite to swell the song:
Higher and yet higher rise,
Till hosannas reach the skies.
ff Hark! &c.

Hymn 154 (Tune 515.) Hosanna we sing.

By permission from *H. A. & M.*

11.11.11.11. D. Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.



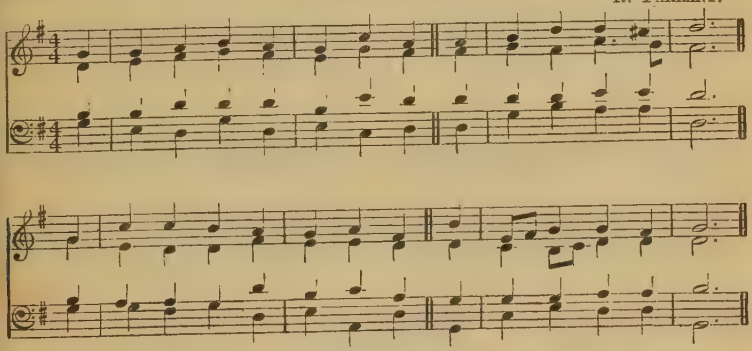
O give thanks unto the LORD, *for He is good.*—Psalm cxviii. 1.

1 *f* HOSANNA we sing, like the children dear,
In the olden days when the Lord lived here
p He blessed little children, and smiled on them,
cr. While they chanted His praise in Jerusalem.
f Alleluia we sing, like the children bright,
dim. With their harps of gold and their raiment white,
cr. As they follow their Shepherd with loving eyes
f Through the beautiful valleys of paradise.

2 Hosanna we sing, for He bends His ear,
And rejoices the hymns of His own to hear;
We know that His heart will never wax cold
p To the lambs that He feeds in His earthly fold.
f Alleluia we sing in the Church we love,
Alleluia resounds in the Church above;
To Thy little ones, Lord, may such grace be given,
That we lose not our part in the song of heaven.

Hymn 155 (Tune 25.) Farrant. C.M.

R. FARRANT.



And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man.—Luke ii. 52.

1 *mf* WHEN Jesus left the throne of God,
He chose a humble birth;
A man of grief, like us He trod
A lowly path on earth.

2 Like Him, may we be found below
In wisdom's paths of peace;
cr. Like Him, in grace and knowledge grow
As years and strength increase.

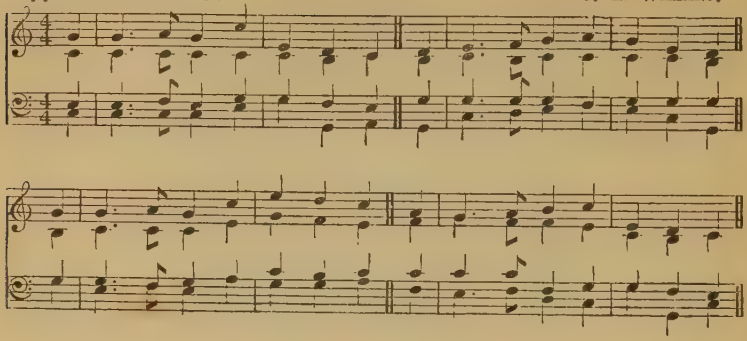
3 *f* When Jesus into Salem rode,
The children sang around, [strewed
For joy they plucked the palms and
Their garments on the ground.

4 *f* Hosanna! our glad voices raise,
Hosanna to our King!
Could we forget our Saviour's praise,
The stones themselves would sing.

5 *mf* For we have learned to love His name,
That name, divinely sweet,
May every pulse through life proclaim,
And our last breath repeat.

Hymn 156 (Tune 69.) Alstone. L.M.

By permission from *H. A. & M.* C. E. Willing.



The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life, etc.—Matthew xx. 28.

1 *mf* Jesus, who lived above the sky,
Came down to be a man and die:
And in the Bible we may see
How very good He used to be.

2 He went about—He was so kind—
To cure poor people who were blind;
And many who were sick and lame,
He pitied them and did the same.

3 And more than that, He told them, too,
The things that God would have them do;
p And was so gentle and so mild,
He would have listened to a child.

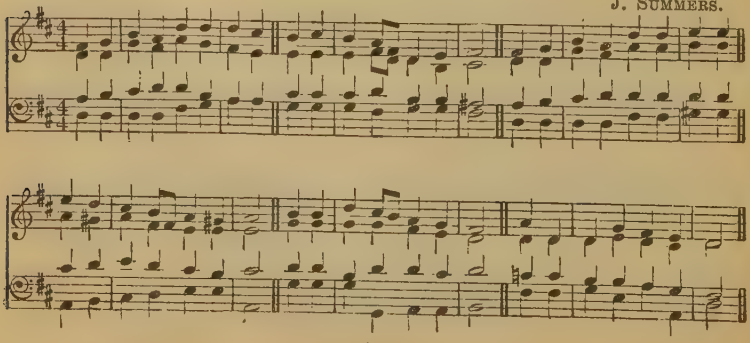
4 *p* But such a cruel death He died:
By wicked men was crucified! [good,
And those kind hands that did such
pp They nailed them to a cross of wood!

5 *p* And so He died: and this is why
He came to be a man and die;
cr. The Bible says He came from heaven,
That we might have our sins forgiven.

6 *mf* He knew how wicked men had been,
He knew that God must punish sin;
So out of pity Jesus said
He'd bear the punishment instead.

Hymn 157 (Tune 408.) Evensong. 8.7. 8.7. 7.7.

J. Summers.



Jesus wept.—John xi. 35.

1 *mf* Jesus wept! Those tears are over,
But His heart is still the same:
Kinsman, Friend, and elder Brother,
Is His everlasting name.
Saviour, who can love like Thee,
Gracious One of Bethany!

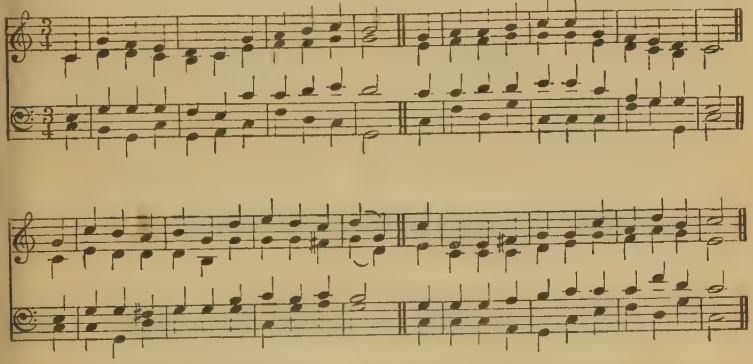
2 *p* When the pangs of trial seize us,
When the waves of sorrow roll,
cr. We will cast our griefs on Jesus,
Helper of the troubled soul.
Surely none can mourn like Thee,
Weeping One of Bethany.

3 *mf* Jesus wept! And now, in glory,
He still marks each mourner's tear;
Loving to retrace the story
Of the hearts He strengthened here.
Jesus! while Thou callest me,
Let me think of Bethany.

4 Jesus wept! That tear of sorrow
Is a legacy of love;
Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow
He the same doth ever prove.
cr. Thou art all in all to me,
Loving One of Bethany.

Hymn 158 (Tune 513.) Oldenburg. 11.11.11.11.

THOMAS SELLE.



Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example.—1 Peter ii. 21.

1 *mf* How kind is the Saviour! how great is His love!
To bless little children He came from above;
He left holy angels and their bright abode,
To live here with children, and teach them the road.

2 *p* He wept in the garden, and died on the tree,
To open a fountain for sinners like me;
His blood is that fountain, which pardon bestows,
cr. And cleanses the foulest wherever it flows.

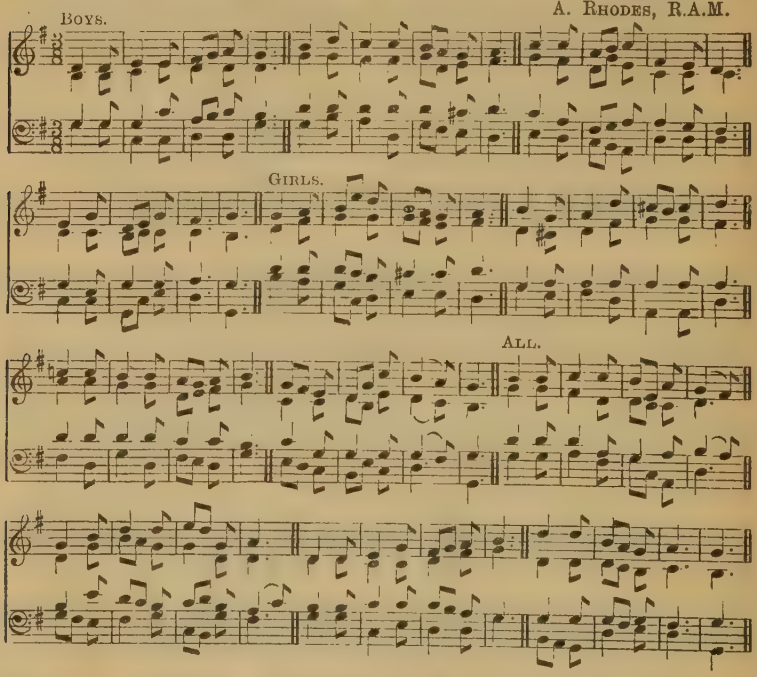
3 He went back to glory, but left us His word,
Which oft from our teachers and pastors we've heard·
cr. He sends forth His Spirit our hearts to inflame
f With joy in His service and love to His name.

4 O, help us, blest Jesus, more sweetly to praise,
And walk in Thy footsteps the rest of our days;
cr. Then raise us, dear Saviour, to taste of Thy love,
f And praise Thee for ever with children above.

Hear us, Holy Jesu. 7.7.7.6.

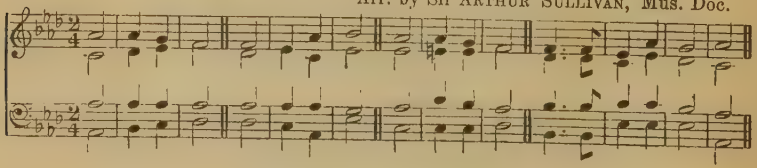
Hymn 159 (Tune 285.) Antiphonic. May also be used as three separate tunes.

A. RHODES, R.A.M.



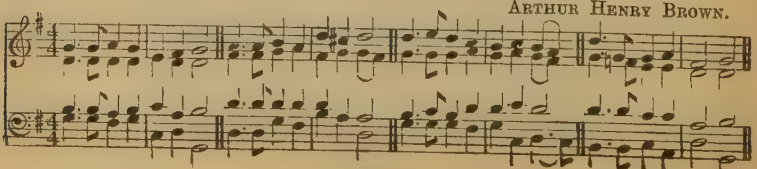
2nd Tune. (Tune 286.) **Hear us, Holy Spirit.** 7.7.7.6.

ARR. by Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN, MUS. DOC.

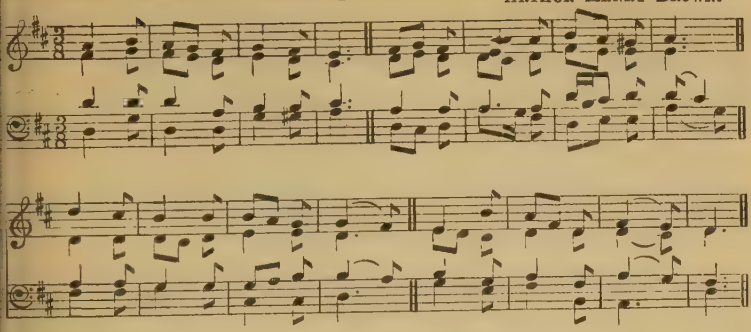


3rd Tune. (Tune 287.) **Holy Childhood.** 7.7.7.6.

ARTHUR HENRY BROWN.



Itl. Tune. (Tune 288.) **Unity.** 7.7.7.6. ARTHUR HENRY BROWN.



Hear me when I call, O God of my righteousness.—Psalm iv. 1.

1 *mf* JESUS, from Thy throne on high,
Far above the bright blue sky,
Look on us with loving eye:
p Hear us, holy Jesus.

2 Little children need not fear
When they know that Thou art near;
Thou dost love us, Saviour dear:
p Hear us, holy Jesus.

3 *p* Little lambs may come to Thee,
Thou wilt fold us tenderly,
And our careful Shepherd be:
p Hear us, holy Jesus.

4 Little hearts may love Thee well,
Little lips Thy love may tell,
cr. Little hymns Thy praises swell:
p Hear us, holy Jesus.

5 Little lives may be divine,
Little deeds of love may shine,
Little ones be wholly Thine:
p Hear us, holy Jesus.

SECOND PART.

6 *mf* Jesus, once an infant small,
Cradled in the oxen's stall,
Though the God and Lord of all:
p Hear us, holy Jesus.

7 Once a child so good and fair,
Feeling want and toil and care,
All that we may have to bear:
p Hear us, holy Jesus.

8 *cr.* Jesus, Thou dost love us still,
And it is Thy holy will
That we should be safe from ill:
p Hear us, holy Jesus.

9 Be Thou with us every day,
In our work and in our play,
When we learn and when we pray:
p Hear us, holy Jesus.

10 *p* When we lie asleep at night,
Ever may Thy angels bright
Keep us safe till morning light:
p Hear us, holy Jesus.

11 *f* Make us brave without a fear,
Make us happy, full of cheer,
Sure that Thou art always near:
p Hear us, holy Jesus.

THIRD PART.

12 *f* May we prize our Christian name,
May we guard it free from blame,
dim. Fearing all that causes shame:
p Hear us, holy Jesus.

13 May we grow from day to day,
Glad to learn each holy way,
Ever ready to obey:
p Hear us, holy Jesus.

14 May we ever try to be
From all sinful tempers free,
Pure and gentle, Lord, like Thee
p Hear us, holy Jesus.

15 May our thoughts be undefiled,
May our words be true and mild,
Make us each a holy child:
p Hear us, holy Jesus.

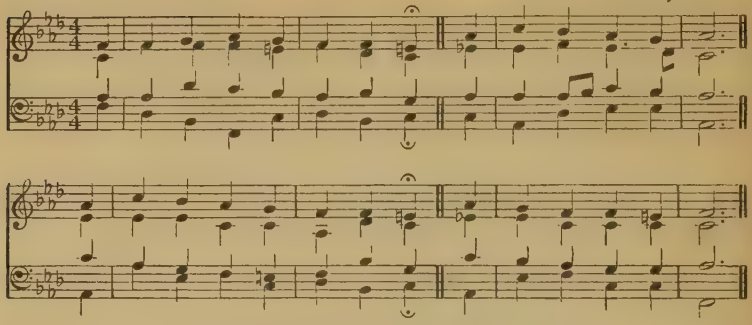
16 *p* Jesus, Son of God most high,
Who didst in a manger lie,
pp Who upon the cross didst die:
pp Hear us, holy Jesus.

17 *mf* Jesus, from Thy heavenly throne
Watching o'er each little one,
Till our life on earth is done
p Hear us, holy Jesus.

18 *cr.* Jesus, whom we hope to see
Calling us in heaven to be
f Happy evermore with Thee
f Hear us, holy Jesus.

Hymn 160 (Tune 49.) Windsor. C.M.

ESTE'S *Psalter*, 1592.



Behold the Lamb of God!—John i. 36.

1 *p* BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nailed to the shameful tree!
How vast the love that Him inclined
To bleed and die for thee!

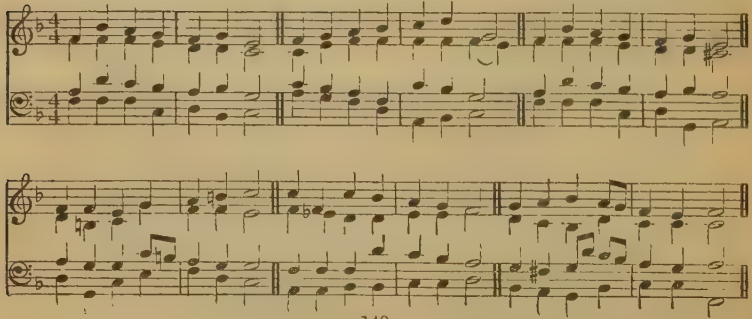
2 Hark, how He groans! while nature shakes
And earth's strong pillars bend;
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid,
'Receive My soul,' He cries!
See where He bows His sacred head!
pp He bows His head, and dies!

4 *cr.* But soon He'll break death's envious chain,
f And in full glory shine:
p O Lamb of God! was ever pain,
Was ever love, like Thine?

Hymn 161 (Tune 317.) Bekesbourne. 7.7.7.7.7.7.

ROBERT JACKSON.



Ye who . . . were afar off are made nigh by the blood of Christ.—Ephesians ii. 13.

1 *mf* Lo! at noon 'tis sudden night;
Darkness covers all the sky:
Rocks are rending at the sight!
Children, can you tell me why?
What can all these wonders be?—
p Jesus dies on Calvary!

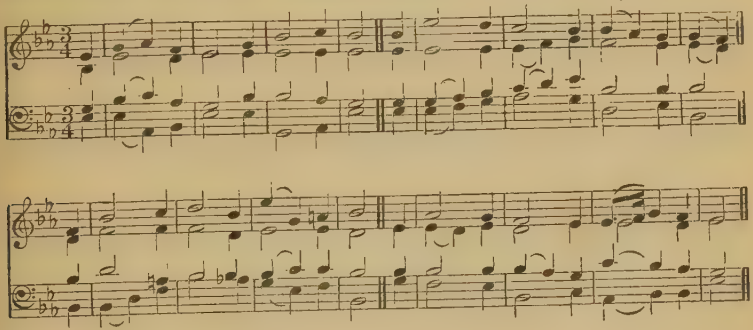
2 *mf* Nailed upon the cross, behold
How His tender limbs are torn;
For a royal crown of gold
They have made Him one of thorn!
Cruel hands that dare to bind
Thorns upon a brow so kind!

3 *p* See, the blood is falling fast
From His forehead and His side!
Hark! He now has breathed His last:
cr. With a mighty cry He died!
Children, shall I tell you why
Jesus condescends to die?

4 *p* You were wretched, weak, and vile,
You deserved His holy frown;
cr. But He saw you with a smile,
And to save you hastened down.
Listen, children: this is why
Jesus condescends to die.

Hymn 162 (Tune 83.) Rockingham. L.M.

Ed. Miller, Mus. Doc.



But God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.—Galatians vi. 14.

1 *mf* When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

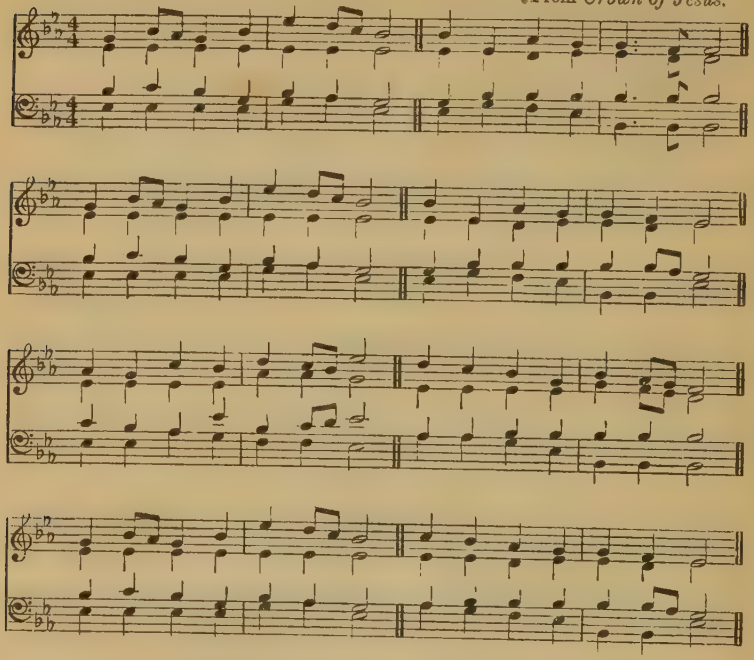
2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 *p* See, from His head, His hands, His feet
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
cr. Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 *mf* Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
f Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Hymn 163 (Tune 345.) Tichfield. 7.7.7.7. D.

From *Crown of Jesus.*



Truly this was the Son of God.—Matthew xxvii. 54.

1 *mf* BOUND upon the accursèd tree,
Faint and bleeding, who is He?
By the eyes so pale and dim,
Streaming blood and writhing limb,
By the flesh with scourges torn,
By the crown of twisted thorn,
By the drooping, death-dewed brow:
Son of man, 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

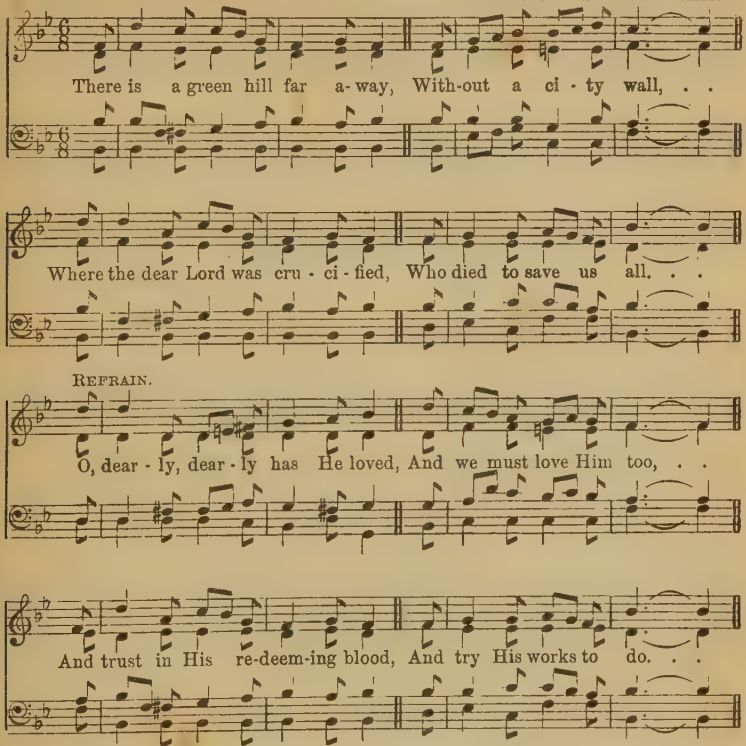
2 *p* Bound upon the accursèd tree,
Dread and awful, who is He?
By the sun at noonday pale,
Shivering rocks and rending veil.
By Eden promised, ere He died,
To the felon at His side:
Crucified, we know Thee now;
Son of God, 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

3 *p* Bound upon the accursèd tree,
Sad and dying, who is He?
By the spoiled and empty grave,
By the souls He died to save,
By the conquest He hath won,
By the saints before His throne,
By the rainbow round His brow:
pp Son of God, 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

There is a green hill. C.M. *With Refrain.*

Hymn 164 (Tune 57) with *v.* 5 as a Refrain.

RICHARD STORRS WILLIS


There is a green hill far a-way, With-out a ci-ty wall, . .
Where the dear Lord was cru-ci-fied, Who died to save us all. . .
REFRAIN.
O, dear-ly, dear-ly has He loved, And we must love Him too, . .
And trust in His re-deem-ing blood, And try His works to do. . .

His great love wherewith He loved us.—Ephesians ii. 4.

1 *mf* THERE is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
p Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

2 We may not know, we cannot tell
What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

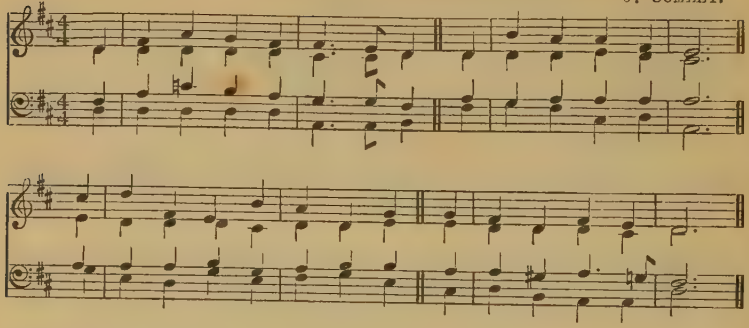
3 *mf* He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
cr. That we might go at last to heaven,
p Saved by His precious blood.

4 *mf* There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven and let us in.

5 O, dearly, dearly has He loved;
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.

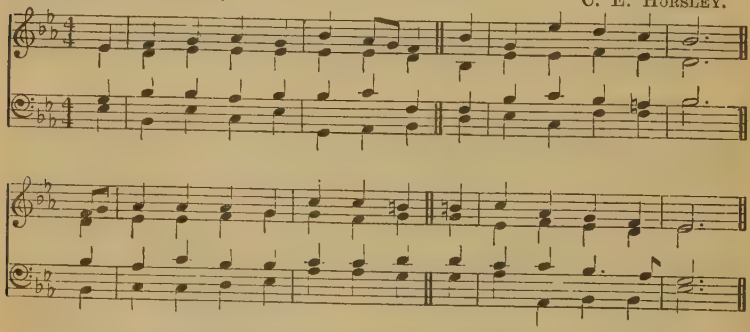
Hymn 164 *2nd Tune.* (27.) Green Hill. C.M.

J. Comley.



3rd Tune. (Tune 28.) **Thorsley.** C.M.

C. E. Horsley.



His great love wherewith He loved us.—Ephesians ii. 4.

1 *mf* There is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
p Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

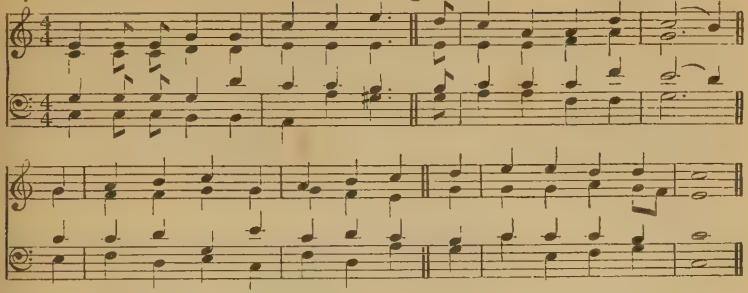
2 We may not know, we cannot tell
What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

3 *mf* He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
cr. That we might go at last to heaven,
p Saved by His precious blood.

4 *mf* There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven and let us in.

5 O, dearly, dearly has He loved;
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood
And try His works to do.

Hymn 165 (Tune 34.) Nativity. C.M. HENRY LAHEE.



Our Lord Jesus Christ, who died for us.—1 Thessalonians v. 9, 10.

1 *f* I LOVE to sing of that great Power
That made the earth and sea:
But better still I love the song
mf Of 'Jesus died for me.'

2 *mf* I love to sing of shrub and flower,
Of field and plant and tree;
My sweetest note for ever is,
That 'Jesus died for me.'

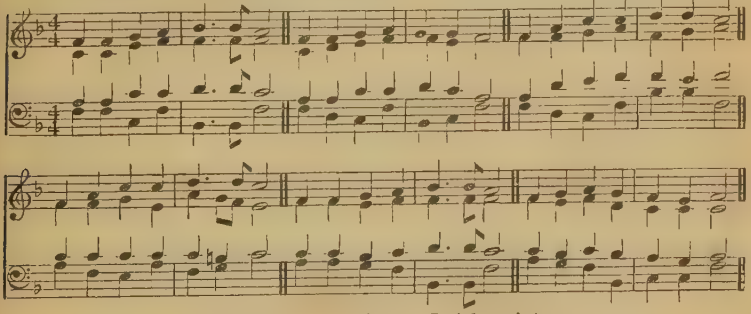
3 I love to think of angels' songs,
From sin and sorrow free;
But angels cannot strike their notes
To 'Jesus died for me.'

4 I love to speak of God, of heaven,
And all its purity;
God is my Father, heaven my home,
For 'Jesus died for me.'

5 And when I reach that happy place,
From all temptation free,
f I'll tune my ever rapturous notes
With 'Jesus died for me.'

6 There shall I, at His sacred feet,
Adoring, bow the knee,
f And swell the everlasting song,
With 'Jesus died for me.'

Hymn 166 (Tune 332.) Redhead (76). 7.7.7.7.7.7. R. REDHEAD.



Christ, the Rock of ages.—Isaiah xxvi. 4.

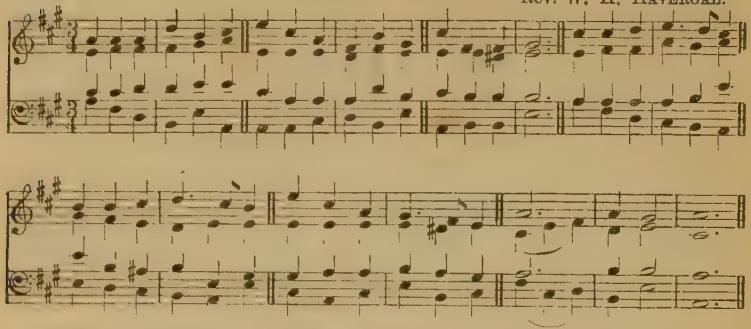
1 *mf* ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears for ever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save and Thou alone
p In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 *mf* While I draw this fleeting breath,
p When my eyes shall close in death,
cr. When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
f Rock of ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Hymn 167 (Tune 170.) Oreb. 6.6.4. 6.6.6.4.

Rev. W. H. Havergal.



Worthy is the Lamb that was slain!—Revelation v. 12.

1 *f* Glory to God on high!
Let earth to heaven reply;
Praise ye His name:
p His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore,
f And praise Him evermore;
Worthy the Lamb!

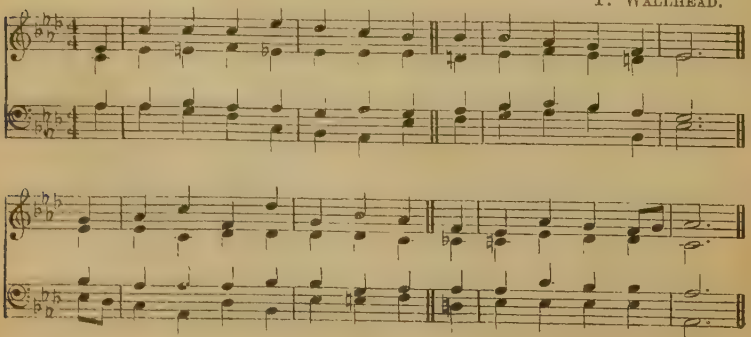
2 *mf* Jesus, our Lord and God,
Bore sin's tremendous load;
Praise ye His name:
Tell what His arm hath done,
What spoils from death He won;
Sing His great name alone;
Worthy the Lamb!

3 *f* Join, all the ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless;
Praise ye His name:
In Him we will rejoice,
Making a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
Worthy the Lamb!

4 *f* Now let the hosts above,
In realms of endless love,
Praise His great name:
To Him ascribed be
Honour and majesty,
Through all eternity:
Worthy the Lamb!

Hymn 168 (Tune 35.) Nazareth. C.M.

T. Wallhead.



And I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne.—Revelation v. 11.

1 *f* COME let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

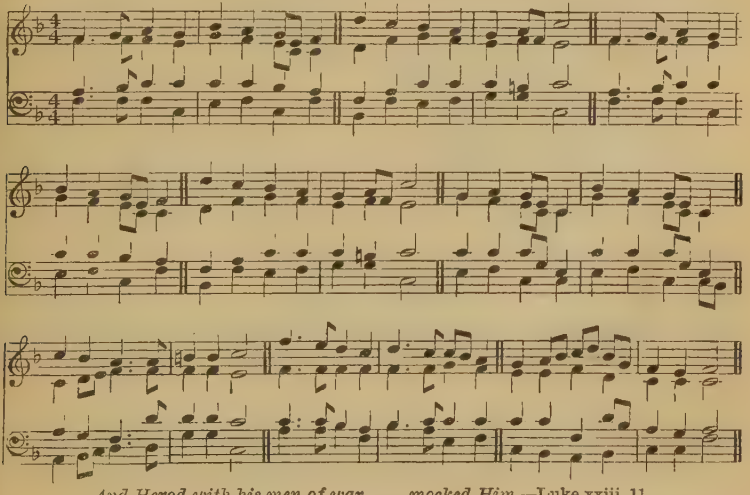
2 *mf* 'Worthy the Lamb that died,' they cry,
'To be exalted thus!'
'Worthy the Lamb!' our hearts reply,
p 'For He was slain for us.'

3 *mf* Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
cr. And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever Thine!

4 *f* The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

Hymn 169 (Tune 421.) Austria. 8.7.8.7. D.

F. J. HAYDN.



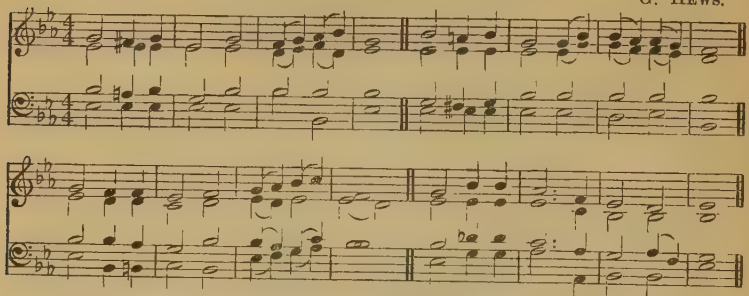
And Herod with his men of war . . . mocked Him.—Luke xxiii. 11.

1 *f* HAIL, Thou once despisèd Jesus!
Hail, Thou Galilean King!
p Thou didst suffer to release us;
cr. Thou didst free salvation bring.
p Hail, Thou agonising Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame!
f By Thy merits we find favour;
Life is given through Thy name.

2 *p* Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on Thee were laid;
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made:
cr. All Thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of Thy blood;
f Opened is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

Hymn 170 (Tune 78.) Holley. L.M.

G. HEWS.



For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son.—John iii. 16.

1 *mf* IT is a thing most wonderful,
Almost too wonderful to be [heaven
That God's own Son should come from
p And die to save a child like me.

2 *mf* And yet I know that it is true:
He came to this poor world below,
And wept, and toiled, and mourned, and
Only because He loved us so. [died,

3 I cannot tell how He could love
A child so weak and full of sin;
His love must be most wonderful,
If He could die my love to win.

4 *p* I sometimes think about the cross,
And shut my eyes, and try to see
The cruel nails, and crown of thorns,
And Jesus crucified for me;

5 *mf* But even could I see Him die,
I could but see a little part,
Of that great love, which, like a fire,
Is always burning in His heart.

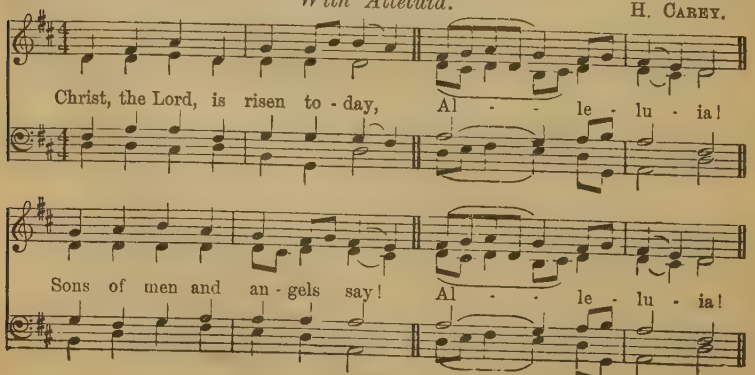
6 It is most wonderful to know
His love for me so free and sure:
But 'tis more wonderful to see
My love for Him so faint and poor.

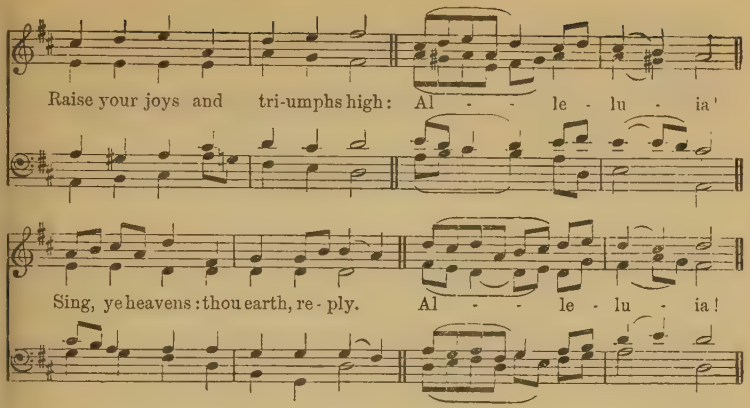
7 And yet I want to love Thee, Lord:
O, light the flame within my heart,
cr. And I will love Thee more and more,
f Until I see Thee as Thou art.

Hymn 171 (Tune 312.) Easter Hymn. 7.7.7.7.

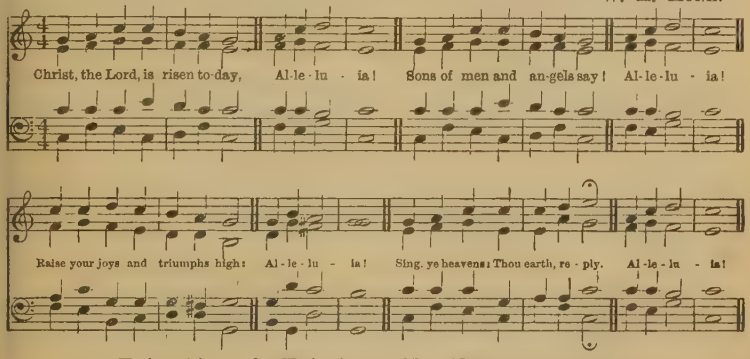
With Alleluia.

H. CAREY.





2*nd Tune.* (Tune 314). **St. Chad's.** 7.7.7.7. *With Alleluia.*
W. H. MONK.


Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day, Al-le-lu - ia! Sons of men and an-gels say! Al-le-lu - ia!
Raise your joys and triumphs high: Al-le-lu - ia! Sing, ye heavens: Thou earth, re-ply. Al-le-lu - ia!

He is not here: for He is risen, as He said.—Matthew xxviii. 6.

1 *f* 'CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,'
Sons of men and angels say!
Raise your joys and triumphs high:
Sing, ye heavens: thou earth, reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done;
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more!

3 *mf* Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids His rise,
Christ hath opened paradise.

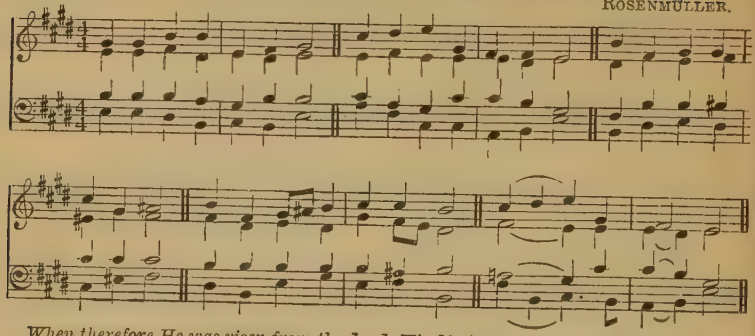
4 *f* Lives again our glorious King!
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
mf Once He died our souls to save;
f Where's thy victory, boasting grave

5 *f* Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head:
Made like Him, like Him we rise,
mf Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

6 *f* King of glory! Soul of bliss!
Everlasting life is this,
Thee to know Thy power to prove,
Thus to sing, and thus to love.

Hymn 172 (Tune 315.) Wirtemburg. 7.7.7.7. 4.

ROSENMÜLLER.



When therefore He was risen from the dead, His disciples remembered.—John ii. 22.

1 CHRIST the Lord is risen again!
Christ hath broken every chain;
Hark! angelic voices cry,
Singing evermore on high, Alleluia!

2 *mf* He who gave for us His life,
Who for us endured the strife,
Is our paschal Lamb to-day;
f Now we sing our joyous lay, Alleluia!

3 *mf* He who bore all pain and loss,
Comfortless upon the cross,
f Lives in glory now on high, [luia!
Pleads for us, and hears our cry: Alle-

4 *mf* He who slumbered in the grave
f Is exalted now to save;
ff Now through all the world it rings,
He, the Lamb, is King of kings! Alleluia!

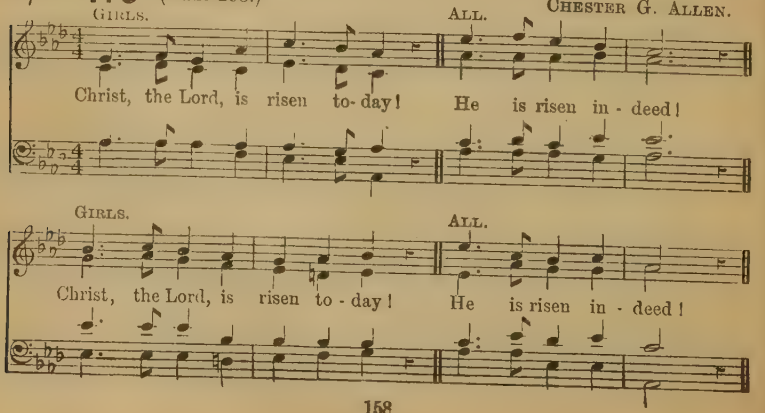
5 *mf* Now He bids us tell abroad
How the lost may be restored,
How the penitent forgiven, [Alleluia!
cr. How we, too, may enter heaven: (*f*)

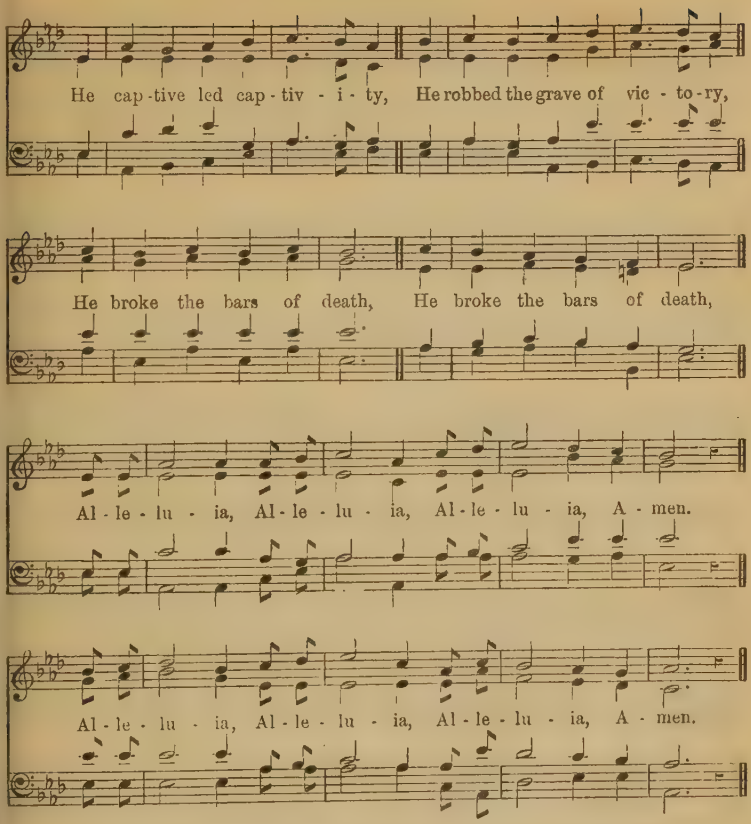
6 *mf* Thou, our paschal Lamb indeed,
Christ, Thy ransomed people feed:
Take our sins and guilt away, [Alleluia!
Thee we sing by night and day, (*ff*)

Easter Anthem. 7.5.8.8.6.6. *With Alleluia.*

Hymn 173 (Tune 208.)

GIRLS. ALL. CHESTER G. ALLEN.




He cap-tive led cap-tiv - i - ty, He robbed the grave of vic - to-ry,
He broke the bars of death, He broke the bars of death,
Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, A - men.
Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, A - men.

The LORD *is risen indeed, and hath appeared to Simon.*—Luke xxiv. 34.

1 *f* CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day!
He is risen indeed!
He captive led captivity,
He robbed the grave of victory,
He broke the bars of death.
Alleluia! Amen.

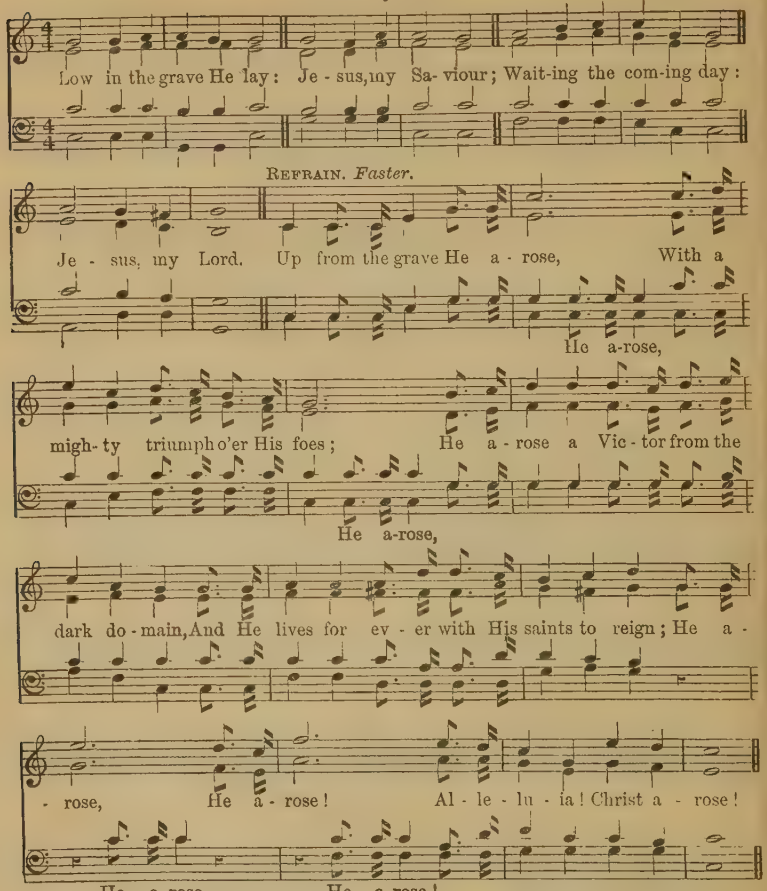
2 *mf* Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day!
He is risen indeed!
cr. Let every mourning soul rejoice,
All sing with one united voice;
f The Saviour rose to-day.
Alleluia! Amen.

3 *f* Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day!
He is risen indeed!
The great and glorious work is done.
mf Free grace to all through Christ, the Son;
f Hosanna to His name!
Alleluia! Amen.

4 *f* Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day!
He is risen indeed!
Let all that fill the earth and sea
Break forth in tuneful melody
ff And swell the mighty song.
Alleluia! Amen.

Hymn 174 (Tune 127.) Christ Arose. 6.5.6.4.

With Refrain. Rev. R. Lowry.


Low in the grave He lay: Je - sus, my Sa- viour; Wait-ing the com-ing day:
Refrain. Faster.
Je - sus, my Lord. Up from the grave He a - rose, With a
He a-rose,
migh-ty triumph o'er His foes; He a - rose a Vic - tor from the
He a-rose,
dark do - main, And He lives for ev - er with His saints to reign; He a -
- rose, He a - rose! Al - le - lu - ia! Christ a - rose!
He a-rose, He a-rose!

Why seek ye the living among the dead?—Luke xxiv. 5.

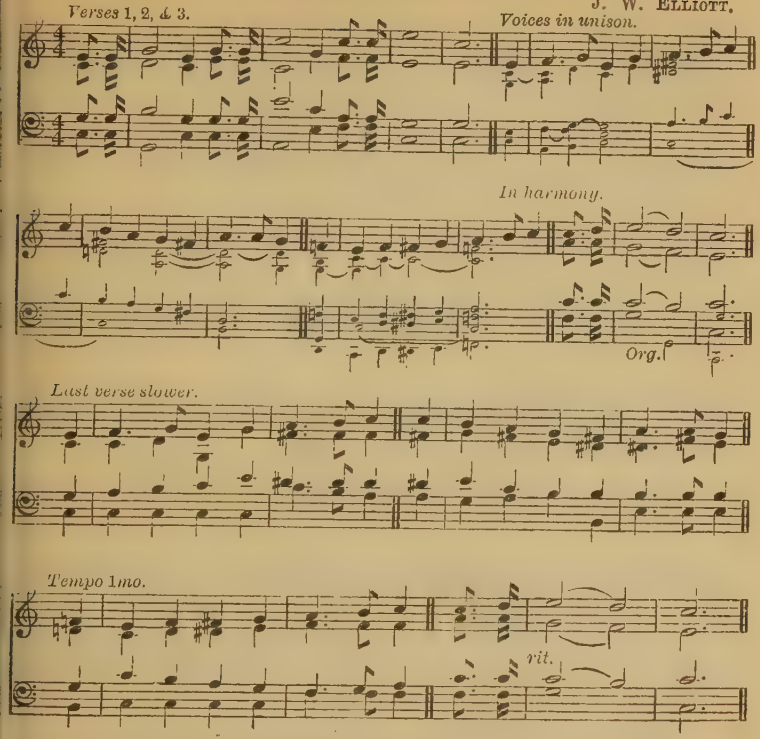
1 *p* Low in the grave He lay:
Jesus, my Saviour;
Waiting the coming day:
Jesus, my Lord.
cr. Up from the grave He arose, [foes;
With a mighty triumph o'er His
f He arose a Victor from the dark
domain, [saints to reign;
And He lives for ever with His
ff He arose, He arose!
Alleluia! Christ arose!

2 *mf* Vainly they watch His bed;
Jesus, my Saviour;
Vainly they seal the dead:
Jesus, my Lord.
f Up from the grave, &c.

3 *mf* Death cannot keep his prey:
Jesus, my Saviour:
cr. He tore the bars away:
Jesus, my Lord.
Up from the grave, &c.

Hymn 175 (Tune 450.) Christendom. 8.8.8. 4.

J. W. Elliott.



Whom God hath raised up, having loosed the pains of death, etc.—Acts ii. 24.

1 *f* Alleluia, (*cr.*) Alleluia, (*ff*) Alleluia!
f The strife is o'er, the battle done;
The victory of life is won;
The song of triumph has begun. Alleluia!

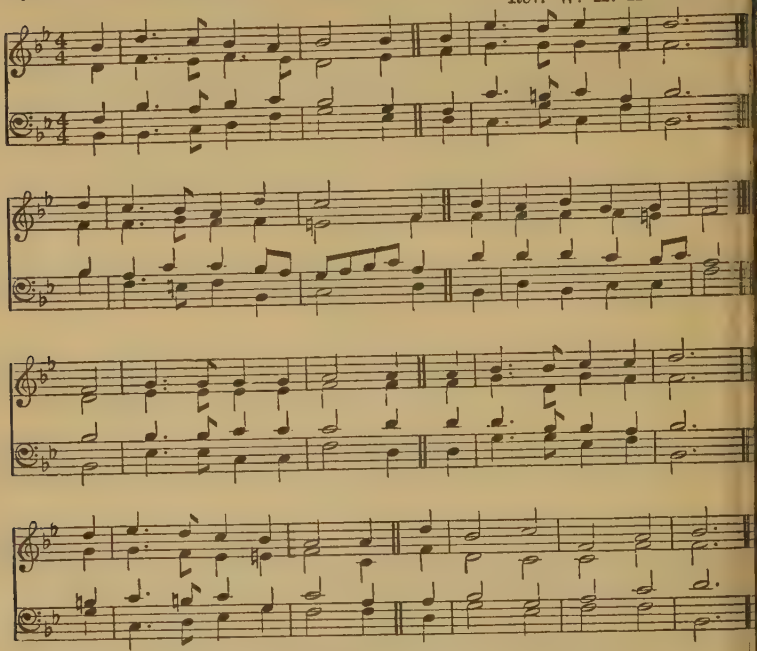
2 *f* Alleluia, (*cr.*) Alleluia, (*ff*) Alleluia!
The powers of death have done their worst
And Christ their legions hath dispersed:
ff Let shout of holy joy outburst. Alleluia!

3 *f* Alleluia, (*cr.*) Alleluia, (*ff*) Alleluia!
The three sad days have quickly sped,
He rises glorious from the dead;
All glory to our risen head! Alleluia!

4 *f* Alleluia, (*cr.*) Alleluia, (*ff*) Alleluia!
p Lord, by the stripes that wounded Thee,
From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
That we may live and sing to Thee.
ff Alleluia! G

Hymn 176 (Tune 246.) Zoan. 7.6.7.6. D.

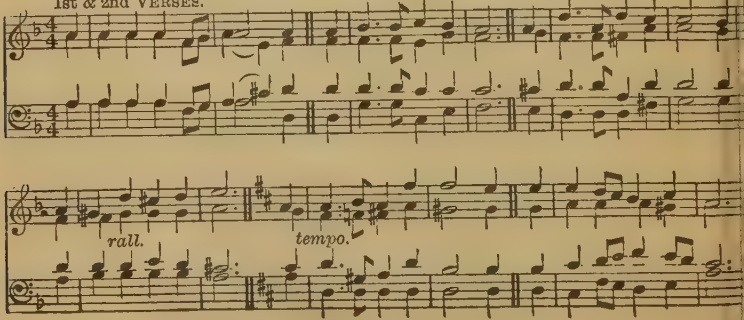
Rev. W. H. HAVERGAL.

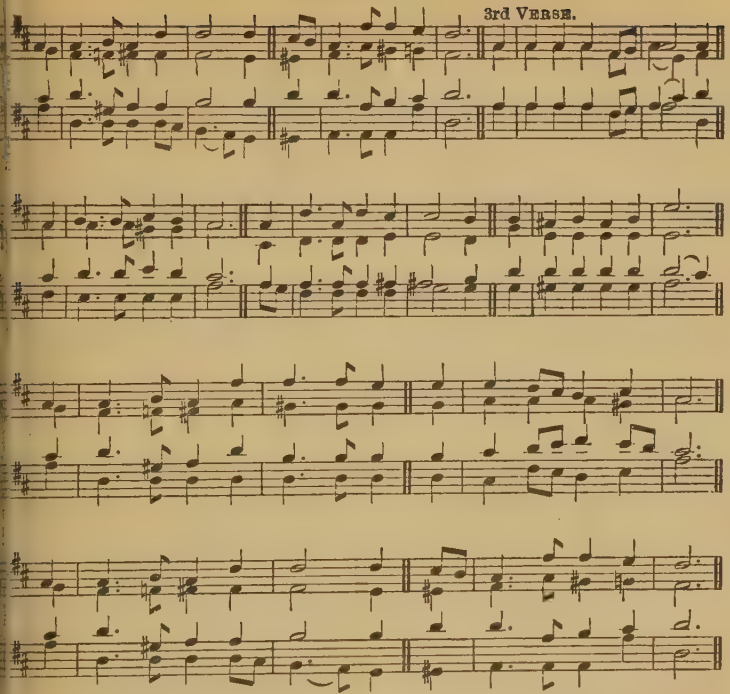


The Day of Resurrection. 7.6.7.6. D.—Special.

2nd Tune. (Tune 247.) Dr. A. H. MANN.

1st & 2nd VERSES.





Jesus met them, saying, All hail!—Matthew xxviii. 9.

f THE day of resurrection!
Earth, tell it out abroad;
The passover of gladness,
The passover of God!
From death to life eternal,
From earth unto the sky,
Our Christ has brought us over,
ff With hymns of victory.

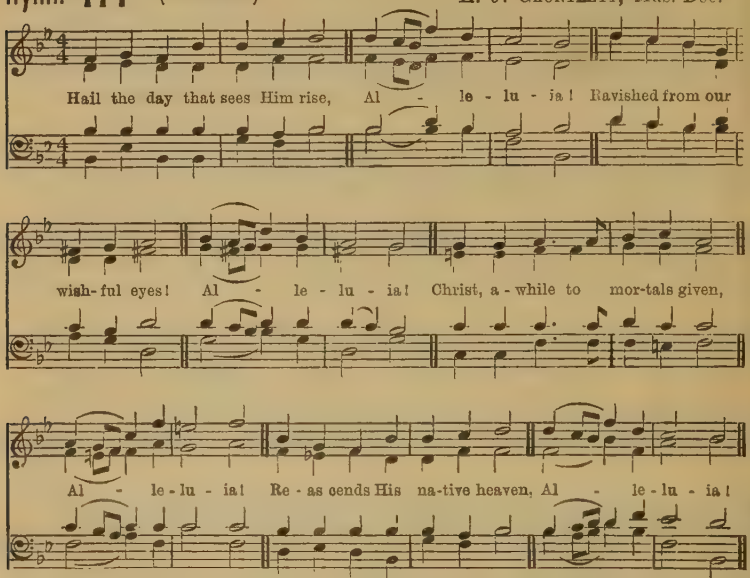
2 *mf* Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection light!
p And, listening to His accents
May hear so calm and plain
f His own 'All hail!' and hearing,
May raise the victor strain.

3 *f* Now let the heavens be joyful;
Let earth her song begin;
Let the round world keep triumph,
And all that is therein;
Invisible and visible.
Their notes let all things blend:
For Christ the Lord hath risen,
ff Our joy that hath no end.

Resurrection Hymn. 7.7.7.7. *With Allelvia.*

Hymn 177 (Tune 313.)

H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. Doc.


Hail the day that sees Him rise, Al - le - lu - ia! Ravished from our
wish-ful eyes! Al - le - lu - ia! Christ, a-while to mor-tals given,
Al - le-lu - ia! Re - as cends His na-tive heaven, Al - le-lu - ia!

While they beheld, He was taken up; and a cloud received Him.—Acts i. 9.

1 *f* Hail the day that sees Him rise,
Ravished from our wishful eyes!
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Re-ascends His native heaven.

2 *f* There the pompous triumph waits:
'Lift your heads, eternal gates;
ff Wide unfold the radiant scene;
Take the King of glory in!'

3 *f* Circled round with angel powers,
Their triumphant Lord, and ours,
Conqueror over death and sin;
'Take the King of glory in!'

4 *mf* Him though highest heaven receives,
Still He loves the earth He leaves;
Though returning to His throne,
Still He calls mankind His own.

5 See, He lifts His hands above!
p See, He shows the prints of love!
cr. Hark, His gracious lips bestow
f Blessings on His Church below!

6 *mf* Still for us His death He pleads;
Prevalent He intercedes;
cr. Near Himself prepares our place,
f Harbinger of human race.

SECOND PART.

7 *mf* Master, (will we ever say)
Taken from our head to-day;
See Thy faithful servants, see,
Ever gazing up to Thee.

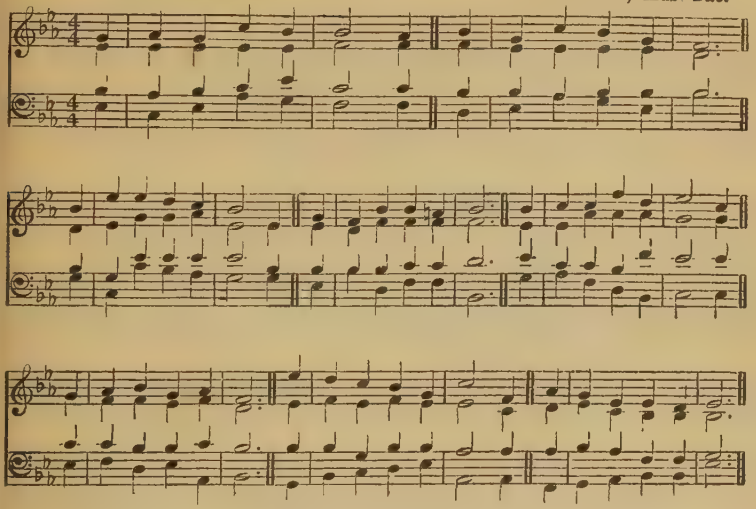
8 Grant, though parted from our sight,
High above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Following Thee beyond the skies.

9 *cr.* Ever upward let us move,
Wafted on the wings of love;
Looking when our Lord shall come,
p Longing, gasping after home.

10 *f* There we shall with Thee remain,
Partners of Thy endless reign;
There Thy face unclouded see,
ff Find our heaven of heavens in Thee.

Hymn 178 (Tune 219.) Aylward. 7.6.7.6. D.

T. E. Aylward, Mus. Bac.



I ascend unto My Father, and your Father.—John xx. 17.

1 *f* Our God to heaven ascendeth,
Let heaven and earth rejoice,
With victor anthems blendeth
ff The trumpet's pealing voice!
f Jesu, our hearts and voices
Uplift in praise shall be,
Thy holy Church rejoices
Now it is well with thee!

2 *f* See yonder, shining faintly,
The massy gates of light,
The city of the saintly
Is breaking on our sight:
cr. Lift, lift, each radiant portal;
Eternal doors, give way;
ff The glorious King immortal
In triumph comes to-day.

3 Hark, hark! the hosts victorious
Of angels make reply,
'Who is this King so glorious,
cr. Ascending through the sky?'
ff O shout the wondrous story
Through heaven's exulting coasts,
He is the King of glory
Who is the Lord of hosts!

SECOND PART.

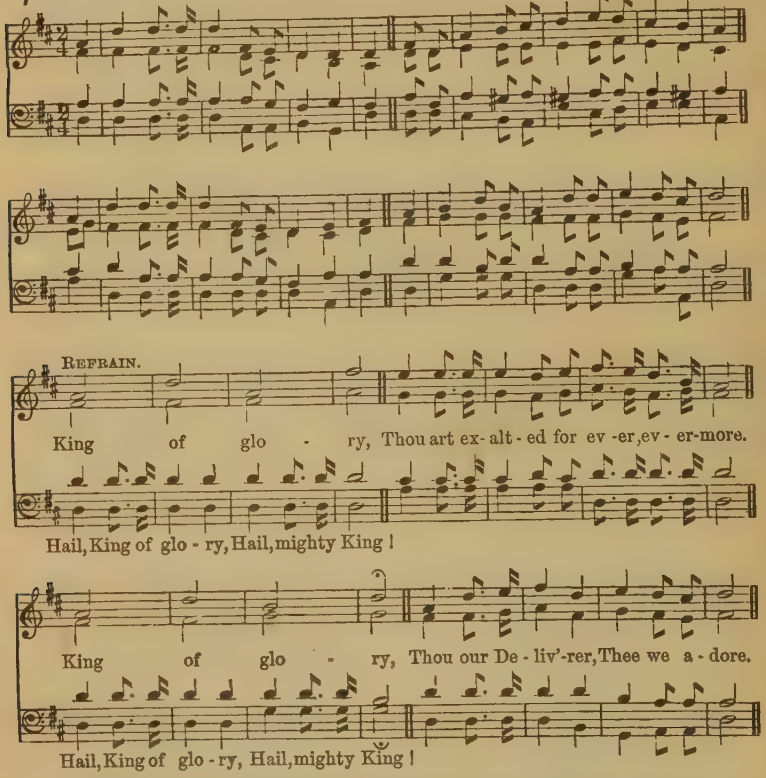
4 *f* Uplift, uplift, each portal;
Roll back, eternal gates;
For He the King immortal,
The King of glory waits!
He, Judah's mighty Lion,
dim. Both death and hell His prey,
ff In triumph comes to Sion,
In joy returns to-day.

5 *p* Angels fall low before Him,
Our own Redeemer King;
cr. Archangels all adore Him
f And alleluias sing!
mf Each throne, each domination,
Each princedom bends the knee
The God of our salvation
In human form to see.

6 *mf* O Saviour, interceding
Before the throne above,
For sinners ever pleading
p Thy wounds of matchless love.
cr. We, with the Father bless Thee,
With Holy Ghost adore,
f And ever will confess Thee
True God for evermore.

King of Glory. 10.11.10.11. *With Refrain.*

Hymn 179 (Tune 496.) W. H. DOANE.


REFRAIN.
King of glo - ry, Thou art ex- alt - ed for ev -er, ev - er-more.
Hail, King of glo - ry, Hail, mighty King!
King of glo - ry, Thou our De - liv'-rer, Thee we a - dore.
Hail, King of glo - ry, Hail, mighty King!

Worthy . . . to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, etc.—Revelation v. 12.

1 *f* O PRAISE ye the Lord with a trumpet sound;
Let the anthem of joy through the earth resound;
p The veil of the temple is rent in twain,
f Through Christ our Redeemer who liveth again.
ff King of glory, &c.

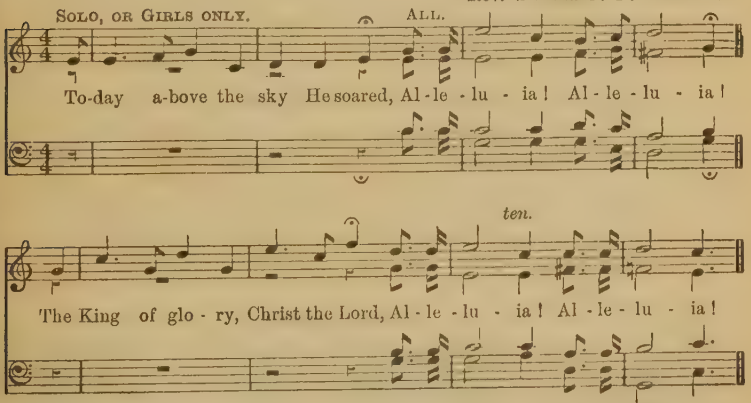
2 *f* O praise ye the Lord, for the work is done;
Now the battle is fought, and the victory won;
The legions of hell and the boasting grave
Are trophies of Him who is mighty to save.
ff King of glory, &c.

3 *f* O lift up your heads, all ye portals fair,
For the King everlasting to enter there ;
ff He comes with a shout to His throne on high,
And loud alleluias now burst from the sky.
ff King of glory, &c.

4 *f* All honour to Him, our exalted King !
Unto Him all the praise let His children sing ;
p His truth and His mercy shall be our light,
cr. A pillar to lead us by day and by night.
ff King of glory, &c.

Hymn 180 (Tune 356.) Rex Gloriæ. 8.4.8.4.

Rev. Sidney J. P. Dunman.


Solo, or Girls only.
All.
To-day a-bove the sky He soared, Al - le - lu - ia ! Al - le - lu - ia !
ten.
The King of glo - ry, Christ the Lord, Al - le - lu - ia ! Al - le - lu - ia !

Who is this King of glory ? The Lord *of hosts, He is the King of glory.* –Psalm xxiv. 10.

1 To-day above the sky He soared, Alleluia !
The King of glory, Christ the Lord. Alleluia !

2 He sitteth at the Father's hand, Alleluia !
And rules the sky and sea and land. Alleluia !

3 Now all things have their end foretold, Alleluia !
In holy David's song of old. Alleluia !

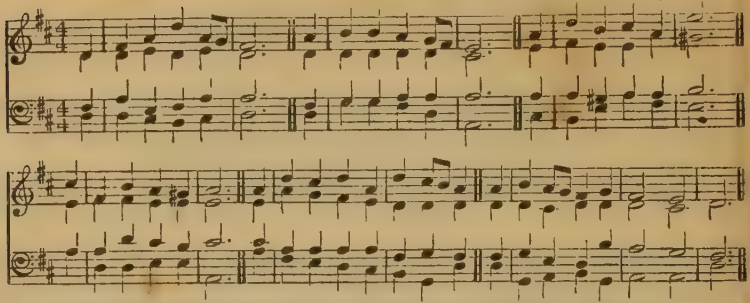
4 *mf* My Lord is seated with the Lord, (*f*) Alleluia !
mf Upon the throne of God adored. (*f*) Alleluia !

5 In this great triumph of our King, Alleluia !
To God on high all praise we bring. Alleluia.

6 To Him all thanks and praise give we. Alleluia !
The ever blessèd Trinity. Alleluia !

Hymn 181 (Tune 193.) Southampton. 6.6.6.6.8.8.

Dr. ARNOLD'S *Psalms*, 1791.



The LORD *said unto my Lord, Sit Thou at my right hand.*—Psalm cx. 1.

1 *f* GOD is gone up on high,
With a triumphant noise;
The clarions of the sky
Proclaim the angelic joys!
ff Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

2 *mf* God in the flesh below,
f For us He reigns above;
Let all the nations know
Our Jesu's conquering love!
Join, &c.

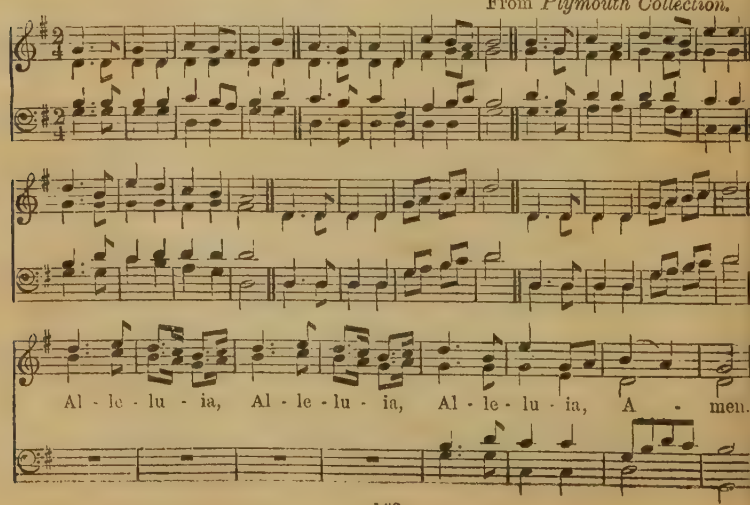
3 *f* All power to our great Lord
Is by the Father given;
By angel-hosts adored,
He reigns supreme in heaven:
Join, &c.

4 *mf* High on His holy seat
He bears the righteous sway;
dim. His foes beneath His feet
Shall sink and die away.
ff Join, &c.

5 *mf* Till all the earth, renewed
In righteousness divine,
f With all the hosts of God
In one great chorus join.
ff Join, &c.

Hymn 182 (Tune 415.) Jesus reigns. 8.7.8.7.7.7.6.

From *Plymouth Collection.*



Thy throne is established of old.—Psalm xciii. 2.

f HARK! ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the notes of praise above;
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;
Jesus reigns, the God of love.
See! He sits on yonder throne:
Jesus rules the world alone.
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Amen!

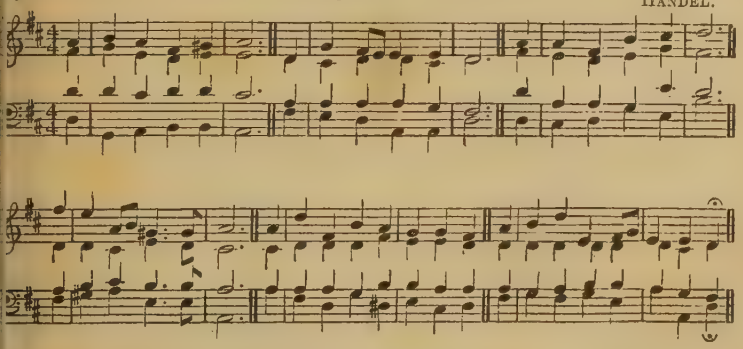
f Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens
All above, and gives it worth;
mf Lord of life, Thy smile enlightens,
Cheers and charms Thy saints on earth:
When we think of love like Thine,
cr. Lord, we own it love divine!
f Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Amen!

3 *f* King of glory, reign triumphant
On Thine everlasting throne!
Nothing from Thy love can sever
cr. Those who trust in Thee alone.
ff More than conquerors through Thy grace,
They with joy shall see Thy face.
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Amen!

4 *mf* Saviour, hasten Thine appearing;
Bring, O bring the glorious day,
dim. When, the awful summons hearing,
p Heaven and earth shall pass away:
f Then with golden harps we'll sing,
Glory to our God and King.
ff Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia Amen!

Hymn 183 (Tune 190.) Gopsal. 6.6.6.6.8.8.

HANDEL.



The LORD *reigneth.*—Psalm xciii. 1.

f REJOICE, the Lord is King!
Your Lord and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks, and sing,
And triumph evermore:
ff Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,
mf The God of truth and love;
p When He had purged our stains,
cr. He took His seat above:
f Lift up, &c.

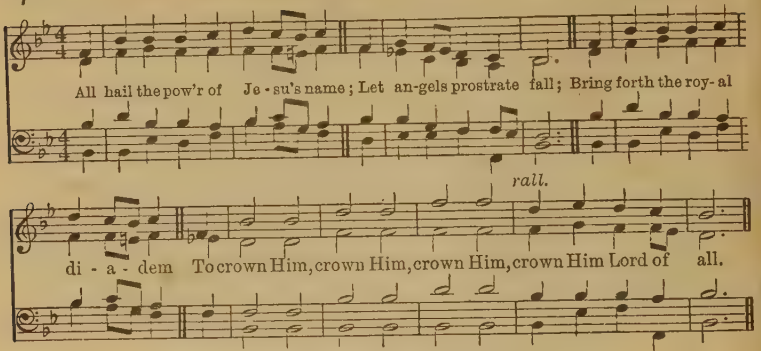
f His kingdom cannot fail;
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
cr. Are to our Jesus given:
Lift up, &c.

4 He sits at God's right hand
Till all His foes submit,
And bow to His command,
cr. And fall beneath His feet:
ff Lift up, &c.

5 *mf* He all His foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy,
cr. And every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy:
f Lift up, &c.

6 Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus the judge shall come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal home: [voice,
We soon shall hear the archangel's
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice!

Hymn 184 (Tune 33.) Miles' Lane. C.M. W. Shrubsole.


All hail the pow'r of Je - su's name; Let an-gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy- al
rall.
di - a - dem To crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him Lord of all.

On His head were many crowns.—Revelation xix. 12.

1 *f* ALL hail the power of Jesu's name;
dim. Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem
cr. To crown Him Lord of all.

2 *mf* Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,
Who launched this floating ball;
Now hail the Strength of Israel's might,
And crown Him Lord of all.

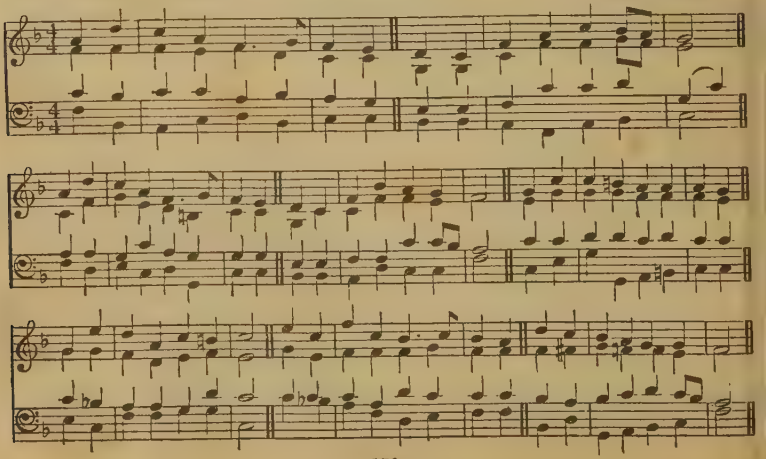
3 *p* Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from His altar call;
Of Jesse's stem extol the Rod,
cr. And crown Him Lord of all.

4 *mf* Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
cr. Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
f And crown Him Lord of all.

5 *f* Let every tribe and every tongue
Before Him prostrate fall,
ff And shout in universal song,
The crownèd Lord of all.

6 *p* O that with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall,
f Join in the everlasting song,
ff And crown Him Lord of all!

Hymn 185 (Tune 422.) Bethany. 8.7.8.7. D. Henry Smart.



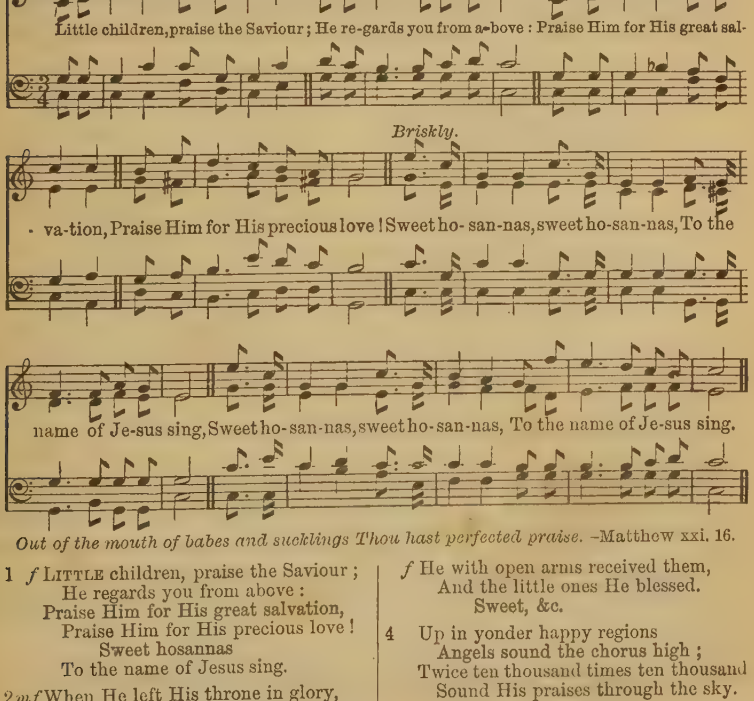
Thou art worthy, O LORD, *to receive glory and honour and power.*—Revelation iv 11

1 *f* JESUS, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide:
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side;
dim. There for sinners Thou art pleading,
There Thou dost our place prepare,
Ever for us interceding,
f Till in glory we appear.

2 *f* Worship, honour, power, and blessing
Thou art worthy to receive:
Loudest praises without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright, angelic spirits!
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits;
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

Little children, praise the Saviour.

Hymn 186 (Tune 399.) 8.7.8.7.4.7. W. BEST.


Little children, praise the Saviour; He re-gards you from a-bove: Praise Him for His great sal-
Briskly.
-va-tion, Praise Him for His precious love! Sweet ho-san-nas, sweet ho-san-nas, To the
name of Je-sus sing, Sweet ho-san-nas, sweet ho-san-nas, To the name of Je-sus sing.

Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise. –Matthew xxi. 16.

1 *f* LITTLE children, praise the Saviour;
He regards you from above:
Praise Him for His great salvation,
Praise Him for His precious love!
Sweet hosannas
To the name of Jesus sing.

2 *mf* When He left His throne in glory,
When He lived with mortals here,
Little children sang His praises,
And it pleased His gracious ear.
f Sweet, &c.

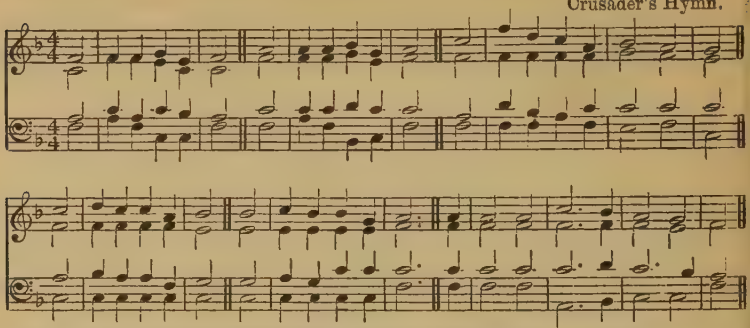
3 *mf* When the anxious mothers round Him,
With their tender infants, pressed,
f He with open arms received them,
And the little ones He blessed.
Sweet, &c.

4 Up in yonder happy regions
Angels sound the chorus high;
Twice ten thousand times ten thousand
Sound His praises through the sky.
Sweet, &c.

5 Little children, praise the Saviour,
Praise Him, your undying Friend:
Praise Him till in heaven you meet Him,
There to praise Him without end
Sweet, &c.

Hymn 187 (Tune 198.) Ascalon. 6.6.8. 6.6.8.

Crusader's Hymn.



The sufferings of Christ, and the glory that should follow.—1 Peter i. 11.

1 *f* My heart and voice I raise,
To spread Messiah's praise;
Messiah's praise let all repeat;
The universal Lord,
By whose almighty word
Creation rose in form complete.

2 *mf* A servant's form He wore,
And in His body bore
p Our dreadful curse on Calvary:
He like a victim stood,
And poured His sacred blood,
cr. To set the guilty captives free.

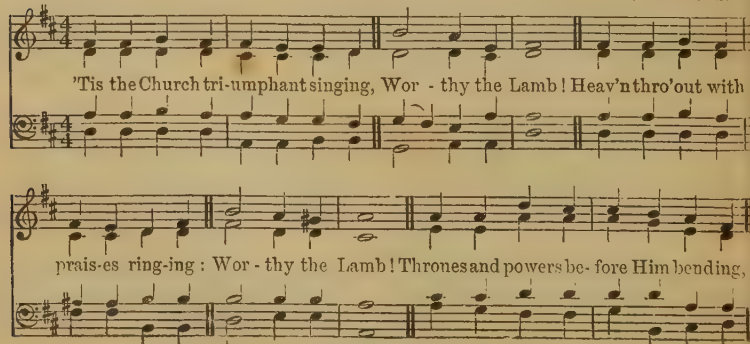
3 But soon the victor rose
Triumphant o'er His foes,
And led the vanquished host in chains;
He threw their empire down,
His foes compelled to own,
O'er all the great Messiah reigns.

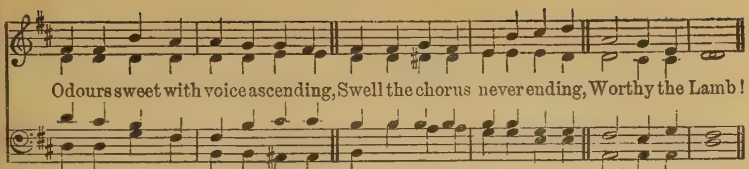
4 *mf* With mercy's mildest grace,
He governs all our race
In wisdom, righteousness, and love:
Who to Messiah fly
Shall find redemption nigh,
And all His great salvation prove.

5 *f* Hail, Saviour, Prince of peace!
Thy kingdom shall increase,
Till all the world Thy glory see;
And righteousness abound,
As the great deep profound,
And fill the earth with purity!

Hymn 188 (Tune 359.) Temple. 8.4.8.4. 8.8.8.4.

E. J. Hopkins.


'Tis the Church tri-umphant singing, Wor - thy the Lamb! Heav'n thro'out with
prais-es ring-ing: Wor - thy the Lamb! Thrones and powers be- fore Him bending,



Ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands.—Revelation v. 11, 12.

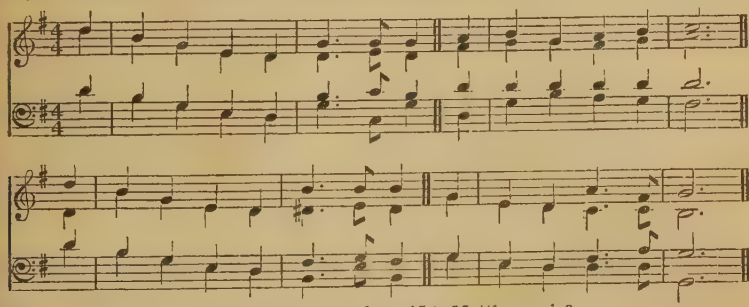
1 *f* 'Tis the Church triumphant singing,
Worthy the Lamb! [ing:
Heaven throughout with praises ring-
Worthy the Lamb! [ing,
mf Thrones and powers before Him bend-
Odours sweet with voice ascending,
cr. Swell the chorus never ending,
ff Worthy the Lamb!

2 *f* Every kindred, tongue, and nation;
Worthy the Lamb!
Join to sing the great salvation:
Worthy the Lamb!
Loud as mighty thunder roaring,
ff Floods of mighty waters pouring,
Prostrate at His feet adoring
Worthy the Lamb!

3 *f* Harps and songs for ever sounding
Worthy the Lamb!
Mighty grace o'er sin abounding:
Worthy the Lamb!
p By His blood He dearly bought us,
Wandering from the fold He sought us
cr. And to glory safely brought us:
f Worthy the Lamb!

4 *f* Sing with blest anticipation,
Worthy the Lamb!
Through the vale of tribulation,
Worthy the Lamb!
Sweetest notes, all notes excelling,
On the theme for ever dwelling,
Still untold, though ever telling,
ff Worthy the Lamb!

Hymn 189 (Tune 40.) Son of David. C.M. William Best.



Hosanna to the Son of David!—Matthew xxi. 9.

1 *f* Hosanna! raise the pealing hymn
To David's Son and Lord!
With cherubim and seraphim
Exalt the incarnate Word.

2 *mf* Hosanna! Lord, our feeble tongue
No lofty strains can raise;
But Thou wilt not despise the young,
Who meekly chant Thy praise

3 Hosanna! Sovereign, Prophet, Priest,
How vast Thy gifts! how free!
Thy death, our life; Thy word our feast,
Thy name, our only plea.

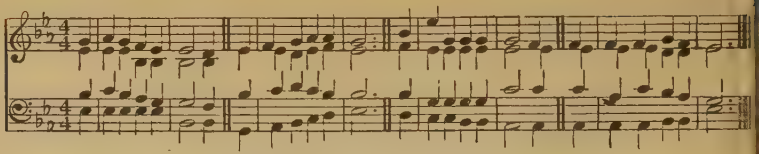
4 Hosanna! Master, lo! we bring,
Our offerings to Thy throne:
Not gold nor myrrh nor earthly thing.
p But hearts to be Thine own.

5 *mf* Hosanna! once Thy gracious ear
Approved a lisping throng;
Be gracious still, and deign to hear
Our poor but grateful song.

6 *f* O Saviour! if redeemed by Thee,
Thy temple we behold,
Hosannas through eternity
We'll sing to harps of gold.

Hymn 190 (Tune 213.) Sacrifice. 7.6.7.6.

H. LAHEE.



Behold the Lamb of God!—John i. 29.

1 *mf* O LAMB of God most holy,
All free from spot and stain!
O help us now to seek Thee,
And sing Thy praise again.

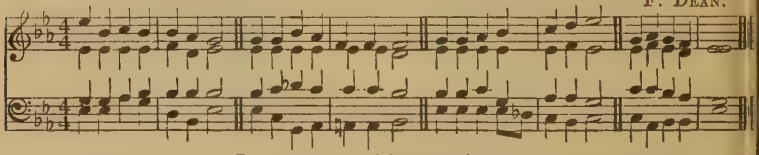
2 *p* O Lamb of God most lowly,
So great and yet so meek!
May we when pride allures us
Thy lowly spirit seek.

3 *p* O Lamb of God most gentle,
And yet so good and true!
May we when passion tempts us
Thy gentleness pursue.

4 O Lamb of God most lovely!
To Thee our faith would flee;
cr. Reveal to us Thy beauty,
And win our hearts to Thee.

Hymn 191 (Tune 281.) Sherborne Abbey. 7.7.7.5.

F. DEAN.



LORD, *save me.*—Matthew xiv. 30.

1 *mf* LORD of mercy and of might,
Of mankind the life and light,
Maker Teacher infinite,
p Jesus hear, and save!

2 *mf* Strong Creator, Saviour mild,
Humbled to a mortal child,
dim. Captive, beaten, bound, reviled;
pp Jesus, hear, and save!

3 *f* Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on angels' wings,
Lord of lords, and King of kings;
p Jesus, hear, and save!

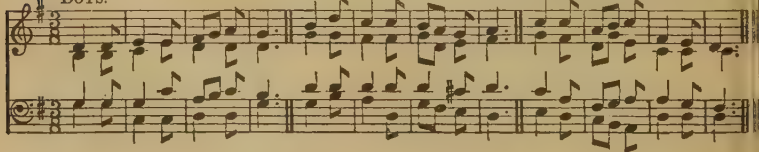
4 *mf* Soon to come to earth again,
Judge of angels and of men;
Hear us now, and hear us then,
p Jesus, hear, and save!

Hymn 192 Hear us, Holy Jesus. 7.7.7.6.

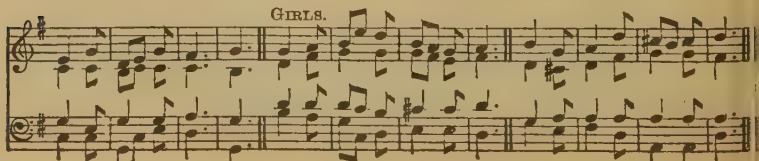
(Tune 285.) Antiphonic. May also be used as three separate tunes.

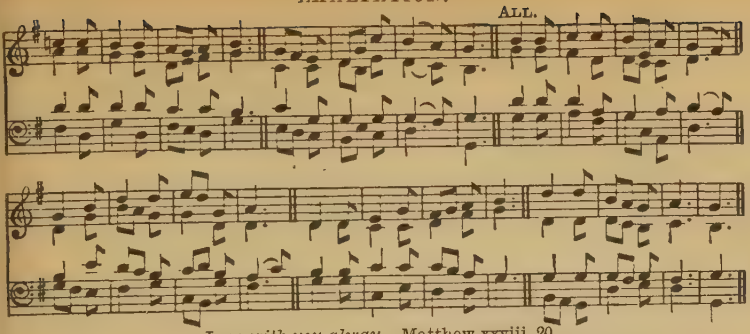
ALFRED RHODES, R.A.M.

BOYS.



GIRLS.





I am with you alway.– Matthew xxviii. 20.

1 *mf* GOD the Father, God the Son,
Holy Ghost the Comforter,
Ever blessèd Three in One :
Spare us, holy Trinity.

2 Christ, whose mercy guideth still
Sinners from the paths of ill,
Rule our hearts, our spirits fill :
Hear us, holy Jesus.

3 Thou who, at Thy prophet's prayer,
Didst the stiff-necked Hebrews spare,
Let us too Thy mercy share :
Hear us, holy Jesus.

4 Thou whose word, to David sent,
When his steps to evil bent,
Made the sinner penitent :
Hear us, holy Jesus.

5 Thou who bowedst down Thine ear
Nineveh in prayer to hear
p Faint with fasting, grief, and fear :
Hear us, holy Jesus.

6 Thou who, leaving crown and throne,
Camest here, an outcast lone,
cr. That Thou mightest save Thine own :
Hear us, holy Jesus.

SECOND PART.

7 *mf* Thou with sinners wont to eat,
Who with loving words didst greet
Mary weeping at Thy feet :
Hear us, holy Jesus.

8 Thou whose saddened look did chide
Peter, when He thrice denied,
Till in grief he wept and sighed :
Hear us, holy Jesus.

9 *p* Thou, despised, denied, refused,
And for man's transgressions bruised,
Sinless, yet of sin accused :
Hear us, holy Jesus.

10 *p* Thou who, hanging on the tree,
cr. To the thief saidst, 'Thou shalt be
To-day in paradise with Me :'
Hear us, holy Jesus.

11 *p* Thou who on the cross didst reign,
Dying there in bitter pain
Cleansing with Thy blood our stain :
Hear us, holy Jesus.

12 Thou whose will it is that we
cr. Should from death return to Thee
f And should live eternally :
Hear us, holy Jesus.

13 *mf* Shepherd of the straying sheep,
Comforter of them that weep,
Hear us crying from the deep :
Hear us, holy Jesus.

THIRD PART.

14 *mf* In our poverty and wealth,
In our sickness and in health,
Ever from the tempter's stealth
Save us, holy Jesus.

15 From all lack of love and faith,
From a sudden evil death,
Thou whose arm delivereth,
Save us, holy Jesus.

16 *p* When our dying draweth near,
On the last great day of fear,
Master, King, Redeemer dear,
Save us, holy Jesus.

17 That with lowly penitence
We may mourn o'er each offence,
Trembling, yet with confidence,
We beseech Thee, Jesus.

18 *p* That the blood for sinners shed
May be sprinkled on our head,
In Thy death our sins be dead,
We beseech Thee, Jesus.

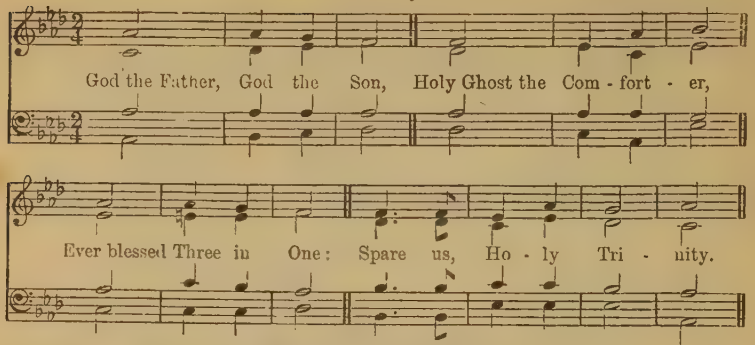
19 That we give to sin no place,
That we never quench Thy grace
That we ever seek Thy face,
We beseech Thee, Jesus.

20 That, denying evil lust,
Living godly, meek, and just,
In Thee only we may trust,
We beseech Thee, Jesus.

21 That, to sin for ever dead,
cr. We may live to Thee instead,
And the narrow pathway tread,
We beseech Thee, Jesus.

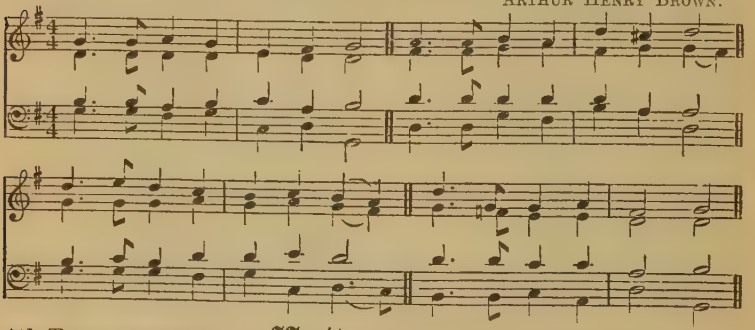
2nd Tune. (Tune 286.) **Hear us, Holy Spirit.** 7.7.7.6.

Arr. by Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN. Mus. Doc.



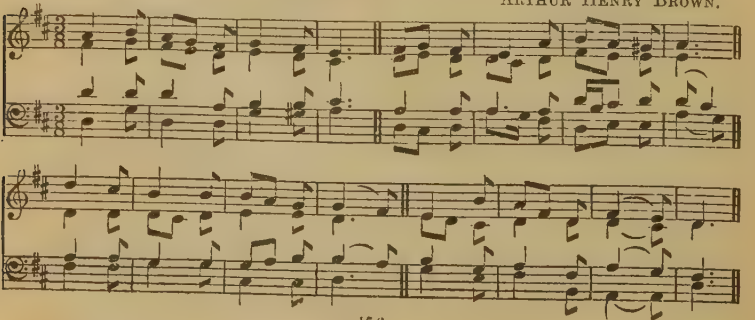
3rd Tune. (Tune 287.) **Holy Childhood.** 7.7.7.6.

ARTHUR HENRY BROWN.



4th Tune. (Tune 288.) **Unity.** 7.7.7.6.

ARTHUR HENRY BROWN.



I am with you alway.—Matthew xxviii. 20.

1 *mf* God the Father, God the Son,
Holy Ghost the Comforter,
Ever blessèd Three in One:
Spare us, holy Trinity.

2 Christ, whose mercy guideth still
Sinners from the paths of ill,
Rule our hearts, our spirits fill:
Hear us, holy Jesus.

3 Thou who, at Thy prophet's prayer,
Didst the stiff-necked Hebrews spare,
Let us too Thy mercy share:
Hear us, holy Jesus.

4 Thou whose word, to David sent,
When his steps to evil bent,
Made the sinner penitent:
Hear us, holy Jesus.

5 Thou who bowedst down Thine ear
Nineveh in prayer to hear
p Faint with fasting, grief, and fear:
Hear us, holy Jesus.

6 Thou who, leaving crown and throne,
Camest here, an outcast lone,
cr. That Thou mightest save Thine own:
Hear us, holy Jesus.

SECOND PART.

7 *mf* Thou with sinners wont to eat,
Who with loving words didst greet
Mary weeping at Thy feet:
Hear us, holy Jesus.

8 Thou whose saddened look did chide
Peter, when He thrice denied,
Till in grief he wept and sighed:
Hear us, holy Jesus.

9 *p* Thou, despised, denied, refused,
And for man's transgressions bruised,
Sinless, yet of sin accused:
Hear us, holy Jesus.

10 *p* Thou who, hanging on the tree,
cr. To the thief saidst, 'Thou shalt be
To-day in paradise with Me:'
Hear us, holy Jesus.

11 *p* Thou who on the cross didst reign,
Dying there in bitter pain,
Cleansing with Thy blood our stain:
Hear us, holy Jesus.

12 Thou whose will it is that we
cr. Should from death return to Thee,
f And should live eternally:
Hear us, holy Jesus.

13 *mf* Shepherd of the straying sheep,
Comforter of them that weep,
Hear us crying from the deep:
Hear us, holy Jesus.

THIRD PART.

14 *mf* In our poverty and wealth,
In our sickness and in health,
Ever from the tempter's stealth
Save us, holy Jesus.

15 From all lack of love and faith,
From a sudden evil death,
Thou whose arm delivereth,
Save us, holy Jesus.

16 *p* When our dying draweth near,
On the last great day of fear,
Master, King, Redeemer dear,
Save us, holy Jesus.

17 That with lowly penitence
We may mourn o'er each offence,
Trembling, yet with confidence,
We beseech Thee, Jesus.

18 *p* That the blood for sinners shed
May be sprinkled on our head,
In Thy death our sins be dead,
We beseech Thee, Jesus.

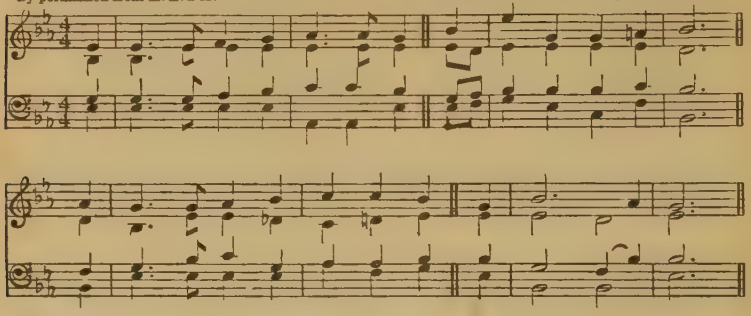
19 That we give to sin no place,
That we never quench Thy grace
That we ever seek Thy face,
We beseech Thee, Jesus.

20 That, denying evil lust,
Living godly, meek, and just,
In Thee only we may trust,
We beseech Thee, Jesus.

21 That, to sin for ever dead,
cr. We may live to Thee instead,
And the narrow pathway tread,
We beseech Thee, Jesus.

Hymn 193 (Tune 369.) St. Cuthbert. 8.6.8.4.

By permission from *H. A. & M.* Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.



He shall give you another Comforter.—John xiv. 16.

1 *p* Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender, last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed
With us to dwell.

2 *mf* He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

3 *p* And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each thought, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

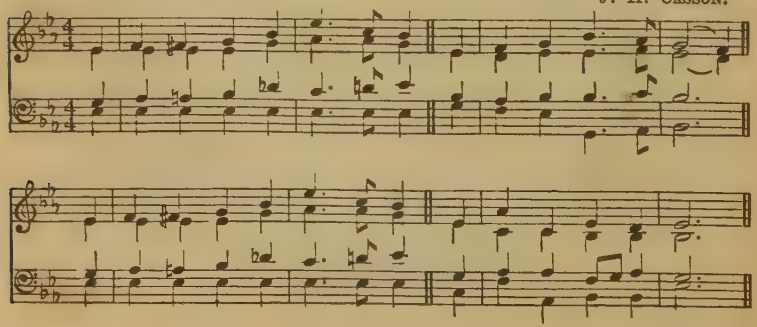
4 *cr.* And every virtue we possess,
And every conquest won,
And every thought of holiness,
mf Are His alone.

5 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see:
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee.

6 *f* O praise the Father; praise the Son;
Blest Spirit, praise to Thee;
All praise to God, the Three in One,
The One in Three.

Hymn 194 (Tune 45.) St. Valentine. C.M.

J. H. Casson.



I will pour out of My Spirit upon all flesh.—Acts ii. 17.

1 *mf* SPIRIT divine! attend our prayers,
And make this house Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious powers;
O come, great Spirit, come!

2 Come as the light! to us reveal
Our emptiness and woe;
cr. And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

3 *mf* Come as the fire! and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame;
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

4 *p* Come as the dew! and sweetly bless
This consecrated hour;
May barrenness rejoice to own
Thy fertilising power.

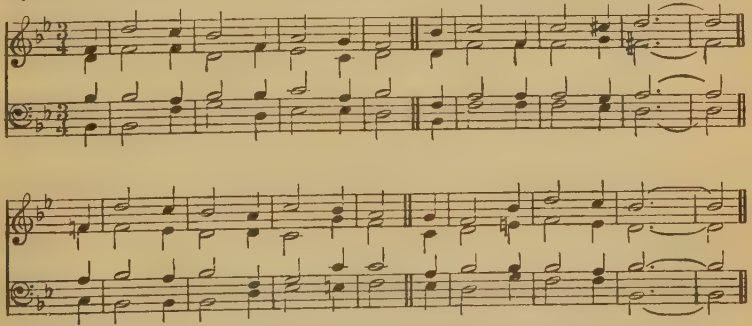
5 Come as the dove! and spread Thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love; [wings,
And let Thy Church on earth become
Blest as the Church above.

6 *cr.* Come as the wind, with rushing sound
And Pentecostal grace!
That all of woman born may see
The glory of Thy face.

7 *f* Spirit divine! attend our prayers,
Make a lost world Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious powers,
O come, great Spirit, come.

Hymn 195 (Tune 46.) Thorner. C.M.

St. Alban's Tune-Book.



Open Thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law.—Psalm cxix. 18.

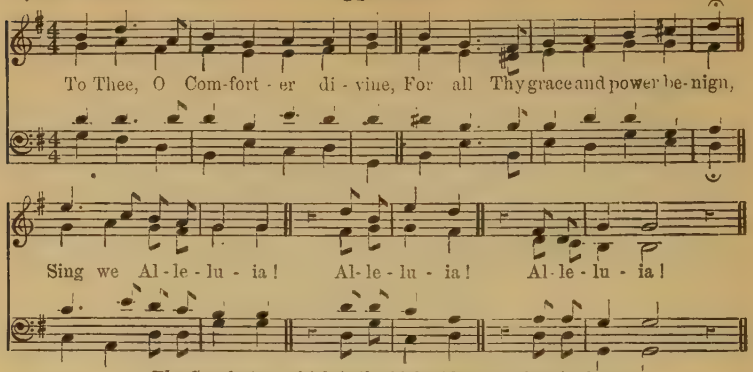
1 *mf* COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
Let us Thine influence prove,
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of light and love.

2 Come, Holy Ghost (for moved by Thee
The prophets wrote and spoke);
Unlock the truth, Thyself the key,
Unseal the sacred book.

3 *p* Expand Thy wings, celestial Dove,
Brood o'er our nature's night;
On our disordered spirits move,
cr. And let there now be light.

4 *f* God, through Himself, we then shall know,
If Thou within us shine,
And sound, with all Thy saints below,
The depths of love divine.

Hymn 196 (Tune 444.) Tryphosa. 8.8.6. F. R. Havergal.



The Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost.—John xiv. 26.

1 *mf* To Thee, O Comforter divine,
For all Thy grace and power benign.
Sing we Alleluia!

2 To Thee, whose faithful love had place
In God's great covenant of grace,
Sing we Alleluia!

3 *p* To Thee, whose faithful voice doth win
The wandering from the ways of sin,
cr. Sing we Alleluia!

4 *mf* To Thee, whose faithful power doth
Enlighten, sanctify, and seal,
Sing we Alleluia!

5 *cr.* To Thee, whose faithful truth is shown
By every promise made our own,
Sing we Alleluia!

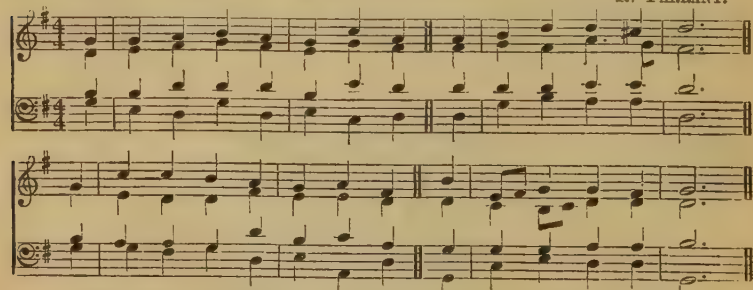
6 *mf* To Thee, our Teacher and our Friend,
Our faithful Leader to the end,
f Sing we Alleluia!

7 *mf* To Thee, by Jesus Christ sent down,
f Of all His gifts the sum and crown,
Sing we Alleluia!

8 To Thee, who art with God the Son
And God the Father ever One,
ff Sing we Alleluia!

Hymn 197 (Tune 25.) Farrant. C.M.

R. Farrant.



I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you.—2 Corinthians vi. 17, 18.

1 *mf* Sovereign of all the worlds on high,
Allow my humble claim;
Nor, while unworthy I draw nigh,
Disdain a Father's name.

2 'My Father God!' that gracious sound
cr. Dispels my guilty fear;
Not all the harmony of heaven
Could so delight my ear.

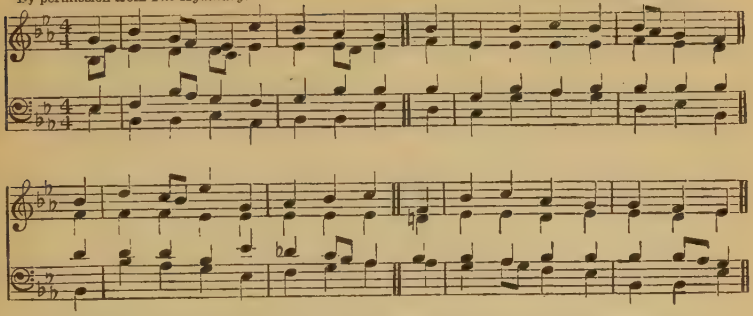
3 *mf* Come, Holy Spirit, seal the grace
On my expanding heart;
And show that in the Father's love
I share a filial part.

4 *mf* Cheered by a witness so divine,
Unwavering I believe;
And, 'Abba, Father,' humbly cry
Nor can the sign deceive.

Hymn 198 (Tune 92.) Wesley. L.M.

By permission from *The Hymnary*.

S. S. Wesley, Mus. Doc.



As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.—Romans viii. 14.

1 *mf* Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.

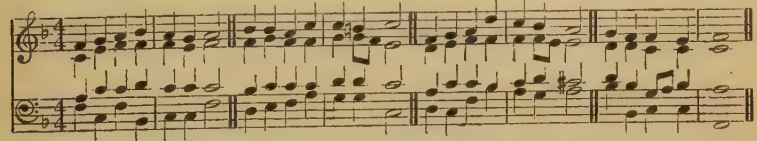
2 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose Thy way:
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

3 Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ, the living Way,
Nor let us from His pastures stray

4 Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with Him for ever blest;
cr. Lead us to heaven, that we may share
Fulness of joy for ever there.

Hymn 199 (Tune 283.) St. Agatha. 7.7.7.5.

Rev. F. Southgate.



Be filled with the Spirit.—Ephesians v. 18.

1 *mf* Come to our poor nature's night
With Thy blessèd inward light,
Holy Ghost, the infinite,
Comforter divine!

2 *p* We are sinful, cleanse us, Lord;
Sick and faint, Thy strength afford;
Lost, until by Thee restored,
Comforter divine!

3 Friendless are our souls and poor;
Give us from Thy heavenly store
cr. Faith, love, joy for evermore.
Comforter divine!

4 *p* Like the dew Thy peace distil;
Guide, subdue our wayward will
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter divine!

5 *mf* Gentle, awful, holy Guest,
Make Thy temple in each breast,
There supreme to reign and rest,
Comforter divine!

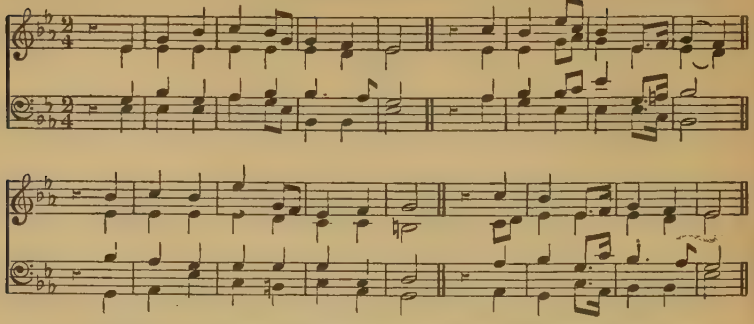
6 In us, for us intercede,
And with voiceless groanings plead
Our unutterable need,
Comforter divine!

7 In us, 'Abba, Father,' cry,
Earnest of our bliss on high
Seal of immortality,
Comforter divine!

8 Search for us the depths of God,
Bear us up the starry road
f To the height of Thine abode,
Comforter divine!

Hymn 200 (Tune 30.) Kilmarnock. C.M.

NEIL DOUGALL.



The Comforter, . . . whom I will send unto you from the Father.—John xv. 26.

1 *mf* COME, Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
Whom Jesus sends from heaven,
O comfort us, Thy children, here,
And show our sins forgiven.

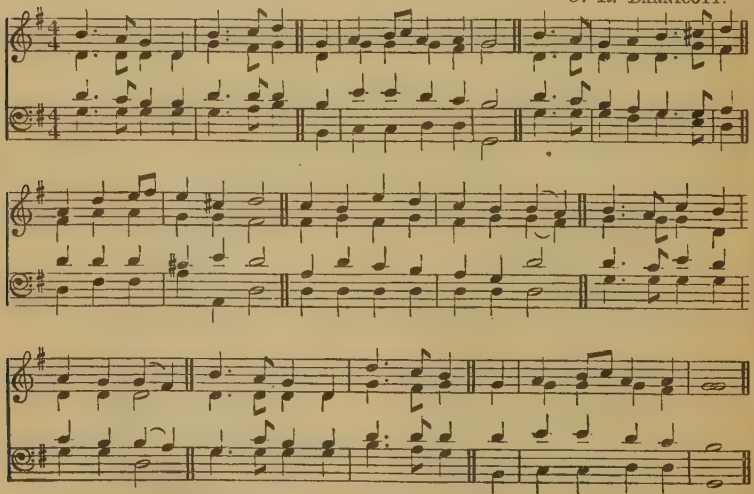
2 O come, and in our hearts reside;
Let them Thy temples prove;
Nor let our sinfulness and pride
Provoke Thee to remove:

3 But with Thy gracious power descend
And all our sins subdue;
O bid us to Thy sceptre bend,
And form our souls anew.

4 Where God the Spirit is a guest,
All graces there abound; [breast,
cr. Love, joy, and peace make calm the
And thanks and praise resound.

Hymn 201 (Tune 259.) Taunton. 7.6.7.6.7.7.7.6.

O. R. BARNICOTT.



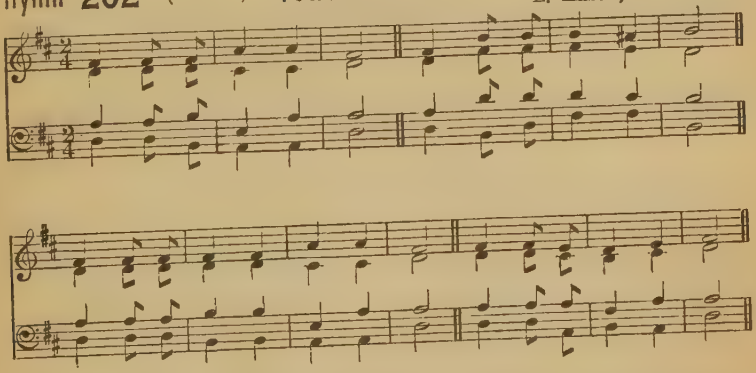
I pray for them.—John xvii. 9.

1 *mf* FATHER of our dying Lord,
Remember us for good;
O fulfil His faithful word,
And hear His speaking blood!
Give us that for which He prays;
Father, glorify Thy Son!
Show His truth and power and grace,
And send the Promise down.

2 True and faithful Witness, Thou
O Christ, Thy Spirit give!
Hast Thou not received Him now,
That we might now receive?
Art Thou not our living Head?
Life to all Thy limbs impart;
Shed Thy love, Thy Spirit shed
In every waiting heart.

3 Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
The gift of Jesus come;
cr. Glows our heart to find Thee near,
And swells to make Thee room;
Present with us Thee we feel,
Come, O come, and in us be!
f With us, in us, live and dwell,
To all eternity.

Hymn 202 (Tune 6.) Shawmut. S.M. L. MASON, Mus. Doc.



How much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit!—Luke xi. 13.

1 *mf* COME, Holy Spirit, come,
Let Thy bright beams arise,
Dispel all sorrow from our minds,
All darkness from our eyes.

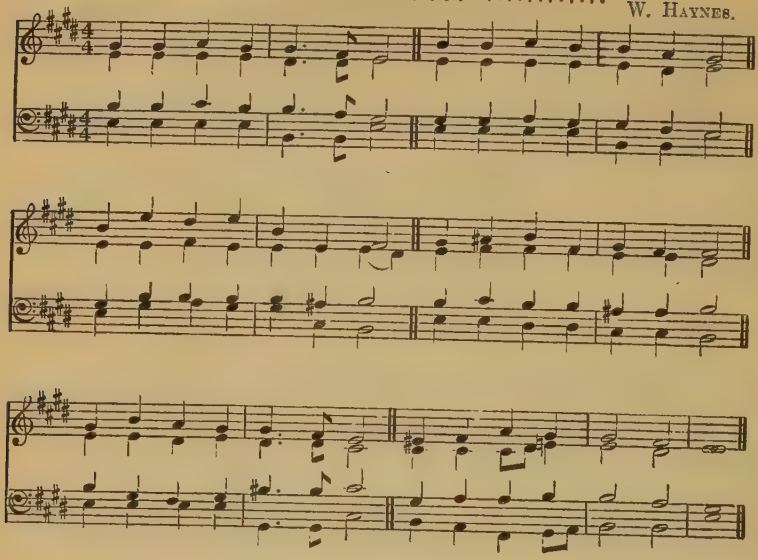
2 Cheer our desponding hearts,
Thou heavenly Paraclete;
Give us to lie, with humble hope,
At our Redeemer's feet.

3 *cr.* Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

4 *p* Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesu's blood,
cr. And to our wondering view reveal
p The secret love of God.

5 Dwell therefore in our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free:
Then we shall know, and praise, and love
The Father, Son, and Thee!

Hymn 203 (Tune 329.) Guildford. 7.7.7.7.7.7. W. Haynes.



God, who hath also given unto us His Holy Spirit.—1 Thessalonians iv. 8.

1 *mf* Gracious Spirit, dwell with me!
I myself would gracious be,
And with words that help and heal
Would Thy life in mine reveal;
And with actions bold and meek
Would for Christ my Saviour speak.

2 Truthful Spirit, dwell with me!
I myself would truthful be,
And with wisdom kind and clear
Let Thy life in mine appear;
And with actions brotherly
Speak my Lord's sincerity.

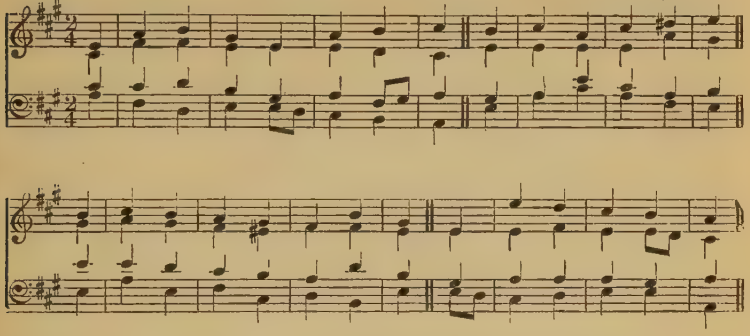
3 *p* Tender Spirit, dwell with me!
I myself would tender be;
Shut my heart up like a flower
At temptation's darksome hour,
Open when shines the Sun,
And His love by fragrance own.

4 *f* Mighty Spirit, dwell with me!
I myself would mighty be,
Mighty so as to prevail
Where unaided man must fail,
Ever by a mighty hope
Pressing on and bearing up.

5 *mf* Holy Spirit, dwell with me!
I myself would holy be,
Separate from sin, I would
Choose and cherish all things good;
And whatever I can be
Give to Him who gave me Thee.

Hymn 204 (Tune 42.) St. Magnus. C.M.

J. Clarke, 1700.



Ye were sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise.—Ephesians i. 13.

1 *mf* O Holy Ghost, Thy people bless,
Who long to feel Thy might,
And fain would grow in holiness,
As children of the light.

2 To Thee we bring, who art the Lord,
Ourselves to be Thy throne;
Let every thought and deed and word
Thy pure dominion own.

3 Life-giving Spirit, o'er us move,
cr. As on the formless deep;
Give life and order, light and love,
Where now is death or sleep

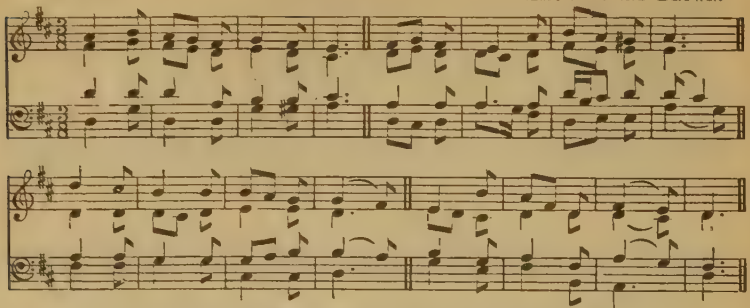
4 *f* Great Gift of our ascended King,
His saving truth reveal;
Our tongues inspire His praise to sing,
Our hearts His love to feel.

5 True Wind of heaven, from south or north,
For joy or chastening, blow;
The garden spices shall spring forth
If Thou wilt bid them flow.

6 *mf* O Holy Ghost, of sevenfold might,
All graces come from Thee:
Grant us to know and serve aright
One God in Persons three.

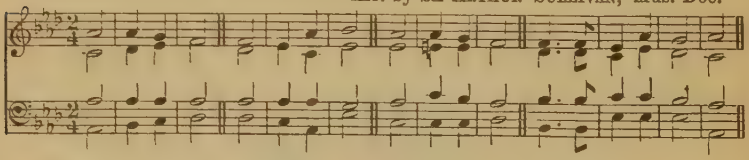
Hymn 205 (Tune 288.) Unity. 7.7.7.6.

ARTHUR HENRY BROWN.



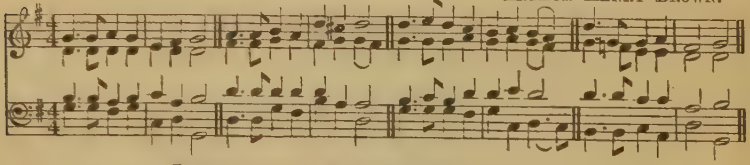
2nd Tune. (Tune 286.) **Hear us, Holy Spirit.** 7.7.7.6.

Arr. by Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN, Mus. Doc.



3rd Tune. (Tune 287.) **Holy Childhood.** 7.7.7.6.

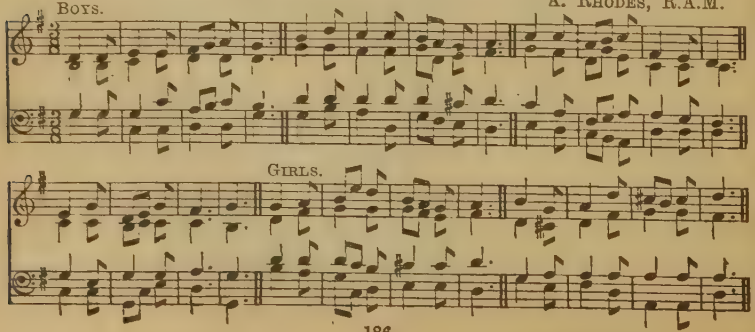
ARTHUR HENRY BROWN.



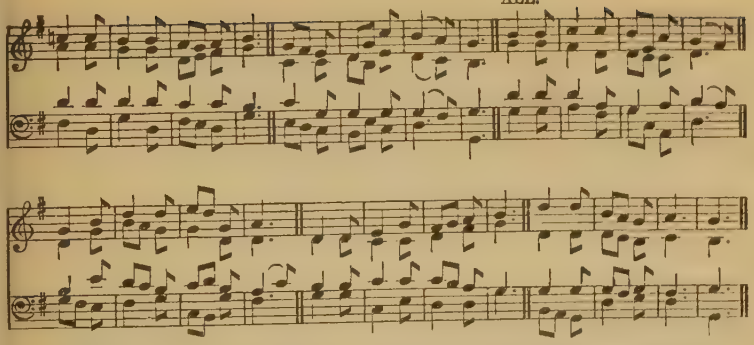
Hear us, Holy Jesu. 7.7.7.6.

4th Tune. (Tune 285.) Antiphonic. May also be used as three separate tunes.

A. RHODES, R.A.M.



ALL.



And grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed.—Ephesians iv. 30.

1 *mf* SPIRIT blest, who art adored
With the Father and the Word,
p One eternal God and Lord:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

2 *f* Source of strength and knowledge clear,
Wisdom, godliness sincere,
Understanding, counsel, fear:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

3 *mf* Thou, by whose indwelling taught,
Holy men of old have brought
Things of God to human thought:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

4 Thou by whom the virgin bore
Him whom heaven and earth adore,
Sent our nature to restore:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

5 *p* Thou who camest like a dove
From the opened skies above,
With the Father's power and love:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

6 Thou whom Jesus, from His throne,
Gave to cheer and help His own,
cr. That they might not be alone:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

SECOND PART.

7 *mf* Thou whose power inspiring came,
Falling down like tongues of flame,
Where they met in Jesus' name:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

8 Thou who yet the Church dost fill,
Making Jesus present still,
Showing us God's perfect will:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

9 Now Thy sevenfold gifts bestow;
Gifts of grace, our God to know,
f Gifts of strength to quell our foe:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

10 Come to raise up those that fall,
p Leading back with gentle call,
Those whose souls their sins enthrall:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

11 *mf* Come to rescue us from ill,
Bend aright our stubborn will,
Though we grieve Thee, patient still:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

12 Come to show us all Thy way,
Warn us when we go astray;
Plead within us when we pray:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

THIRD PART.

13 Come to bid our terrors cease;
Come to bid us go in peace;
Come to give our souls release.
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

14 Come to help the hearts that yearn
More of truth divine to learn,
And with deeper love to burn:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

15 *cr.* Come to strengthen all the weak,
Give Thy courage to the meek;
Teach our faltering tongues to speak:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

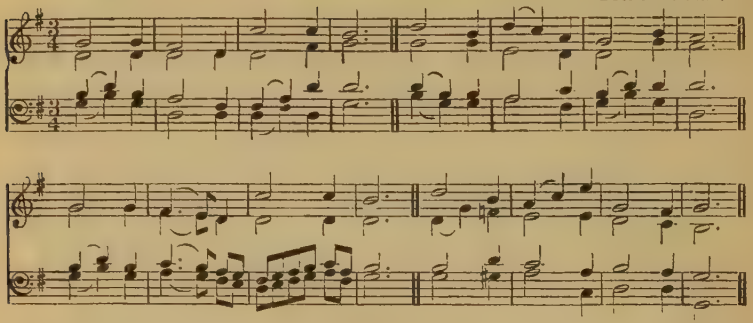
16 Come, Thou Fount of love and joy
Bringing peace without alloy,
Hope that nothing can destroy:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

17 Holy, loving, as Thou art,
Come and dwell within our heart;
Never more from thence depart:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

18 May we soon, from sin set free,
f Rise our Father's face to see,
Where Thy work shall perfect be:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Hymn 206 (Tune 302.) Nottingham. 7.7.7.7.

From Mozart.



Thy word is very pure: therefore Thy servant loveth it.—Psalm cxix. 140.

1 *mf* Holy Bible, book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine!
Mine, to tell me whence I came;
Mine, to teach me what I am;

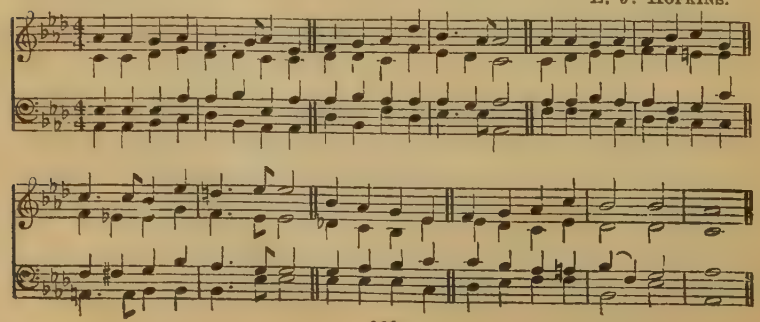
2 Mine, to chide me when I rove;
Mine, to show a Saviour's love;
Mine art thou, to guide my feet;
Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit:

3 Mine, to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;
cr. Mine, to show by living faith,
f Man can triumph over death:

4 Mine, to tell of joys to come,
p And the rebel sinner's doom:
Holy Bible, book divine,
f Precious treasure, thou art mine!

Hymn 207 (Tune 402.) St. Raphael. 8.7.8.7.4.7.

E. J. Hopkins.



Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel.—Psalm lxxiii. 24.

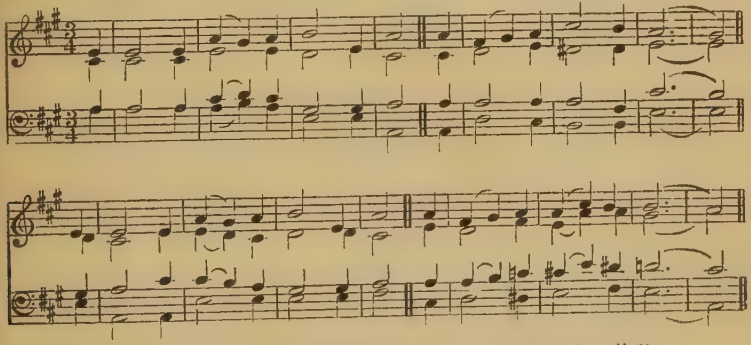
1 *mf* FATHER, in my life's young morning
May Thy word direct my way;
Let me heed each gracious warning,
Lest my feet should go astray;
And in sorrow
Let Thy promise be my stay.

2 *p* Father, gentle is Thy teaching
Be a docile spirit mine;
Fervently Thy grace beseeching,
Let Thy loving-kindness shine
On my pathway,
And my heart be wholly Thine.

3 *mf* Father, let me never covet
Things of vanity and pride;
Teach me truth, and may I love it
More than all the world beside;
Blessèd Bible!
May it be my heavenward guide.

Hymn 208 (Tune 38.) Sabbata. C.M.

St. Alban's Tune-Book.



The word of God which effectually worketh.—1 Thessalonians ii. 13

1 *mf* FATHER of mercies, in Thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be Thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches, above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

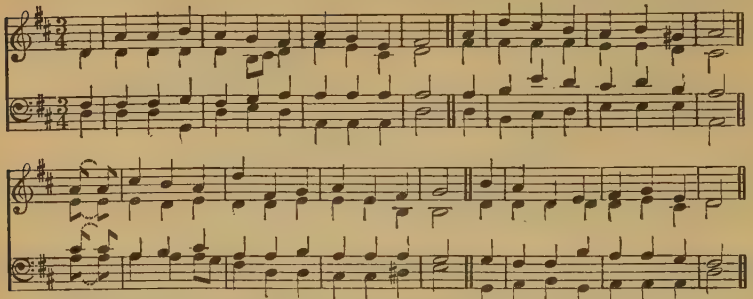
3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Sublimer sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.

4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
f And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be Thou for ever near:
Teach me to love Thy sacred word
And view my Saviour there.

Hymn 209 (Tune 498.) Great Queen Street. 11.8.12.8.

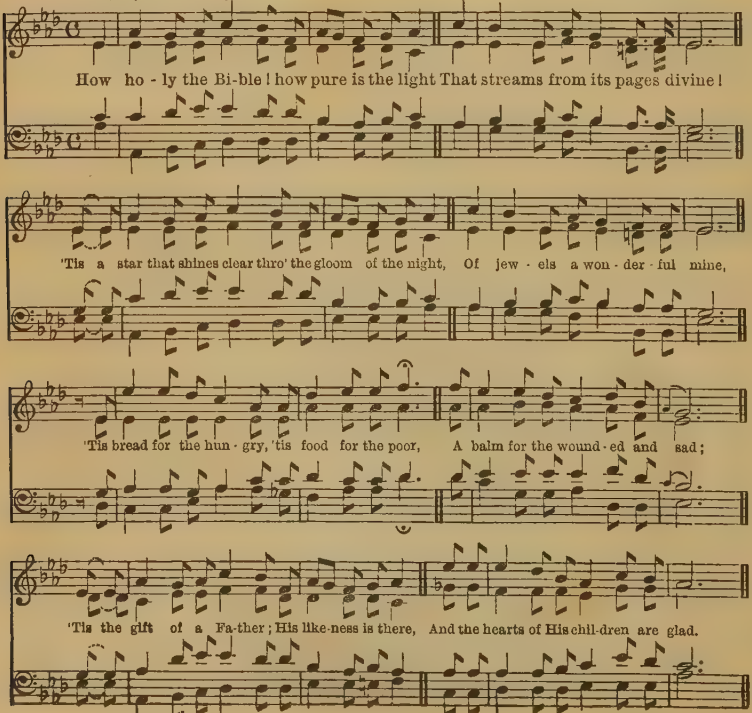
E. H. TURPIN.



How Holy the Bible. 11.8.12.8. D.

2nd Tune. (Tune 499.)

JOHN GUEST.


How ho - ly the Bi-ble! how pure is the light That streams from its pages divine!
'Tis a star that shines clear thro' the gloom of the night, Of jew - els a won - der - ful mine,
'Tis bread for the hun - gry, 'tis food for the poor, A balm for the wound - ed and sad;
'Tis the gift of a Fa-ther; His like-ness is there, And the hearts of His chil-dren are glad.

How precious also are Thy thoughts unto me, O God!—Psalm cxxxix. 17.

1 *mf* How holy the Bible! how pure is the light
That streams from its pages divine!
'Tis a star that shines clear through the gloom of the night.
Of jewels a wonderful mine.

2 'Tis bread for the hungry, 'tis food for the poor,
A balm for the wounded and sad;
f 'Tis the gift of a Father; His likeness is there,
And the hearts of His children are glad.

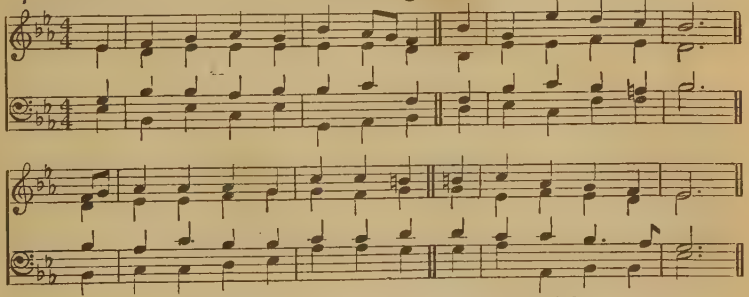
3 'Tis the voice of the Saviour; how sweet in the storm
It speaks to the sinner distressed!
dim. The tempest is hushed, and the sea becomes calm,
The troubled and weary find rest.

4 'Tis a friend's loving counsel, the voice of a guide,
p How gentle and faithful and true!
No harm can the dear little pilgrim betide
Whose feet its directions pursue.

5 *mf* No words like the words of the Saviour, nor can
Their sweetness or value be told;
They are words 'fitly spoken' to sorrowful man,
Like beautiful 'apples of gold.'

6 *mf* O teach me, blest Jesus, to seek for Thy face,
To me let Thy welcome be given;
cr. Now speak to my heart some kind message of grace,
Some words that shall guide me to heaven.

Hymn 210 (Tune 28.) Horsley. C.M. C. E. Horsley.



His delight is in the law of the Lord.—Psalm i. 2.

1 *mf* Great God, with wonder and with praise
On all Thy works I look!
But still Thy wisdom, power, and grace
Shine brightest in Thy book.

2 The stars that in their courses roll
Have much instruction given;
But Thy good word informs my soul
cr. How I may rise to heaven.

3 *mf* The fields provide me food, and show
The goodness of the Lord;
But fruits of life and glory grow
In Thy most holy word.

4 *f* Here are my choicest treasures hid,
Here my best comfort lies;
Here my desires are satisfied,
And hence my hopes arise.

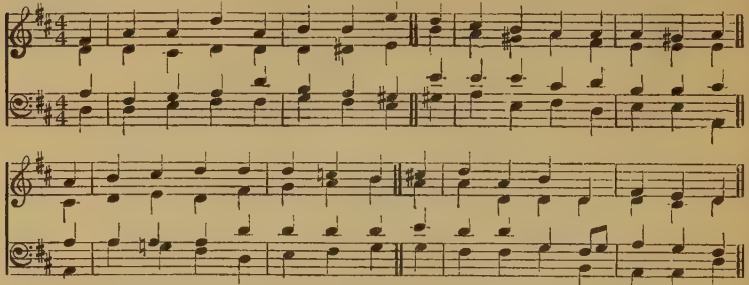
5 *mf* Lord, make me understand Thy law,
Show what my faults have been;
And from Thy gospel let me draw
Pardon for all my sin.

6 *p* Here would I learn how Christ hath died,
To save my soul from hell;
cr. Not all the books on earth beside
Such heavenly wonders tell.

7 *f* Then may I love my Bible more,
And take a fresh delight
By day to read these wonders o'er,
And meditate by night!

Hymn 211 (Tune 72.) Calkin. L.M.

By permission from *The Hymnary*. J. Baptiste Calkin.



The law of the Lord *is perfect, converting the soul.*—Psalm xix. 7.

1 The heavens declare Thy glory, Lord,
In every star Thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold Thy word,
We read Thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And night and day Thy power confess,
But the blest volume Thou hast writ
Reveals Thy justice and Thy grace.

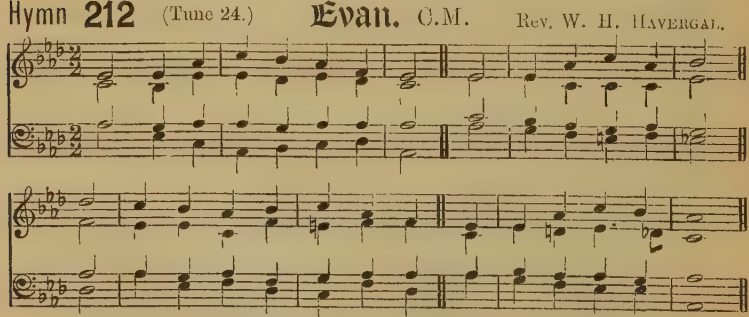
3 Sun, moon, and stars convey Thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
f So when Thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

4 Nor shall Thy spreading gospel rest,
cr. Till through the world Thy truth has run,
Till Christ has all the nations blest
f That see the light or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of righteousness, arise,
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise;
mf Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right.

Hymn 212 (Tune 24.) Evan. C.M.

Rev. W. H. Havergal.



Thy word is a lamp unto my feet.—Psalm cxix. 105.

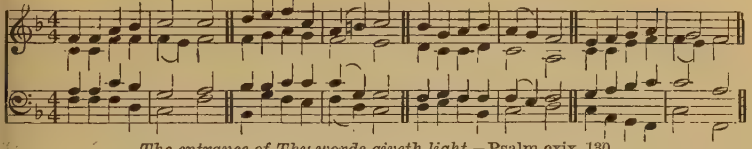
1 *mf* How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 *mf* It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears:
cr. Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3 *mf* O'er all the strait and narrow way
Its radiant beams are cast:
A light whose ever-cheering ray
cr. Grows brightest at the last.

4 This lamp through all the tedious nigh
Of life shall guide our way,
f Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

Hymn 213 (Tune 172.) Ravensbaw. 6.6.6.6. German.



The entrance of Thy words giveth light.—Psalm cxix. 130.

1 *mf* LORD, Thy word abideth,
And our footsteps guideth;
Who its truth believeth
Light and joy receiveth.

2 When our foes are near us,
Then Thy word doth cheer us,
Word of consolation,
Message of salvation.

3 *p* When the storms are o'er us,
And dark clouds before us,
cr. Then its light directeth,
And our way protecteth.

4 *mf* Who can tell the pleasure,
Who recount the treasure,
By Thy word imparted
To the simple-hearted?

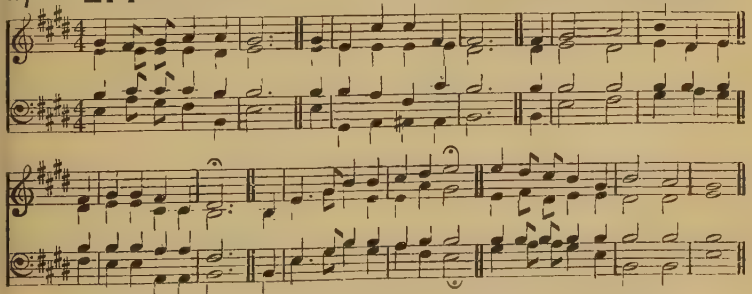
5 Word of mercy, giving
Succour to the living;
Word of life, supplying
p Comfort to the dying.

6 *mf* O! that we discerning
Its most holy learning,
cr. Lord, may love and fear Thee,
Evermore be near Thee!

Hushed was the Evening Hymn. 6.6.6.6.8.8.

Hymn 214 (Tune 191.)

Rev. T. BOWMAN STEPHENSON.



The LORD *called Samuel: and he answered, Here am I.*—1 Samuel iii. 4.

1 *p* HUSHED was the evening hymn,
The temple courts were dark,
The lamp was burning dim
Before the sacred ark;
When suddenly a voice divine
Rang through the silence of the shrine.

2 *mf* The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept;
His watch the temple-child,
The little Levite, kept;
And what from Eli's sense was sealed
The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

3 O! give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O Lord,
Alive and quick to hear
p Each whisper of Thy word:
f Like him to answer at Thy call,
And to obey Thee first of all.

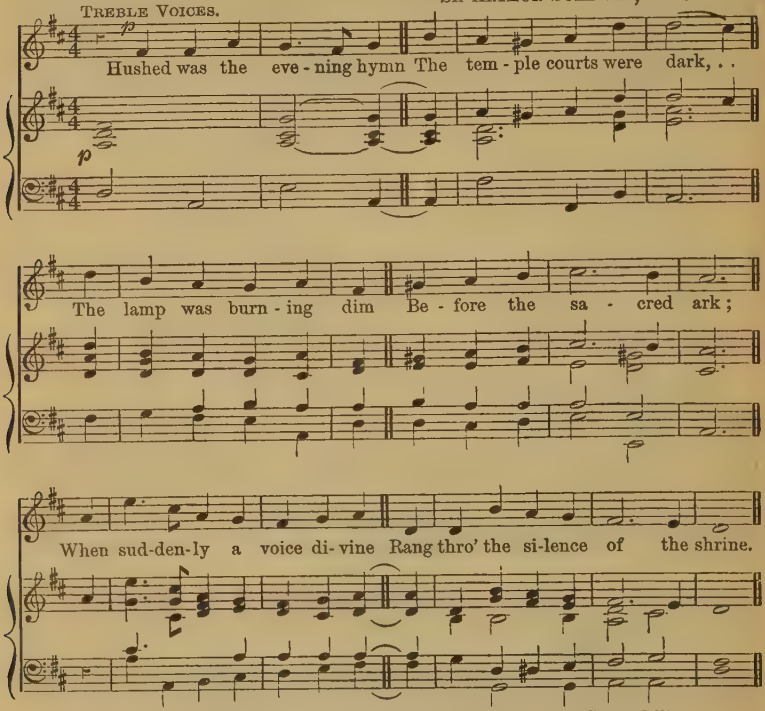
4 *mf* O! give me Samuel's heart,
A lowly heart that waits
When in Thy house Thou art,
Or watches at Thy gates
By day and night, a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

5 O! give me Samuel's mind;
A sweet, unmurmuring faith,
dim. Obedient and resigned
To Thee in life and death;
cr. That I may read with childlike eyes
Truths that are hidden from the wise

Hushed was the Evening Hymn.

Hymn 214 *2nd Tune.* (192.) 6.6.6.6. 8.8.

Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN, Mus. Doc.


TREBLE VOICES.
Hushed was the eve - ning hymn The tem - ple courts were dark, . .
The lamp was burn - ing dim Be - fore the sa - cred ark;
When sud-den-ly a voice di- vine Rang thro' the si-lence of the shrine.

The LORD *called Samuel: and he answered, Here am I.*—1 Samuel iii. 4.

1 *p* HUSHED was the evening hymn,
The temple courts were dark,
The lamp was burning dim
Before the sacred ark;
When suddenly a voice divine
Rang through the silence of the shrine.

2 *mf* The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept;
His watch the temple-child,
The little Levite, kept;
And what from Eli's sense was sealed
The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

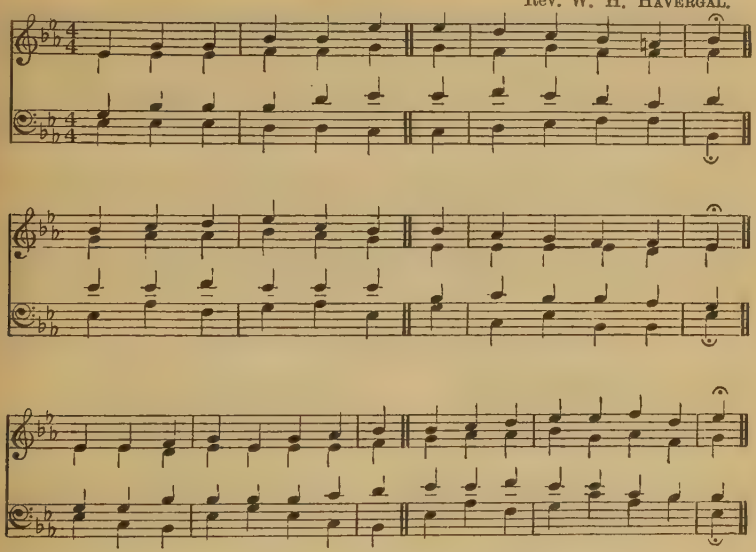
3 O! give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O Lord,
Alive and quick to hear
p Each whisper of Thy word:
f Like him to answer at Thy call,
And to obey Thee first of all.

4 *mf* O! give me Samuel's heart,
A lowly heart that waits
When in Thy house Thou art,
Or watches at Thy gates
By day and night, a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

5 O! give me Samuel's mind;
A sweet, unmurmuring faith
dim. Obedient and resigned
To Thee in life and death;
cr. That I may read with childlike eyes
Truths that are hidden from the wise

Hymn 215 (Tune 185.) Adoration. 6.6.6.6. 8.8.

Rev. W. H. HAVERGAL.



Speak, LORD; *for Thy servant heareth.*—1 Samuel iii. 9.

1 *mf* WHEN little Samuel woke,
And heard his Maker's voice,
At every word He spoke
How much did he rejoice!
O blessèd, happy child, to find
The God of heaven so near and kind!

2 If God would speak to me,
And say He is my friend,
How happy should I be!
O how would I attend!
The smallest sin I then should fear,
If God Almighty were so near.

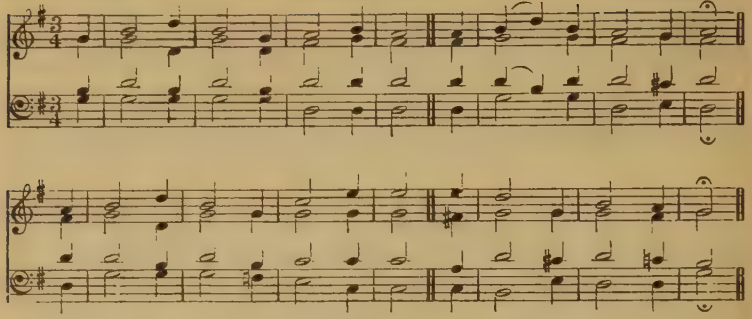
3 And does He never speak?
O yes; for in His word
He bids me come and seek
The God that Samuel heard.
In almost every page I see
The God of Samuel calls to me.

4 *p* And I beneath His care
May safely rest my head,
I know that God is there,
To guard my humble bed.
And every sin I well may fear
Since God Almighty is so near.

5 Like Samuel let me say,
Whene'er I read Thy word,
'Speak, Lord: I would obey
The voice that I have heard.'
And when I in Thy house appear,
'Speak, for Thy servant waits to hear.

Hymn 216 (Tune 37.) Righi. C.M.

B. Probst.



Both hearing them, and asking them questions.—Luke ii. 46.

1 *mf* What blest examples do I find
Writ in the word of truth
Of children who began to mind
Religion in their youth!

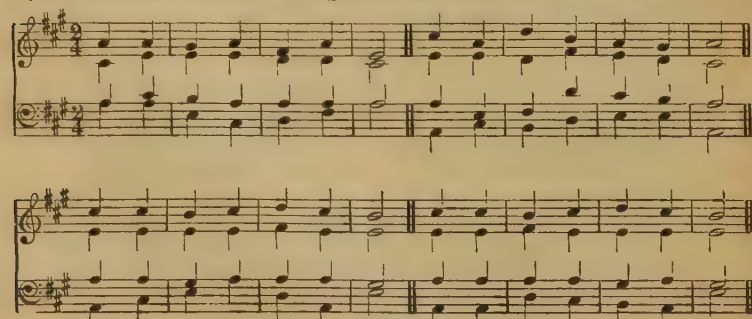
2 Samuel the child was weaned, and
To wait upon the Lord; [brought
Young Timothy betimes was taught
To know His holy word.

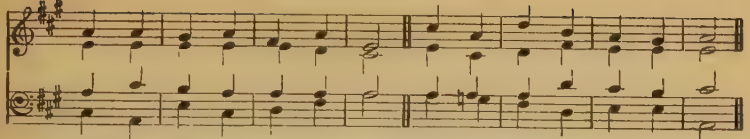
3 Jesus, who reigns above the sky,
And keeps the world in awe,
Was once a child as young as I,
And kept His Father's law.

4 At twelve years old He talked with men,
The Jews all wondering stand;
Yet He obeyed His mother then,
And came at her command.

5 Then why should I so long delay
What others learned so soon?
I would not pass another day
Without this work begun.

Hymn 217 (Tune 333.) Spanish Chant. 7.7.7.7.7.7.





And that from a child thou hast known the holy Scriptures.—2 Timothy iii. 15.

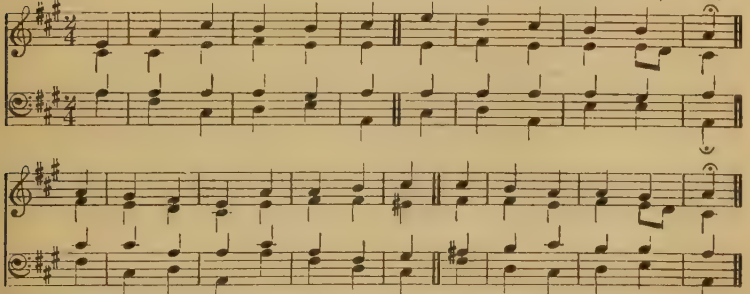
1 *mf* O THAT I, like Timothy,
Might the holy Scriptures know
From mine earliest infancy,
Till for God mature I grow;
Made unto salvation wise,
Ready for the glorious prize!

2 Jesus, all-redeeming Lord,
Full of truth and full of grace,
Make me understand Thy word;
Teach me, in my youthful days,
Wonders in Thy word to see,
Wise through faith which is in Thee.

3 Open now mine eyes of faith;
Open now the book of God;
p Show me here the secret path
Leading to Thy blessed abode:
f Wisdom from above impart,
Speak the meaning to my heart.

Hymn 218 (Tune 10.) St. Michael. S.M.

GUILLAUME FRANC, 1543.



Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom.—Colossians iii. 16.

1 *mf* THE praises of my tongue
I offer to the Lord,
That I was taught, and learned so young,
To read His holy word.

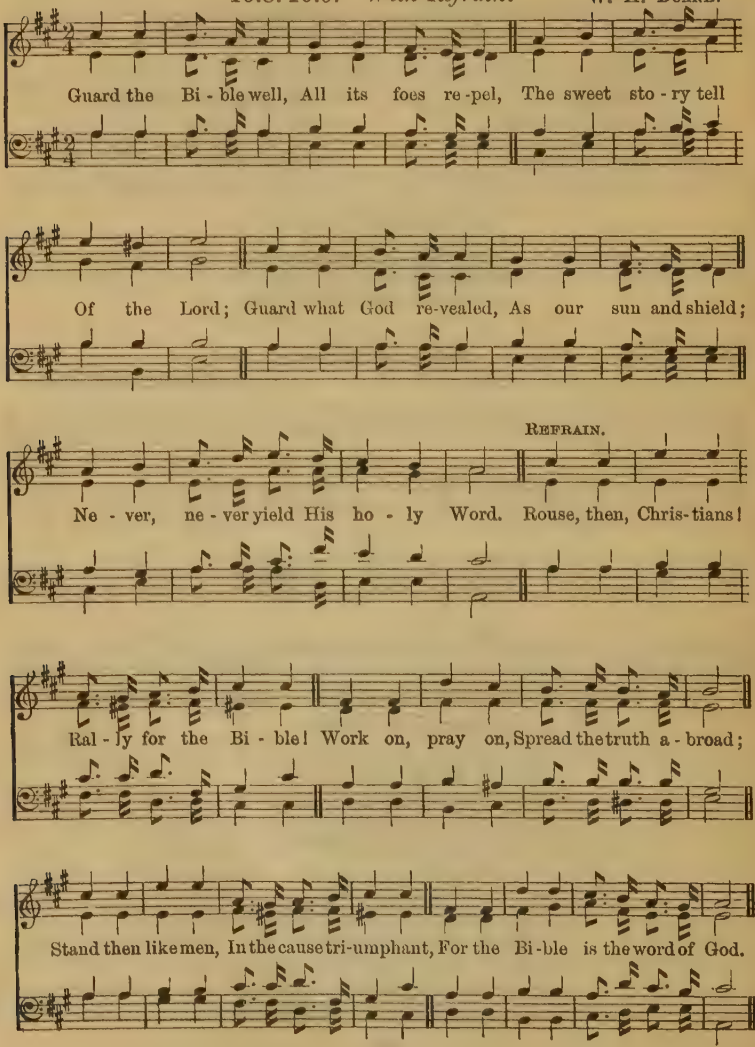
2 Dear Lord, this book of Thine
Informs me where to go
For grace to pardon all my sin
And make me holy too.

3 O may Thy Spirit teach,
And make my heart receive,
Those truths which all Thy servants preach,
And all Thy saints believe.

4 *f* Then shall I praise the Lord
In a more cheerful strain,
That I was taught to read His word,
And have not learned in vain.

Hymn 219 (Tune 476.) Bible Song.

10.8. 10.9. *With Refrain.* W. H. DOANE.


Guard the Bi - ble well, All its foes re - pel, The sweet sto - ry tell
Of the Lord; Guard what God re-vealed, As our sun and shield;
REFRAIN.
Ne - ver, ne - ver yield His ho - ly Word. Rouse, then, Chris-tians!
Ral - ly for the Bi - ble! Work on, pray on, Spread the truth a - broad;
Stand then like men, In the cause tri-umphant, For the Bi-ble is the word of God.

The sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God.—Ephesians vi. 17.

1 *mf* GUARD the Bible well, All its foes repel
The sweet story tell Of the Lord;
Guard what God revealed, As our sun and shield;
Never, never yield His holy word.
f Rouse then, Christians! Rally for the Bible!
Work on, pray on, Spread the truth abroad;
Stand then like men, In the cause triumphant:
For the Bible is the Word of God.

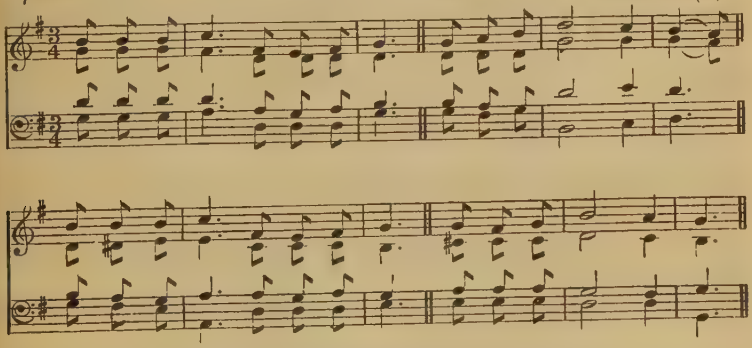
2 *mf* Book of love divine, Precious word of Thine,
Let it ever shine All abroad!
cr. In the Spirit's might We must win the fight
For this gospel light, The truth of God.
f Rouse then, Christians! &c.

3 *f* Shout the Bible song, Swell the mighty throng!
In the cause be strong Of the right;
Look to God in prayer, When the foe you dare,
And for ever wear His armour bright.
Rouse then, Christians! &c.

4 O ye Christian band, For this Bible stand!
By the Lord's command, Ne'er give o'er;
Lead the army on, Till the strife is done,
And the cause is won For evermore!
ff Rouse then, Christians! &c.

Hymn 220 (Tune 29.) Ilfracombe. C.M.

S. WEBBE. (?)



And when He had opened the Book, &c.—Luke iv. 17.

1 *p* O GENTLE Teacher, ever near,
Our hearts with knowledge feed,
Thou wilt not quench the smoking flax,
Nor break the bruised reed.

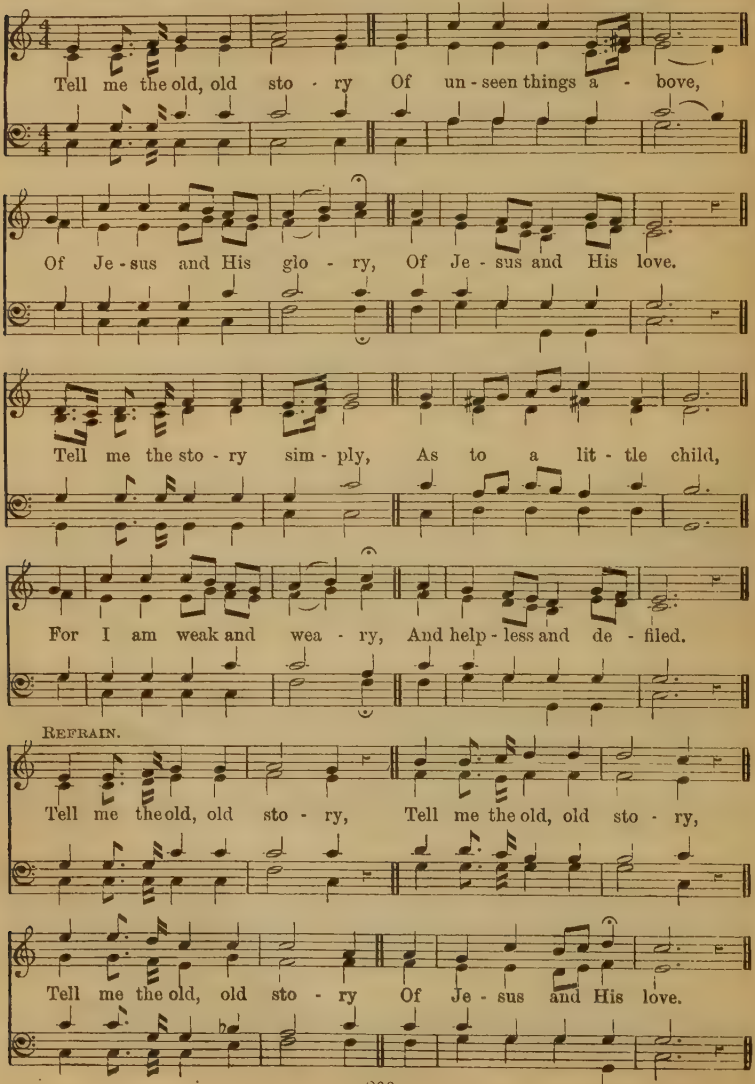
2 *mf* Though now Thou art exalted high,
Our frailty Thou hast known;
O teach us in Thy tender love,
Thy wisdom make us own.

3 O stoop and take us in Thy arms,
And bear us as of old;
So shall our faith its zeal maintain,
Nor will our love grow cold.

4 O write Thy laws upon our hearts
In lines of truth and love;
And we at last shall see Thy face
And hymn Thy praise above.

Tell me the old, old story.

Hymn 221 (Tune 254.) 7.6.7.6. D. *With Refrain.* W. H. DOANE.


Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove,
Of Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love.
Tell me the sto - ry sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child,
For I am weak and wea - ry, And help - less and de - filed.
REFRAIN.
Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell me the old, old sto - ry,
Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

This is a faithful saying.—1 Timothy i. 15.

1 *mf* TELL me the old, old story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child,
p For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.
mf Tell me the old, old story
Of Jesus and His love.

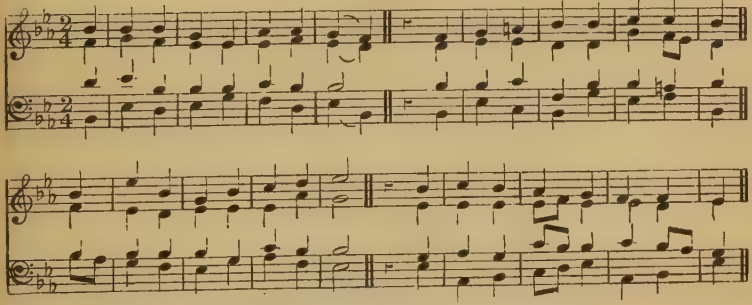
2 *p* Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in,
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin.
Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon!
The early dew of morning
Has passed away at noon.
mf Tell me the old, old story, &c.

3 *p* Tell me the story softly,
cr. With earnest tones and grave:
mf Remember I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.
Tell me the story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.
Tell me the old, old story, &c.

4 *mf* Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
cr. Yes, and when that world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story,
'Christ Jesus makes thee whole.'
Tell me the old, old story, &c.

Hymn 222 (Tune 77.) Gotha. L.M.

H.R.H. the late PRINCE CONSORT.



Give me now wisdom and knowledge.—2 Chronicles i. 10.

1 *mf* I ASK not wealth, nor pomp, nor power,
Nor the vain pleasures of an hour;
My soul aspires to nobler things
Than all the pride and state of kings.

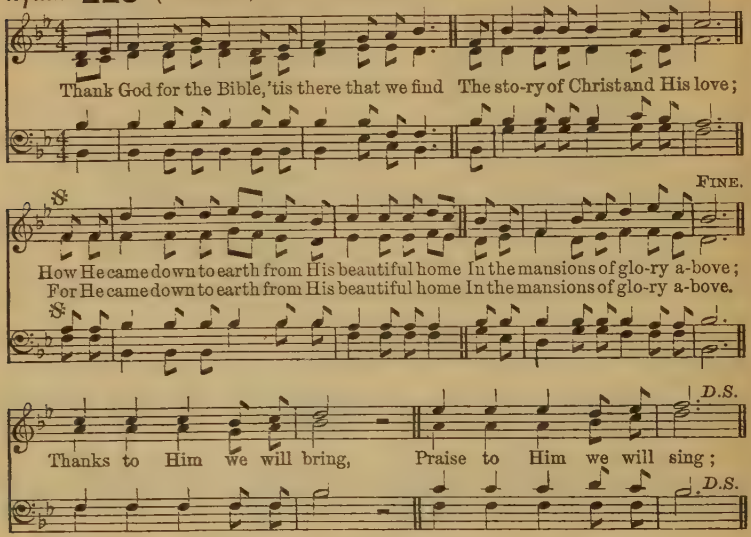
2 One thing I ask, O! wilt Thou hear,
And grant my soul a gift so dear;
Wisdom descending from above,
The choicest token of Thy love:

3 Wisdom, betimes to know the Lord,
To fear His name and keep His word:
To lead my feet in paths of truth,
And guide and guard my wandering youth.

4 *f* Then, shouldst Thou grant me length of days,
My life shall still proclaim Thy praise;
mf Or early death, I'll soar away
f To realms of everlasting day.

Thank God for the Bible.

Hymn 223 (Tune 502.) 11.8.12.9.6.6.12.9. W. B. BRADBURY.


Thank God for the Bible, 'tis there that we find The sto-ry of Christ and His love;
FINE.
How He came down to earth from His beautiful home In the mansions of glo-ry a-bove;
For He came down to earth from His beautiful home In the mansions of glo-ry a-bove.
D.S.
Thanks to Him we will bring, Praise to Him we will sing;
D.S.

Better unto me than thousands of gold and silver.—Psalm cxix. 72.

1 *mf* THANK God for the Bible, 'tis there that we find
The story of Christ and His love;
How He came down to earth from His beautiful home
In the mansions of glory above;
f Thanks to Him we will bring,
Praise to Him we will sing;
For He came down to earth from His beautiful home
In the mansions of glory above.

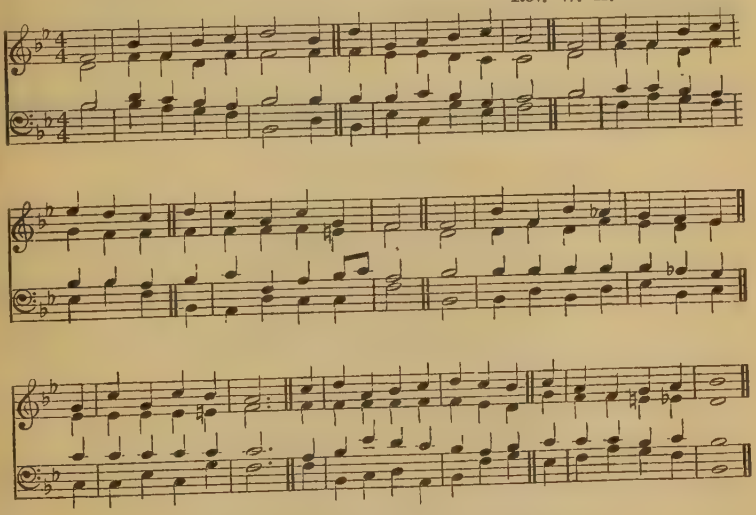
2 *mf* While He lived on this earth, to the sick and the blind
And to mourners His blessings were given;
And He said, 'Let the little ones come unto Me
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.'
Jesus calls us to come,
He's prepared us a home;
And He said, 'Let the little ones come unto Me,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.'

3 *f* In the Bible we read of a beautiful land,
Where sorrow and pain never come;
For Jesus is there with a heavenly band,
And there He prepares us a home.
mf Jesus calls, shall we stay?
f No! we will gladly obey;
For Jesus is there with a heavenly band,
And 'tis there He prepares us a home.

4 *f* Thank God for the Bible; its truths o'er the earth
We'll scatter with bountiful hand:
But we never can tell what a Bible is worth
Till we go to that beautiful land.
ff There our thanks we will bring,
There with angels we'll sing.
And its worth we can tell, when with Jesus we dwell
In heaven, that beautiful land.

Hymn 224 (Tune 268.) Kiriathaim. 7.6.8.6.8.6.8.6.

Rev. W. H. Havergal.



Holding fast the faithful word.—Titus i. 9.

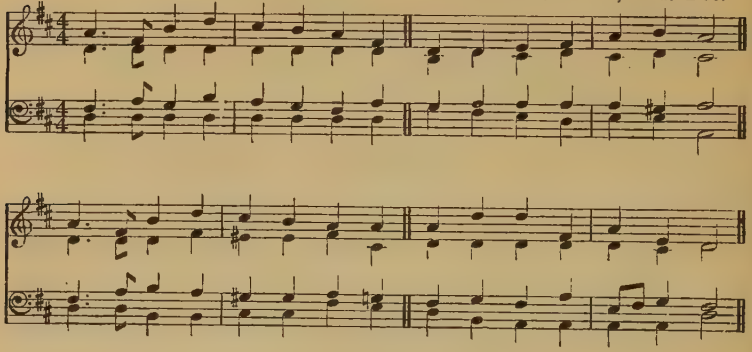
1 *f* We won't give up the Bible,
God's holy book of truth;
The blessèd staff of hoary age,
The guide of early youth:
The sun that sheds a glorious light
O'er every dreary road;
dim. The voice that speaks a Saviour's love,
And calls us home to God.

2 *f* We won't give up the Bible,
For pleasure or for pain;
We'll buy the truth, and sell it not
For all that we might gain.
Though man should try to take our prize
By guile or cruel might,
We'd suffer all that man could do;
God would defend the right.

3 *mf* We won't give up the Bible,
But spread it far and wide,
Until its saving words be heard
Beyond the rolling tide;
cr. Till all shall know its gracious power,
And with one voice and heart
f Resolve, that from God's sacred word
They'll never, never part.

Hymn 225 (Tune 389.) St. Oswald. 8.7.8.7.

Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.



Thou hast the words of eternal life.—John vi. 68.

1 *mf* O how blest the hour, Lord Jesus,
When we can to Thee draw near,
Promises so sweet and precious
From Thy gracious lips to hear!

2 Be with us this day to bless us,
That we may not hear in vain,
With the saving truths impress us
Which the words of life contain.

3 See us eager for salvation
Sit, great Master, at Thy feet,
mf And with breathless expectation
Hang upon Thine accents sweet.

4 Open Thou our minds, and lead us
Safely on our heavenward way;
With the lamp of truth precede us,
That we may not go astray.

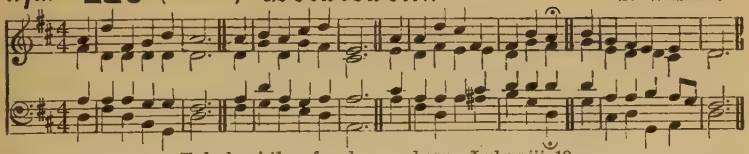
5 *p* Make us gentle, meek, and humble,
cr. And yet bold in doing right;
Scatter darkness, lest we stumble;
Men walk safely in the light.

6 *mf* Lord, endue Thy word from heaven
With such light and love and power
p That in us its silent leaven
May work on from hour to hour.

7 *mf* Give us grace to bear our witness
To the truths we have embraced,
And let others both their sweetness
And their quickening virtue taste

Hymn 226 (Tune 1.) Bethlehem. S.M.

S. Wesley.



Take heed therefore how ye hear.—Luke viii. 18.

1 *mf* Lord, help us as we hear,
To treasure up Thy word;
And not to-morrow to appear
As if it were unheard.

2 Lord, help us as we sing,
To mean the words we use;
And not to mock our heavenly King,
And all His love abuse.

3 Lord, help us as we pray,
To come with heart sincere;
And as we run in wisdom's way,
To seek Thy blessing here.

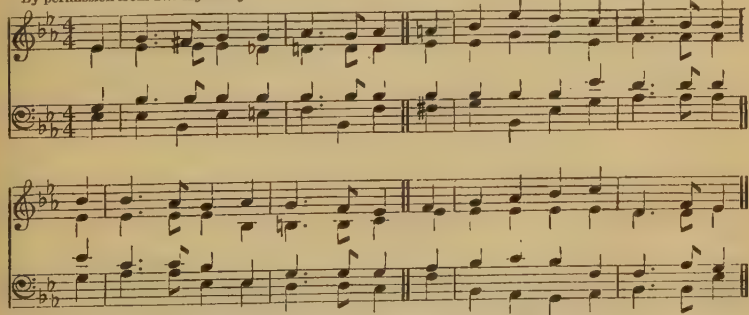
4 Lord, help us while we live,
Thy servants to abide;
Our food and raiment kindly give,
And all we need provide.

5 *p* Lord, help us when we die,
cr. To reach yon heavenly shore;
f And, with Thy holy ones on high,
To praise Thee evermore.

Hymn 227 (Tune 73.) Camden. L.M.

By permission from *The Hymnary*.

J. Baptiste Calkin.



I will instruct thee and teach thee.—Psalm xxxii. 8.

1 *mf* Great Saviour, who didst condescend
Young children in Thine arms to take,
Still prove Thyself the children's Friend,
And save us for Thy mercy's sake.

2 'Tis by the guidance of Thy hand
That we within Thy house appear;
p Now in Thine awful presence stand
To hear Thy word and join in prayer.

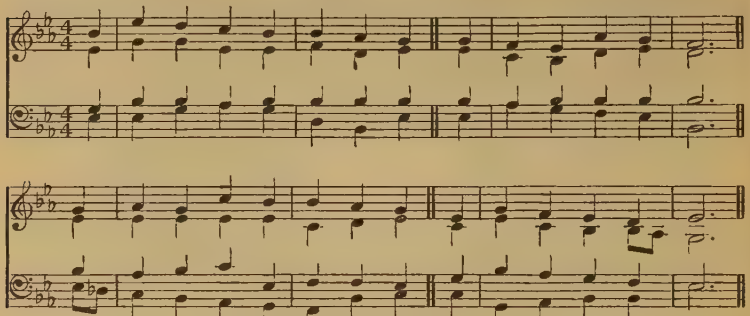
3 *mf* Like precious seed in fruitful ground
Let the instruction we receive
With fruits of righteousness abound,
And make us to Thy glory live.

4 Then, through the slippery paths of youth
Be Thou our Guardian and our Guide,
That we, directed by Thy truth,
May never from Thy precepts slide.

5 To read Thy word our hearts incline;
To understand it, light impart;
Great Saviour, may we all be Thine,
Take full possession of each heart.

Hymn 228 (Tune 44.) St. Peter. C.M.

A. R. Reinagle.



I thy servant fear the Lord *from my youth.*—1 Kings xviii. 12.

1 *mf* Happy the child whose youngest years
Receive instruction well,
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.

2 When we devote our youth to God,
'Tis pleasing in His eyes;
A flower, when offered in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.

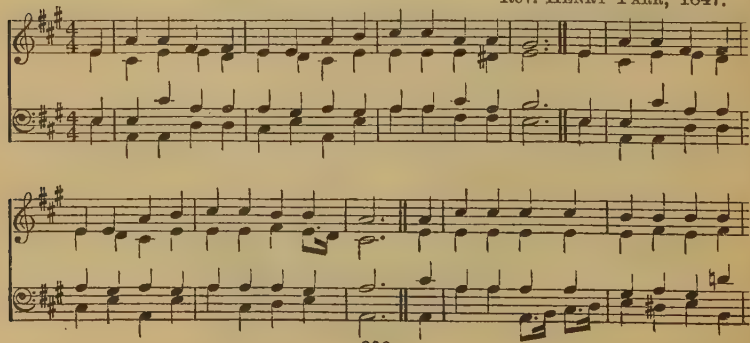
3 *cr.* 'Twill save us from a thousand snares
To mind religion young:
Grace will preserve our following years
f And make our virtues strong.

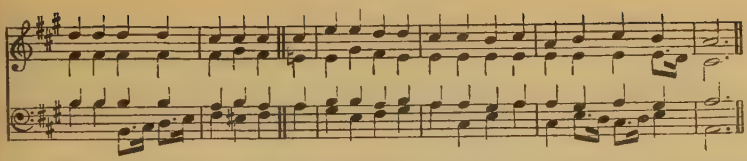
4 *mf* To Thee, Almighty God, to Thee
Our childhood we resign;
'Twill please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were Thine.

5 Let the sweet work of prayer and praise
Employ my youngest breath;
Thus I'm prepared for longer days,
p Or fit for early death.

Hymn 229 (Tune 376.) Westbury. 8.6.8.6.8.8.8.6.

Rev. Henry Parr, 1847.





Suffer the little children to come unto Me.—Mark x. 14.

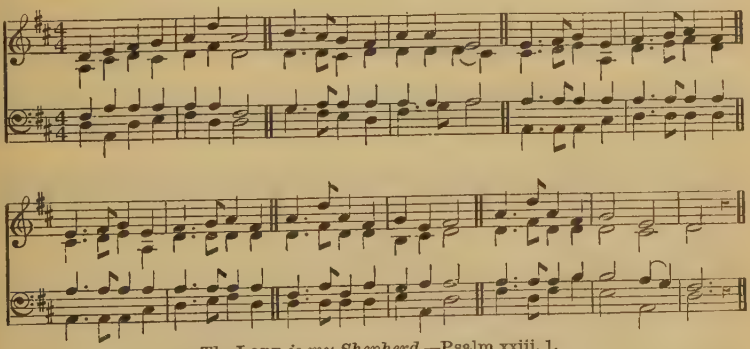
1 *mf* 'LET little children come to Me,'
So said our blessèd Lord;
And I, a little child, must be
Obedient to His word;
f On all my days must sing His praise,
dim. And bow before Him, for He said,
mf 'Let little children come to Me,
Let little children come.'

2 'Let little children come to Me,'
It is my Saviour's call;
He spake it not to two or three,
But to the children all.
And so when they His law obey,
It is as if they heard Him say,
'Let little children come to Me,
Let little children come.'

3 'Let little children come to Me:'
O Saviour, Lord, I come; [Thee,
Through life and death I'll go with
Thine arms shall be my home:
f I cannot fear when Thou art near,
And Thy sweet words I seem to hear,
mf 'Let little children come to Me,
Let little children come.'

Hymn 230 (Tune 350.) Tromso. 7.7.8.8.7.7.

Danish Melody.



The LORD *is my Shepherd.*—Psalm xxiii. 1.

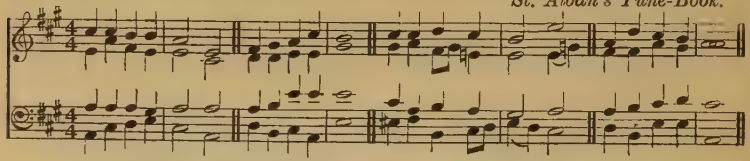
1 *mf* I AM Jesus' little lamb,
Ever glad at heart I am;
Jesus loves me, Jesus knows me,
All things fair and good He shows me,
Even calls me by my name:
Every day He is the same.

2 Safely in and out I go,
Jesus loves and keeps me so.
When I hunger, Jesus feeds me;
When I thirst, my Shepherd leads me
p Where the waters softly flow,
Where the sweetest pastures grow.

3 Should I not be always glad?
Jesus would not have me sad;
p And when this short life is ended,
cr. Those whom the Good Shepherd tended
f Will be taken to the skies,
There to dwell in paradise.

Hymn 231 (Tune 139.) Traveller. 6.5.6.5.

St. Alban's Tune-Book.



But now they desire a better country.—Hebrews xi. 16.

1 *mf* I'M a little pilgrim,
And a stranger here;
Though this world is pleasant,
Sin is always near.

2 Mine's a better country,
Where there is no sin;
Where the tones of sorrow
Never enter in.

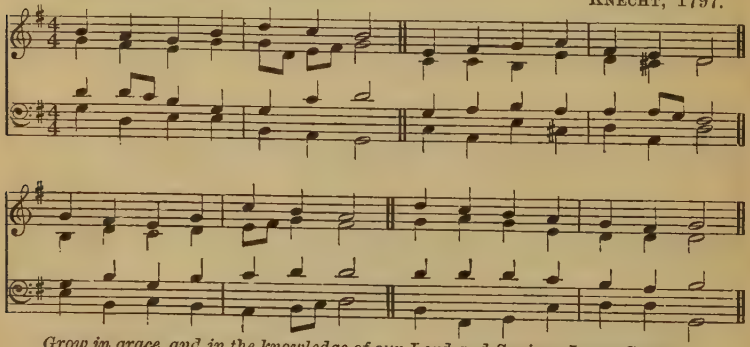
3 But a little pilgrim
Must have garments clean,
If he'd wear the white robes,
And with Christ be seen.

4 *p* Jesus, cleanse and save me;
Teach me to obey;
Holy Spirit, guide me
On my heavenly way.

5 I'm a little pilgrim,
And a stranger here,
f But my home in heaven
Cometh ever near.

Hymn 232 (Tune 308.) Vienna. 7.7.7.7.

KNECHT, 1797.



Grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour JESUS CHRIST.—2 Peter iii. 18.

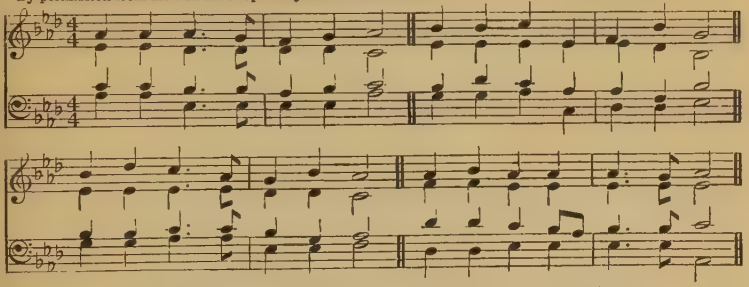
1 *mf* EVERY little step I take
Forward in my heavenly way,
Every little effort make
To grow Christ-like day by day,

2 *p* Little sighs and little prayers,
Even little tears which fall,
Little hopes and fears and cares,
Saviour, Thou dost know them all.

3 *f* Thus my greatest joy is this,
That my Saviour, loving, mild,
Knows the children's weaknesses,
And Himself was once a child.

Hymn 233 (Tune 306.) St. Bees. 7.7.7.7.

By permission from Rev. R. R. Chope's *Hymn and Tune-Book.* Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.



Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.—John vi. 37.

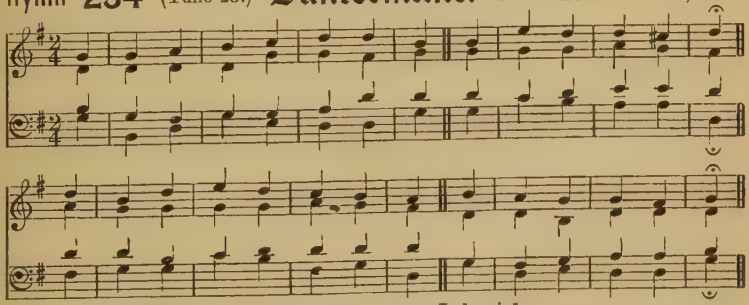
1 *mf* Saviour, bless a little child,
Teach my heart the way to Thee;
Make it gentle, meek, and mild;
Loving Saviour, care for me.

2 I am young, but Thou hast said
All who will may come to Thee;
Feed my soul with living bread;
Loving Saviour, care for me.

3 *p* Jesus, help me, I am weak;
cr. Let me put my trust in Thee;
Teach me how and what to speak;
Loving Saviour, care for me.

4 *f* I would never go astray,
Never turn aside from Thee;
Keep me in the heavenly way;
Loving Saviour, care for me.

Hymn 234 (Tune 23.) Dunfermline. C.M. Scotch Psalter, 1615.



Lord, *teach us to pray.*—Luke xi. 1.

1 *mf* Lord, teach a little child to pray,
Thy grace betimes impart,
And grant Thy Holy Spirit may
Renew my youthful heart.

2 *p* A sinful creature I was born,
And from my birth have strayed;
I must be wretched and forlorn
Without Thy mercy's aid.

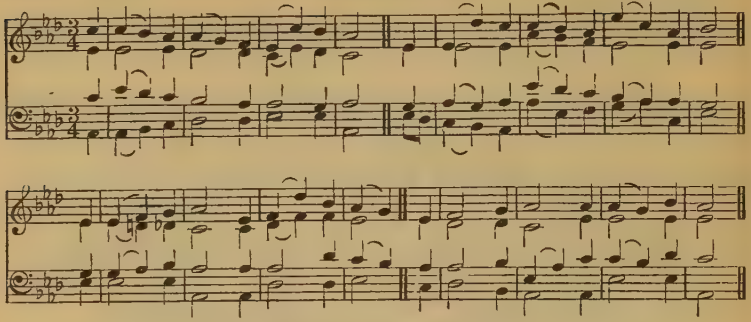
3 *cr.* But Christ can all my sins forgive,
And wash away their stain;
f Can fit my soul with Him to live
And in His kingdom reign.

4 *mf* To Him let little children come,
For He has said they may;
His bosom then shall be their home
Their tears He'll wipe away.

5 *cr.* All those who early seek His face
Shall surely taste His love,
Jesus shall guide them by His grace
To dwell with Him above.

Hymn 235 (Tune 74.) Eden. L.M.

T. B. Mason.



God be merciful to me a sinner.—Luke xviii. 13.

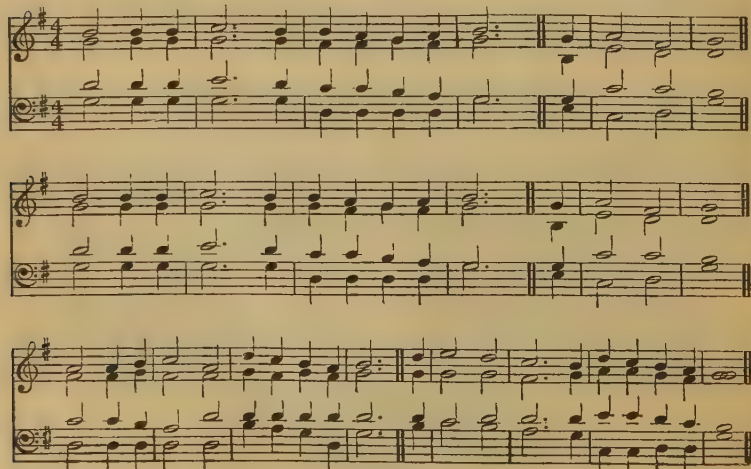
1 *mf* Lord, look upon a little child,
By nature sinful, rude, and wild;
O, lay Thy gracious hand on me,
And make me all I ought to be!

2 *p* Make me Thy child, a child of God,
Washed in my Saviour's precious blood;
And my whole heart, from sin set free,
A little vessel, full of Thee.

3 *mf* O Jesus, take me to Thy breast,
And bless me,—then I shall be blest;
Both when I wake, and when I sleep,
Thy little lamb in safety keep.

Hymn 236 (Tune 474.) Sandon. 10.4.10.4.10.10.

C. H. Purday.



My soul trusteth in Thee.—Psalm lvii. 1

1 JESUS, who calledst little ones to Thee,
To Thee I come,
O take my hand in Thine, and speak to me,
And lead me home;
Lest from the path of life my feet should stray,
And Satan prowling make Thy lamb His prey.

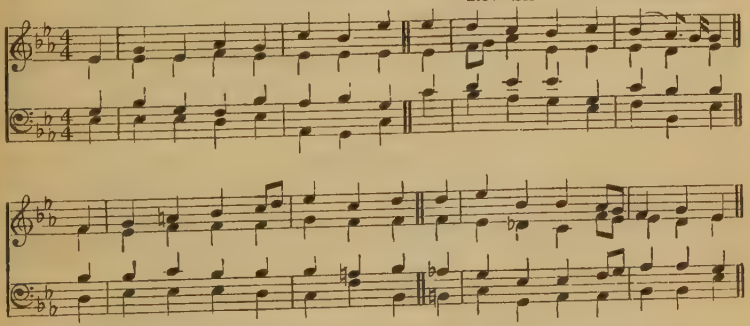
2 I love to think that Thou with holy feet
My path hast trod,
Along life's common lane and dusty street
Hast walked with God,
On Mary's bosom drawn a baby's breath,
And served Thy parents dear at Nazareth.

3 *p* O gentle Jesus, make this heart of mine
(So full of sin)
As holy, harmless, undefiled, as Thine,
And dwell therein:
Then, God my Father, I like Thee shall know,
cr. And grow in wisdom as in strength I grow.

4 *f* To Thee, my Saviour, then, with morning light
Glad songs I'll raise,
My saddest hours and darkest shall be bright
dim. With silent praise;
And should my work or play my thoughts employ,
cr. Thy will shall be my law, Thy love my joy.

Hymn 237 (Tune 89.) Tenbury. L.M.

Rev. Sir F. A. G. OUSELEY.



And they followed JESUS.—John i. 37.

1 *mf* I WOULD a youthful pilgrim be,
Resolved alone to follow Thee,
Thou Lamb of God, who now art gone
Up to Thine everlasting throne.

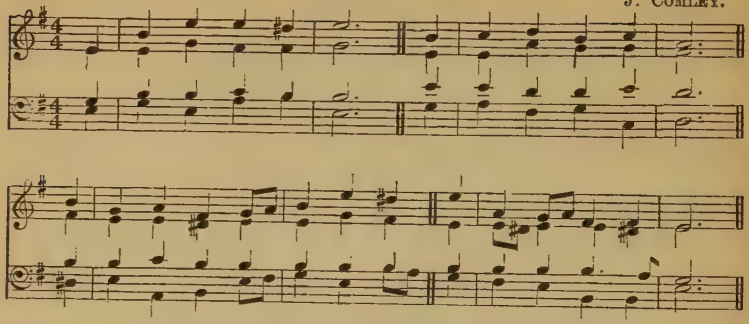
2 I would my heart to Thee resign;
O come, and make it wholly Thine!
Set up Thy kingdom, Lord, within,
And cast out every thought of sin.

3 Be it my chief desire to prove,
How much I owe, how much I love;
Contentedly my cross to take,
And meekly bear it for Thy sake.

4 *f* Then, when my pilgrimage is o'er,
And I can serve Thee here no more,
Within Thy temple, God of love,
I'll serve Thee day and night above.

Hymn 238 (Tune 11.) Truth. S.M.

J. Comley.



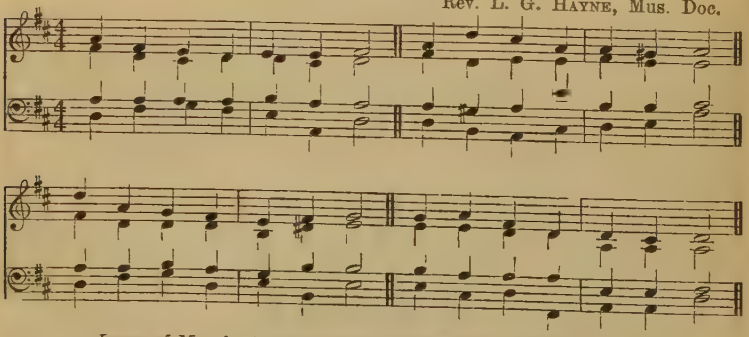
Thou art my trust from my youth.—Psalm lxxi. 5.

1 *mf* I'm not too young to sin,
I'm not too young to die;
I'm not too little to begin
A life of faith and joy.

2 Jesus, I love Thy name;
From evil set me free;
f And ever keep Thy feeble lamb,
Who puts his trust in Thee.

Hymn 239 (Tune 291.) Buckland. 7.7.7.7.

Rev. L. G. Hayne, Mus. Doc.



Learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart.—Matthew xi. 29.

1 *mf* Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee.

2 Fain I would to Thee be brought;
Gracious God, forbid it not;
Give me, O my God! a place
In the kingdom of Thy grace.

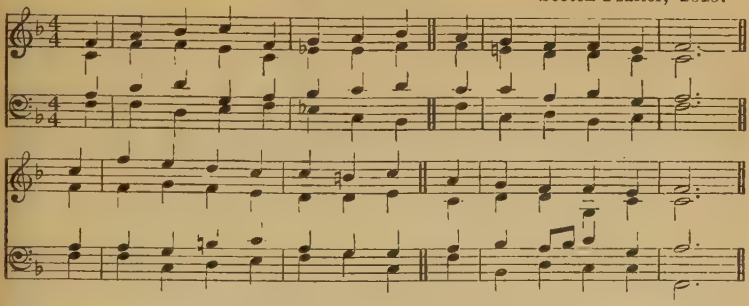
3 Fain I would be as Thou art;
Give me Thy obedient heart:
Thou art pitiful and kind;
Let me have Thy loving mind.

4 *p* Meek and lowly may I be;
Thou art all humility:
Let me to my betters bow;
Subject to Thy parents Thou.

5 *mf* Let me above all fulfil
God my heavenly Father's will:
Never His good Spirit grieve
Only to His glory live.

Hymn 240 (Tune 26.) French. C.M.

Scotch Psalter, 1615.



A new heart and a new spirit.—Ezekiel xviii. 31.

1 *mf* BLEST Saviour, let me be a child,
A little child of Thine;
Thou hast on infant spirits smiled,
O kindly smile on mine.

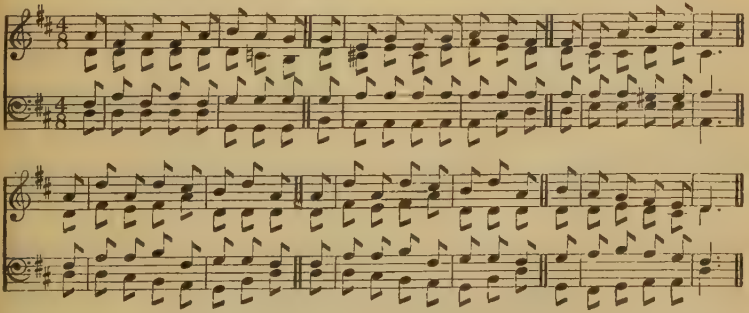
2 Make me a child in simple ways,
In heart more simple still;
Believing all the Father says,
And doing all His will.

3 Give me a nature pure and true,
My evil heart control;
And day by day may grace renew
The childhood of my soul.

4 May this sweet spirit ne'er depart,
Midst all my joys and cares;
And may I be a child in heart,
Through all my following years.

Hymn 241 (Tune 445.) His Little One. 8.8.6.8.8.6.

W. F. SHERWIN.



These little ones that believe in Me.—Mark ix. 42.

1 *mf* AND is it true, as I am told,
That there are lambs within the fold
Of God's beloved Son?
That Jesus Christ with tender care,
dim. Will in His arms most gently bear
p The helpless little one?

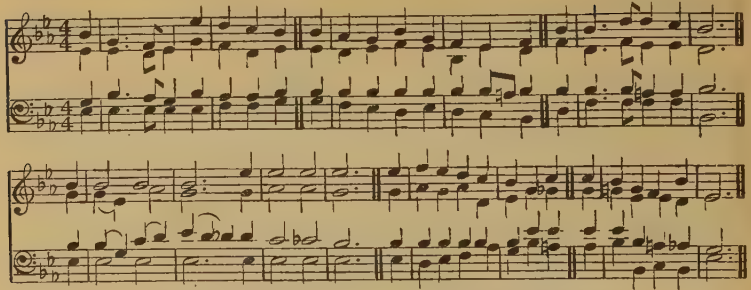
2 *mf* And I, a little straying lamb,
May come to Jesus as I am,
Though goodness I have none;
May now be folded on His breast,
As birds within the parent-nest,
And be His little one?

3 Others there are who love me too;
But who, with all their love, could do
What Jesus Christ has done?
Then if He teaches me to pray,
I'll surely go to Him and say,
'Lord, keep Thy little one.'

4 Then by this gracious Shepherd fed
And by His mercy gently led
Where living waters run,
cr. My greatest pleasure will be this:
That I'm a little lamb of His,
f His own dear little one.

Hymn 241 2nd Tune. (448.) Ravendale. 8.8.6.8.8.6.

W. STOKES.



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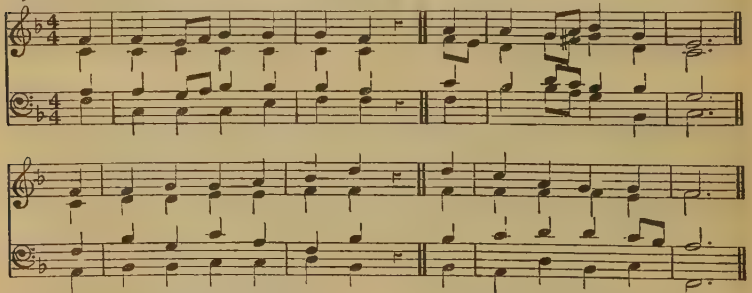
May come to Jesus as I am,
Though goodness I have none;
May now be folded on His breast,
As birds within the parent-nest,
And be His little one?

3 Others there are who love me too;
But who, with all their love, could do
What Jesus Christ has done?
Then if He teaches me to pray,
I'll surely go to Him and say,
'Lord, keep Thy little one.'

4 Then by this gracious Shepherd fed
And by His mercy gently led
Where living waters run,
cr. My greatest pleasure will be this:
That I'm a little lamb of His,
f His own dear little one.

Hymn 242 (Tune 212.) Rocker. 7.6.7.6.

German.



While the evil days come not.—Ecclesiastes xii. 1.

1 *mf* COME, while from joy's bright fountain
The streams of pleasure flow,
Come, ere thy buoyant spirits
Have felt the blight of woe.

2 Remember thy Creator
Now, in thy youthful days,
And He will guide thy footsteps
Through life's uncertain ways.

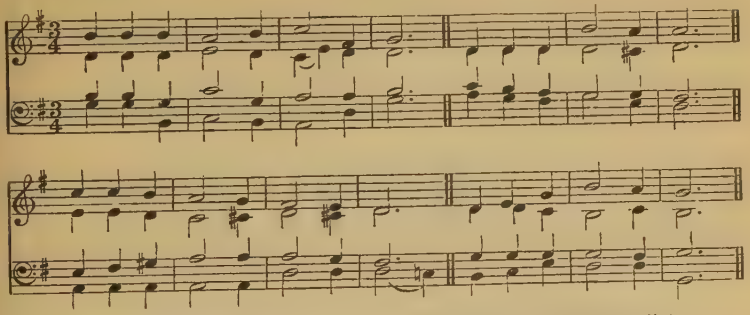
3 Remember thy Creator,
He calls in tones of love;
And offers endless blessing
In brighter worlds above.

4 *p* And in the hour of sadness,
When earthly joys depart,
cr. His love shall be thy solace,
And cheer thy drooping heart.

5 And when life's storms are over,
And thou from earth art free,
Thy God will be Thy portion
Throughout eternity.

Hymn 243 (Tune 41.) St. Agnes. C.M.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.



Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.—Ecclesiastes xii. 1.

1 *mf* REMEMBER thy Creator now,
In these thy youthful days ;
He will accept thine early vow,
And listen to thy praise.

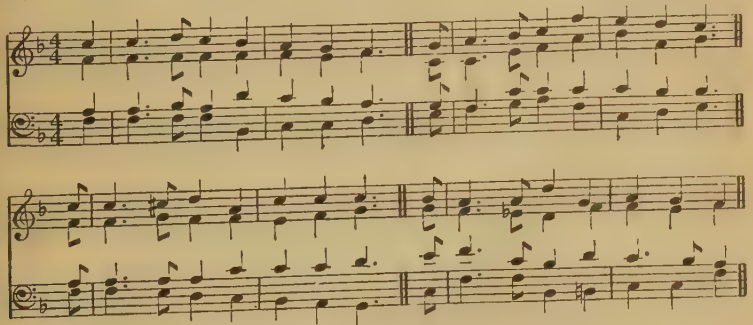
2 Remember thy Creator now,
And seek Him while He's near ;
For evil days will come, when thou
Shalt find no comfort near.

3 Remember thy Creator now ;
His willing servant be ; [how,
p Then, when thy head in death shall
He will remember thee.

4 *mf* Almighty God ! our hearts incline
Thy heavenly voice to hear ;
Let all our future days be Thine,
Devoted to Thy fear.

Hymn 244 (Tune 71.) Anthems sweet. L.M.

E. J. BUXTON.



Whoso trusteth in the LORD, *happy is he.*—Proverbs xvi. 20.

1 *mf* How sweet it is in early youth
To tread the sacred path of truth,
From sin's deceitful snares to run,
And find a heaven on earth begun !

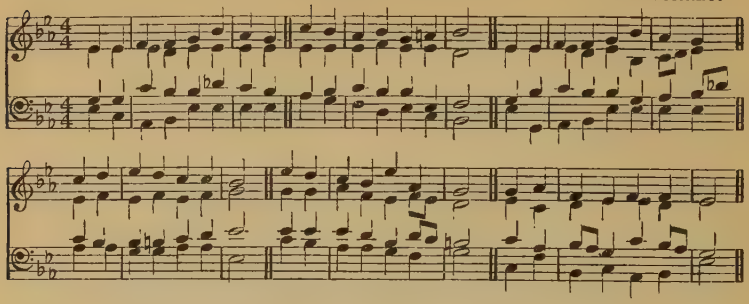
2 How happy is the soul that knows
p What perfect peace and calm repose
mf A gracious Father deigns to give
To them who by his precepts live !

3 *mf* Forbid it, Lord, that we should stray
Far distant from Thy holy way,
Or so deceived and thoughtless be
As to love pleasure more than Thee.

4 Though fools may make a mock of sin,
O teach us wisely to begin
To seek the safe and narrow road
f That leads to happiness and God.

Hymn 245 (Tune 412.) They are blest. 8.7.8.7.7.7.

J. Comley.



Those that seek Me early shall find Me.—Proverbs viii. 17.

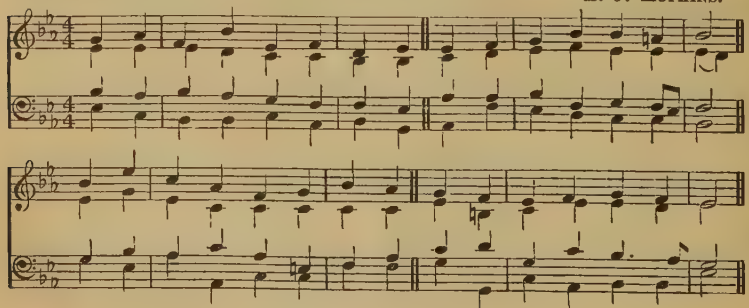
1 *mf* They are blest, and blest for ever,
Who in childhood's early day
Seek the care of Him who never
Turns the seeking soul away.
Jesus, lest their feet should slide,
Condescends to be their guide.

2 Who the world's temptations scorn
Keep in view the great reward,[ing
And in youth's delightful morning
Yield themselves unto the Lord;
Jesus will their portion be
Now and through eternity.

3 He, their Shepherd and their Saviour,
Will with eyes of love behold,
And regard with kindest favour,
Every lamb within His fold.
f He will guide them by His love
To His blessèd fold above.

Hymn 246 (Tune 382.) Mitcham. 8.7.8.7.

E. J. Hopkins.



Follow Me.—Matthew iv. 19.

1 *mf* Childhood's years are passing o'er us,
Youthful days will soon be gone:
Cares and sorrows lie before us,
Hidden dangers, snares unknown.

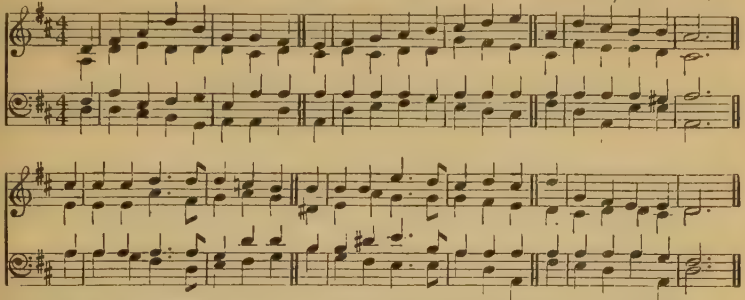
2 O may He who, meek and lowly,
p Trod Himself this vale of woe,
Make us His, and make us holy,
Guard and guide us while we go.

3 *cr.* Hark! it is the Saviour calling,
'Children, come, and follow Me
Jesus, keep our feet from falling;
Teach us all to follow Thee.

4 Soon we part; it may be never,
Never here to meet again;
f O to meet in heaven for ever!
O the crown of life to gain!

Hymn 247 (Tune 446.) Kingston. 8.8.6.8.8.6.

W. HAYES, Mus. Doc.



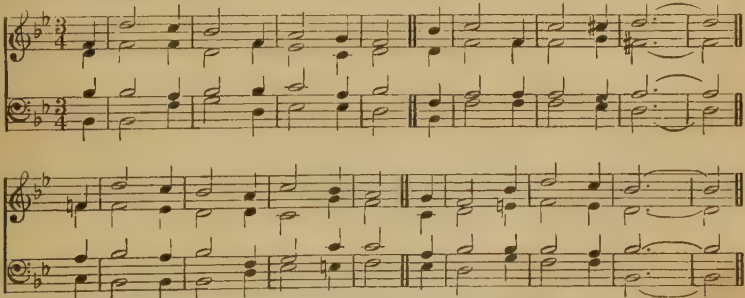
Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.—Proverbs iii. 17.

1 *f* HAPPY beyond description he
Who in the paths of piety
Loves from his youth to run:
Its ways are ways of pleasantness,
mf And all its paths are paths of peace,
And heaven on earth begun.

2 *f* If this felicity were mine,
I every other would resign,
With just and holy scorn:
Cheerful and blithe my way pursue,
And with the promised land in view,
Singing to God return.

Hymn 248 (Tune 46.) Thorner. C.M.

St. Alban's Tune-Book.



Narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life.—Matthew vii. 14.

1 *mf* THERE is a path that leads to God,
All others lead astray;
Narrow but pleasant is the road,
And Christians love the way.

2 It leads straight through this world of sin,
And dangers must be passed;
f But those who boldly walk therein.
Will come to heaven at last.

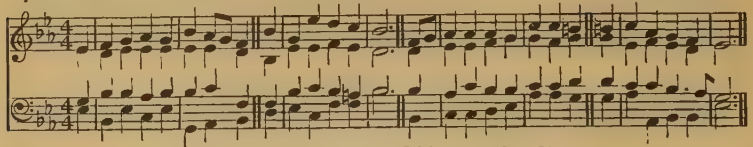
3 *mf* How shall a little pilgrim dare
This dangerous path to tread?
For on the way is many a snare,
For youthful travellers spread.

4 While the broad road, where thousands go,
Lies near, and opens fair;
And many turn aside, I know,
And walk with sinners there.

5 But lest my feeble steps should slide,
Or wander from Thy way,
Lord, condescend to be my Guide,
And I shall never stray.

6 *cr.* Thus I may safely venture through,
Beneath my Shepherd's care,
And keep the gate of heaven in view
f Till I shall enter there.

Hymn 249 (Tune 28.) Thorsley. C.M. C. E. Horsley.



Jesus beholding him loved him.—Mark x. 21.

1 *mf* By cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2 Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart with influence
Is upward drawn to God. [sweet

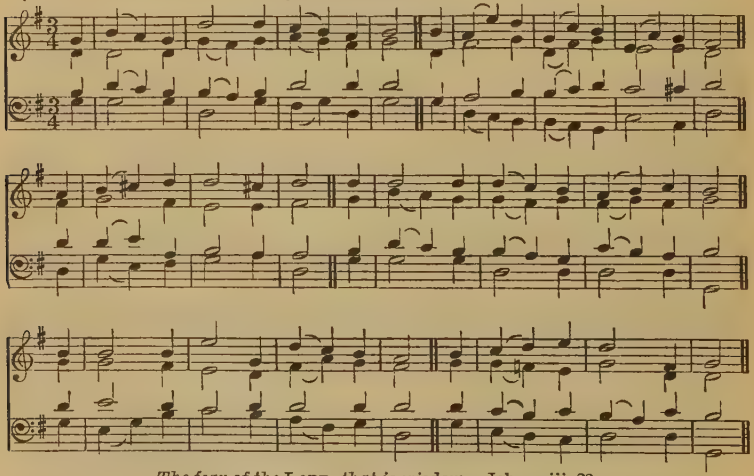
3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
dim. The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
p Must shortly fade away.

4 *mf* And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power
cr. And stormy passion's rage.

5 *mf* O Thou, whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine!
Whose years, with changeless virtue
Were all alike divine; [crowned,

6 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age and death,
To keep us still Thine own!

Hymn 250 (Tune 447.) Pembroke. 8.8.6.8.8.6. J. Foster.

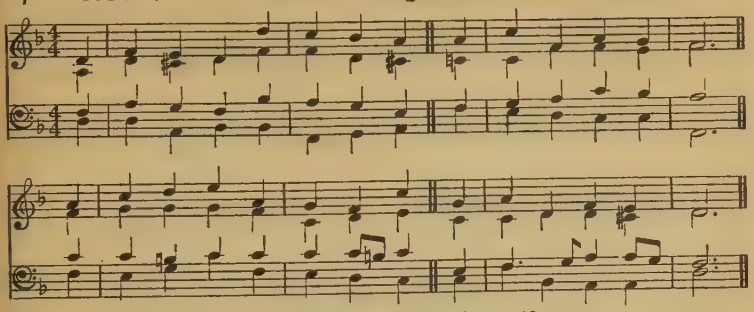


The fear of the Lord, *that is wisdom.*—Job xxviii. 28.

1 *mf* Be it my only wisdom here
To serve the Lord with filial fear,
With loving gratitude;
Superior sense may I display,
By shunning every evil way,
And walking in the good.

2 *mf* O may I still from sin depart!
A wise and understanding heart,
Jesus, to me be given!
And let me through Thy Spirit know
f To glorify my God below,
And find my way to heaven.

Hymn 251 (Tune 43.) St. Mary. C.M.



Redeeming the time.—Ephesians v. 16.

1 *p* SWIFT as the wingèd arrow flies
My time is hastening on;
Quick as the lightning from the skies
My wasting moments run.

2 *mf* My follies past, O God, forgive,
And every sin subdue;
And teach me henceforth how to live,
With glory in my view.

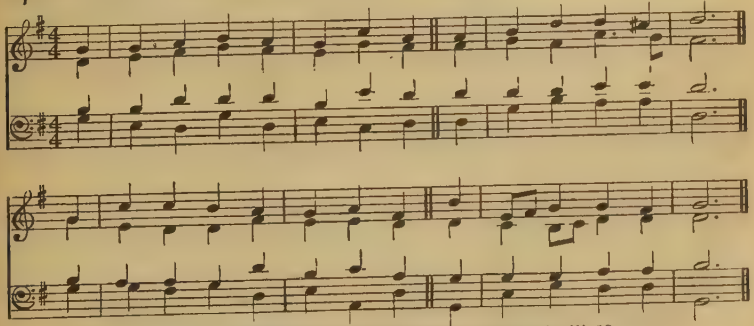
3 *p* 'Twere better I had not been born,
Than live without Thy fear!
For they are wretched and forlorn
Who have their portion here.

4 *f* But thanks to Thy great love and grace,
That in my early youth
I have been taught to seek Thy face,
And know the way of truth.

5 O let Thy Spirit lead me still
Along the happy road;
Conform me to Thy holy will,
My Father and my God.

Hymn 252 (Tune 25.) Farrant. C.M.

R. FARRANT.



Happy is the man that findeth wisdom.—Proverbs iii. 13.

1 *mf* WHY should we spend our youthful days
In folly and in sin,
When wisdom shows her pleasant ways
And bids us walk therein?

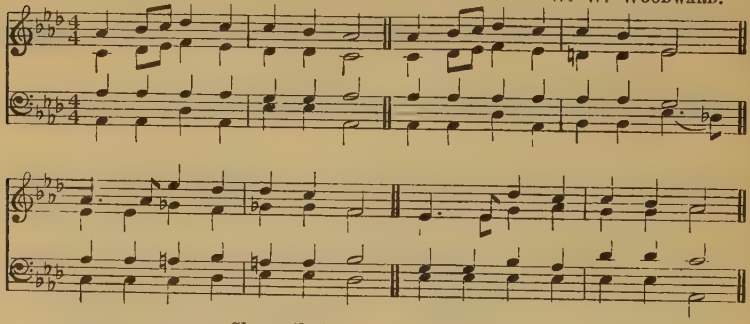
2 Folly and sin our peace destroy;
They glitter and are past;
They yield us but a moment's joy,
p And end in death at last.

3 *f* But if true wisdom we possess
Our joys shall never cease;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness
And all her paths are peace.

4 *mf* O may we in our youthful days
Attend to wisdom's voice;
And make these holy, happy ways
Our own delight and choice!

Hymn 253 (Tune 300.) Litany. 7.7.7.7.

W. W. Woodward.



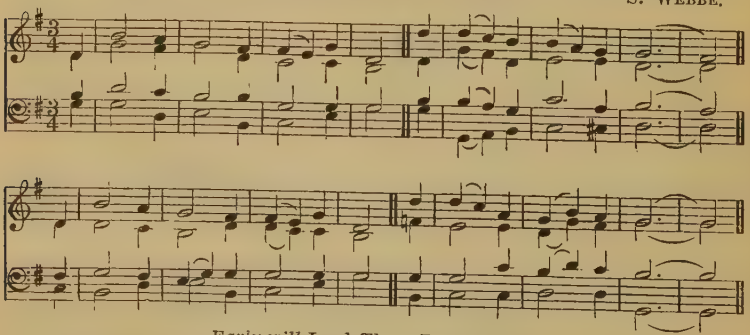
Chosen that good part.—Luke x. 42.

1 *mf* 'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.

2 After death, its joys will be
Lasting as eternity:
cr. Be the living God my Friend,
Then my bliss shall never end.

Hymn 254 (Tune 19.) Belmont. C.M.

S. Webbe.



Early will I seek Thee.—Psalm lxiii. 1.

1 *mf* Lord, now my journey's just begun,
My course so little trod,
O, help me, ere I further run,
To give my heart to God.

2 What sorrows may my steps attend
I cannot now foretell;
But if the Lord will be my friend,
I know that all is well.

3 If I am poor, He can supply,
Who has my table spread,
Who feeds the ravens when they cry,
And fills His poor with bread.

4 And, Lord, whatever grief or ill
For me may be in store,
Make me submissive to Thy will,
And I would ask no more.

5 Attend me through my youthful way,
Whatever be my lot;
p And when I'm feeble, old, and grey,
cr. O Lord, forsake me not.

Hymn 255 (Tune 400.) Madeley. 8.7.8.7.4.7.

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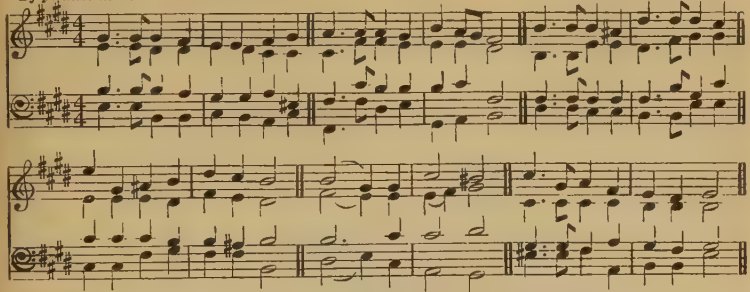


The Son of man is come to save that which was lost.—Matthew xviii. 11.

1 *mf* Youthful, weak, and unprotected,
Prone in folly's path to stray;
By no friendly hand directed,
We shall surely lose our way.
Who shall guide us
To the realms of endless day?

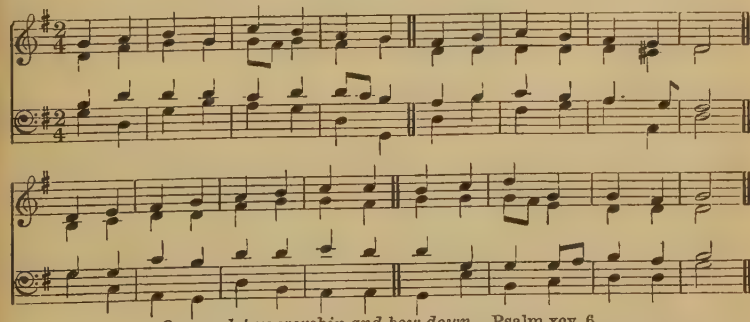
2 Christian teachers may instruct us,
Friends their generous aid bestow;
Will no powerful arm conduct us
Safely all the journey through?
Who shall keep us,
Wanderers in a world of woe?

3 Christ, our Shepherd, waits to gather
Every wanderer to His fold;
And with love our heavenly Father
Will each humble child behold.
Lord, receive us;
'Tis Thy kindness makes us bold.

4 Thankful for the love that bought us,
Now our feeble songs we raise:
Hither hath Thy mercy brought us,
f Here with joy we sound Thy praise.
To Thine honour
We would yield our future days.

Hymn 256 (Tune 380.) Holborn. 8.7.8.7.

St. Alban's Tune-Book.



O come, let us worship and bow down.—Psalm xcv. 6.

1 *mf* Lord, a little band and lowly,
We are come to worship Thee:
Thou art great and high and holy,
Meek and humble let us be!

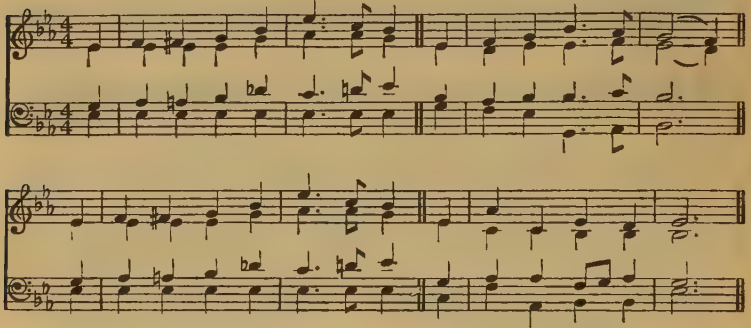
2 Fill our hearts with thoughts of Jesus,
And of heaven where He is gone;
And let nothing ever please us
He would grieve to look upon.

3 For we know the Lord of glory
Always sees what children do,
And is writing now the story
Of our thoughts and actions too.

4 Let our sins be all forgiven;
Make us fear whate'er is wrong
cr. Lead us on our way to heaven,
f There to sing a nobler song.

Hymn 257 (Tune 45.) St. Valentine. C.M.

J. H. Casson.



Create in me a clean heart, O God.—Psalm li. 10.

1 *mf* O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that always feels Thy blood,
So freely spilt for me!

2 *p* A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
mf My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone;

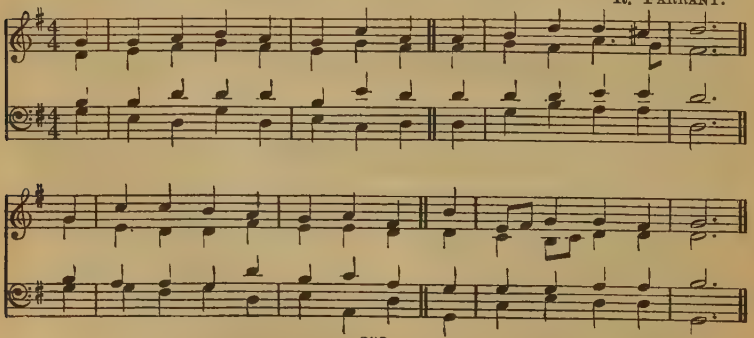
3 *p* A humble, lowly contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
cr. Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within;

4 *mf* A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine!

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart!
Come quickly from above,
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of love.

Hymn 258 (Tune 25.) Farrant. C.M.

R. Farrant.



Pray without ceasing.—1 Thessalonians v. 17.

1 *mf* PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast

2 *p* Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

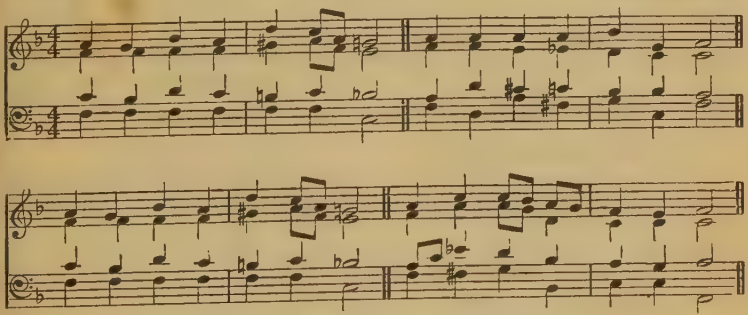
3 *mf* Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
cr. Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 *mf* Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

5 O Thou by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way!
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod:
Lord! teach us how to pray.

Hymn 259 (Tune 309.) Weber. 7.7.7.7.

From WEBER



Ask, and ye shall receive.—John xvi. 24.

1 *mf* COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He Himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 *mf* With my burden I begin,
p Lord, remove this load of sin!
Let Thy blood for sinners spilt
cr. Set my conscience free from guilt.

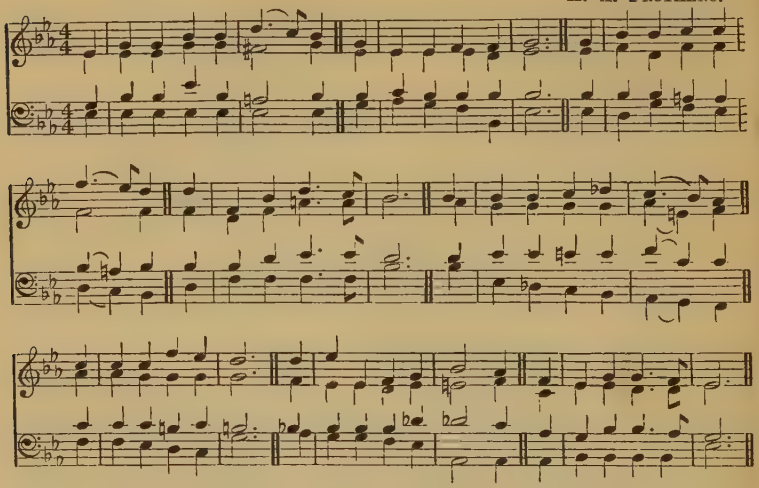
4 *mf* Lord, I come to Thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast; [tain,
There Thy blood-bought right main-
And without a rival reign.

5 As the image in the glass
Answers the beholder's face,
Thus unto my heart appear,
Print Thine own resemblance there.

6 While I am a pilgrim here,
cr. Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend
Lead me to my journey's end.

Hymn 260 (Tune 243.) St. Ninian. 7.6.7.6. D.

H. A. Prothero.



My voice shalt Thou hear in the morning, O Lord.—Psalm v. 3.

1 *mf* Go when the morning shineth,
Go when the noon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
p Go in the hush of night;
Go with pure mind and feeling,
cr. Cast every fear away,
mf And in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

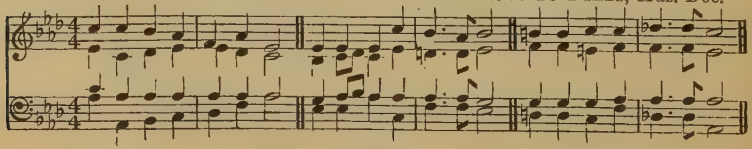
2 *mf* Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee;
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
If any such there be.
p Then, for thyself, in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim,
And link with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.

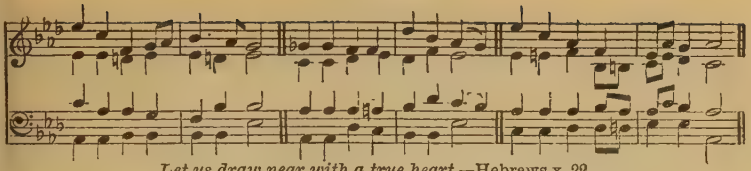
3 *mf* Or if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee,
When friends are round thy way;
p E'en then thy silent breathing
cr. Of spirit raised above
May reach His throne of glory,
Of mercy, truth, and love.

4 *mf* Whene'er thou pinest in sadness,
Before His footstool fall;
Remember, in thy gladness,
His grace who gave thee all:
O, not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare,
The power that He has given us
To pour our souls in prayer.

Hymn 261 (Tune 328.) Glastonbury. 7.7.7.7.7.7.

Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.





Let us draw near with a true heart.—Hebrews x. 22.

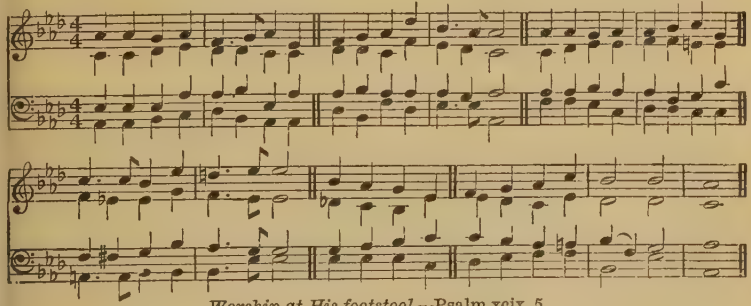
1 *mf* HOLY Lord, our hearts prepare
For the solemn hour of prayer:
Grant that while we bend the knee
All our thoughts may turn to Thee;
Let Thy presence here be found,
cr. Breathing peace and joy around.

2 *mf* Lord, when we approach Thy throne,
Make Thy power and glory known;
As Thy children, may we call
On our Father, Lord of all,
And with holy love and fear
At Thy footstool now appear.

3 *p* Teach us, while we breathe our woes,
On Thy promise to repose,
All Thy tender love to trace,
In the Saviour's work of grace;
cr. Let us all in faith depend
f On our gracious God and Friend.

Hymn 262 (Tune 402.) St. Raphael. 8.7.8.7.4.7.

E. J. HOPKINS.



Worship at His footstool.—Psalm xcix. 5.

1 *mf* SAVIOUR, round Thy footstool bending,
See our youthful band appear;
Let Thy Spirit, now descending,
Our petitions deign to hear:
Thou art willing,
For Thy grace is always near.

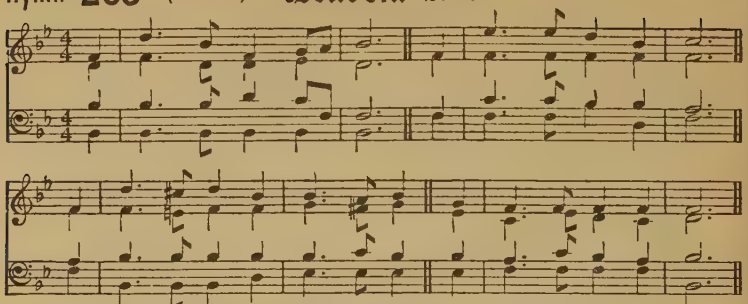
2 Once on earth, to share Thy blessing
Children sought to meet Thine eye,
While the anxious parents, pressing,
Brought their helpless infants nigh;
cr. For Thy favour
f All their wants could well supply.

3 *mf* No harsh word of indignation
Drove those tender lambs from Thee
p Gentle was the invitation,
Suffer them to come to me:
Holy children
cr. Shall my heavenly kingdom see.

4 *mf* Gracious Saviour, Thou hast taught
That Thy words unchanged remain;
p To Thy feet our friends have brought
Heavenly blessings to obtain: [us,
O receive us,
Thou wilt not our prayer disdain.

5 *mf* Take us, then, Thou kind Protector,
Fold us 'neath Thy watchful care,
Be our Shepherd, Friend, Director,
In Thine arms of mercy bear:
f Guide to glory,
We shall dwell in safety there

Hymn 263 (Tune 2.) Braden. S.M.



Ye ask, and receive not, because ye ask amiss.—James iv. 3.

1 *mf* I OFTEN say my prayers;
But do I ever pray?
And do the wishes of my heart
Go with the words I say?

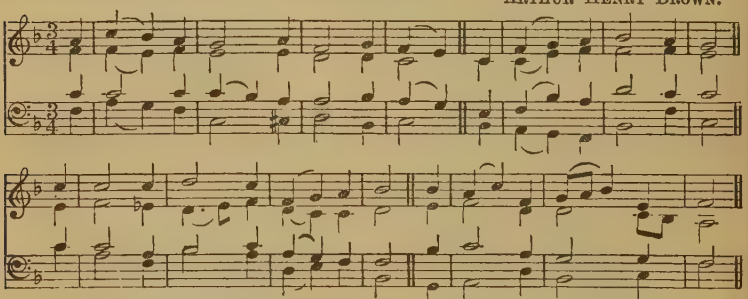
2 I may as well kneel down
And worship gods of stone,
As offer to the living God
A prayer of words alone.

3 For words without the heart
The Lord will never hear;
Nor will He to those lips attend
Whose prayers are not sincere.

4 Lord, teach me what I want,
And teach me how to pray;
Nor let me ask Thee for Thy grace,
Not feeling what I say.

Hymn 264 (Tune 21.) Congleton. C.M.

ARTHUR HENRY BROWN.



If we ask anything according to His will, He heareth us.—1 John iv. 14.

1 *p* THE Lord attends when children pray,
A whisper He can hear;
He knows, not only what we say,
But what we wish or fear.

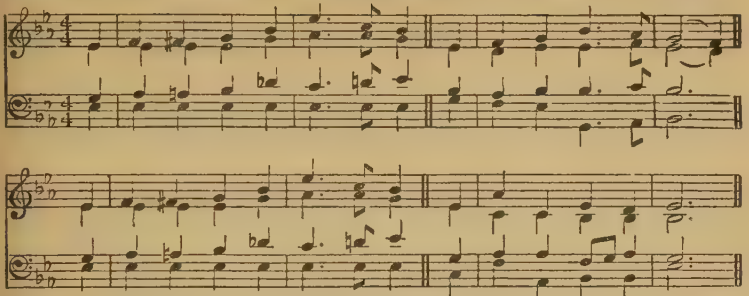
2 *mf* He sees us when we are alone,
Though no one else can see;
And all our thoughts to Him are [known,
Wherever we may be.

3 'Tis not enough to bend the knee,
And words of prayer to say:
The heart must with the lips agree
Or else we do not pray.

4 Teach us, O Lord, to pray aright,
Thy grace to us impart;
That we in prayer may take delight,
And serve Thee with the heart.

5 *f* Then, heavenly Father, at Thy throne,
Thy praise we will proclaim,
And daily our requests make known
In our Redeemer's name.

Hymn 265 (Tune 45.) St. Valentine. C.M. J. H. Casson.



O Lord, . . . *remember me, and visit me.*—Jeremiah xv. 15.

1 *mf* Soon as my youthful lips can speak
Their feeble prayer to Thee,
O let my heart Thy favour seek ;
Good Lord, remember me.

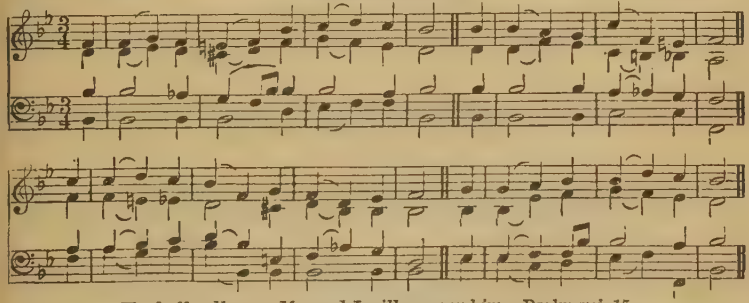
2 In childhood's following years, my tongue
Tuned to Thy praise shall be,
And this the heartfelt, humble song,
Good Lord, remember me.

3 From every sin that wounds the heart
May I be taught to flee ;
O bid them all from me depart,
Good Lord, remember me.

4 *p* When, with life's heavy load oppressed,
I bend the trembling knee,
Then give my suffering spirit rest,
Good Lord, remember me.

5 *p* O let me, on the bed of death,
cr. Thy great salvation see :
And cry with my expiring breath,
p Good Lord, remember me.

Hymn 266 (Tune 31.) Lakemba. C.M. Rev. H. J. Foster.



He shall call upon Me, and I will answer him.—Psalm xci. 15.

1 *mf* There is an eye that never sleeps
Beneath the wing of night :
There is an ear that never shuts
When sink the beams of light.

2 There is an arm that never tires
When human strength gives way ;
There is a love that never fails
When earthly loves decay.

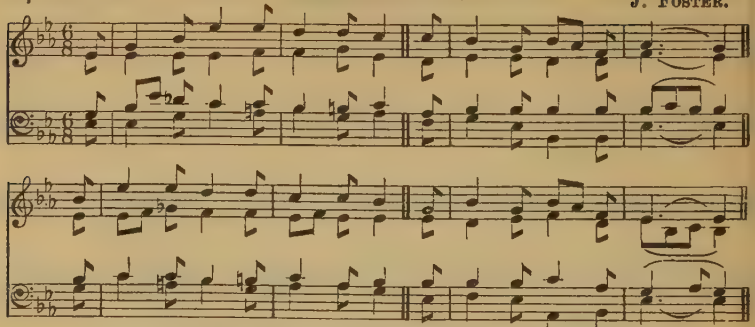
3 That eye is fixed on seraph throngs ;
That arm upholds the sky :
That ear is filled with angel songs ;
That love is throned on high.

4 *f* But there's a power which man can wield,
When mortal aid is vain,
mf That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That listening ear to gain.

5 That power is prayer ; which soars on high
Through Jesus to the throne,
And moves the hand which moves the world,
To bring salvation down.

Hymn 267 (Tune 20.) Claremont. C.M.

J. FOSTER.



That we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help.—Hebrews iv. 16.

1 *mf* O FATHER, we are very weak,
And need Thy constant care;
And therefore we have come to speak
To Thee in humble prayer.

2 Now teach us Thy most holy will,
And lead us in Thy way;
Protect our souls from every ill,
And cleanse our hearts, we pray.

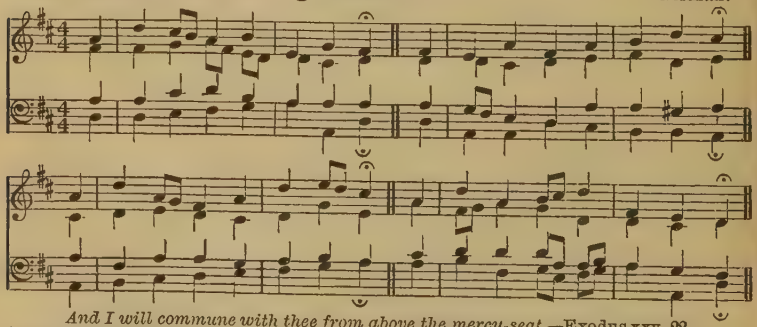
3 Preserve our childhood from the snares
That Satan lays for youth;
p In mercy hear our simple prayers
And guard us by Thy truth.

4 *mf* And as we grow in years bestow
Yet more and more of grace;
And ever to Thy children show
A loving Father's face.

5 *cr.* Be Thou our guide through all our days;
Conduct us to the end;
And then a heavenly song we'll raise
To Thee, the children's Friend.

Hymn 268 (Tune 75.) Festus. L.M.

German.



And I will commune with thee from above the mercy-seat.—Exodus xxv. 22.

1 *mf* FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
p There is a calm, a safe retreat;
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

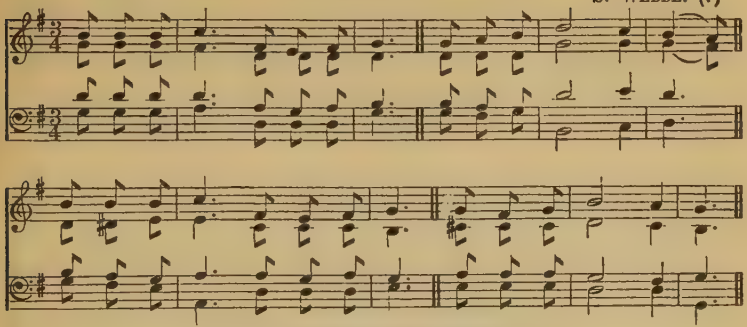
2 *mf* There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place than all beside more sweet;
p It is the blood-stained mercy-seat.

3 *mf* There is a spot where spirits blend,
And friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
p Around one common mercy-seat.

4 *cr.* There, there on eagles' wings we soar,
And time and sense appear no more;
f There heavenly joys our spirits greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

Hymn 269 (Tune 29.) Ilfracombe. C.M.

S. Webbe. (?)



Give me now wisdom.—2 Chronicles i. 10.

1 *p* Almighty God! in humble prayer
To Thee our souls we lift:
mf Do Thou our waiting minds prepare
For Thy most needful gift.

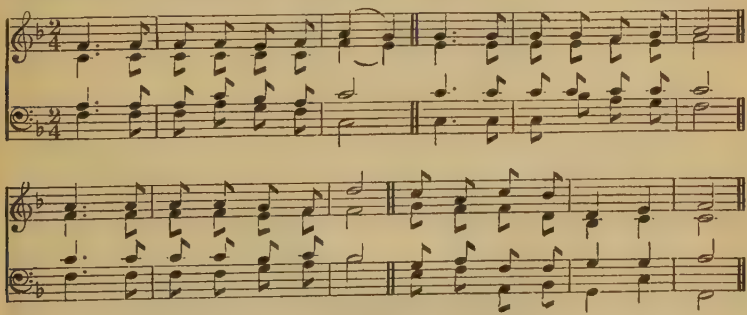
2 We ask not golden streams of wealth
Along our path to flow;
We ask not undecaying health,
Nor length of years below;

3 *p* We ask not honours, which an hour
May bring and take away;
We ask not pleasure, pomp, and power
Lest we should go astray.

4 *mf* We ask for wisdom: Lord, impart
The knowledge how to live;
A wise and understanding heart
To all before Thee give.

Hymn 270 (Tune 293.) Dijon. 7.7.7.7.

German.



Teach me to do Thy will.—Psalm cxliii. 10.

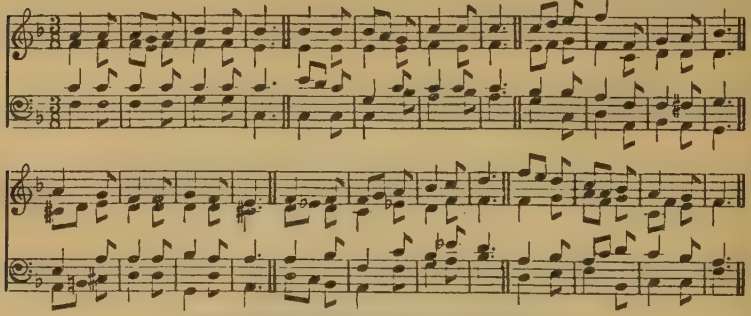
1 *mf* Jesus, Saviour, Son of God,
Who for me life's pathway trod,
Who for me became a child,
p Make me humble, meek, and mild,

2 *mf* I Thy little lamb would be,
Jesus, I would follow Thee;
Samuel was Thy child of old,
Take me, too, within Thy fold.

3 Teach me how to pray to Thee,
Make me holy, heavenly;
Let me love what Thou dost love,
Let me live with Thee above.

Hymn 271 (Tune 316.) Ashburton. 7.7.7.7.7.7.

ROBERT JACKSON.



He will guide you into all truth.—John xvi. 13.

1 *f* WHEN our hearts are glad and light,
When the path is fair and bright,
When from care and sorrow free,
Help us, Lord, to cling to Thee:
mf Be our Comforter and Friend,
Guide and keep us to the end.

2 *p* When the way is dark and drear,
When no loving friend is near;
When we suffer pain or loss,
When we bow beneath the cross,
Be our Comforter and Friend,
Guide and keep us to the end.

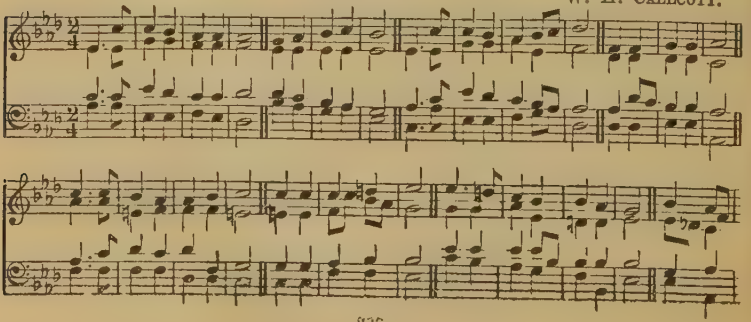
3 *mf* When we strive to do the right,
When we follow, serve, or fight,
When we seek to do Thy will,
When we hear Thee say, 'Stand still,'
Be our Comforter and Friend,
Guide and keep us to the end.

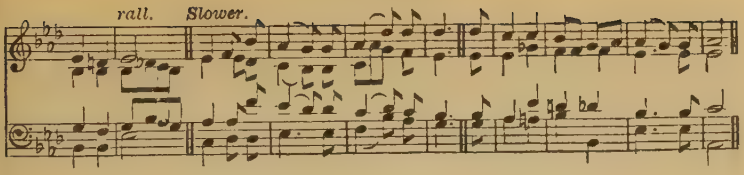
4 *dim.* When we near our endless home,
When the closing hour shall come,
p When we cross death's chilling tide,
Lead us to the other side;
mf Be our Comforter and Friend,
Guide and keep us to the end.

5 *cr* When we reach that other land,
When before the Judge we stand,
When the books shall opened be,
Saviour, we would cling to Thee.
p Living, dying, be our Friend;
Bless us, keep us to the end.

Hymn 272 (Tune 206.) Intercession. 7.5.7.5.7.5.7.5.8.8.

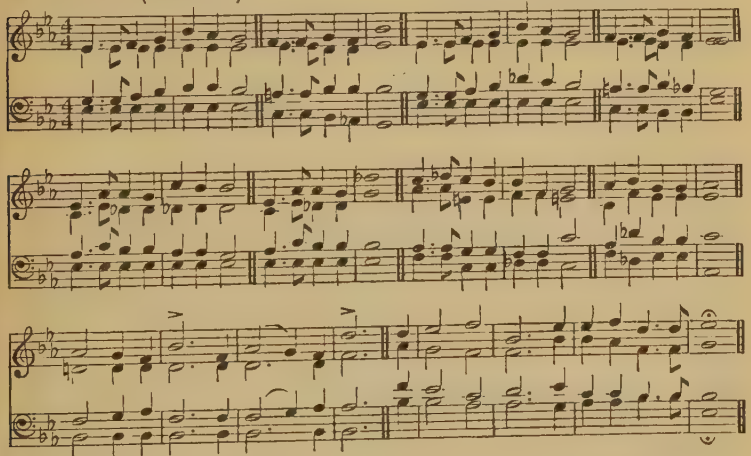
W. H. CALLCOTT.





Voce mea ad Dominum. 7.5.7.5.7.5.7.5.8.8.

2nd Tune. (Tune 207.) H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. Doc.



Hear Thou from heaven Thy dwelling-place, and forgive.—2 Chronicles vi. 30.

1 *mf* When the weary, seeking rest,
To Thy goodness flee ;
When the heavy-laden cast
All their load on Thee ;
When the troubled, seeking peace,
On Thy name shall call ;
When the sinner, seeking life,
At Thy feet shall fall :
p Hear, then, in love, O Lord, the cry [on high.
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place

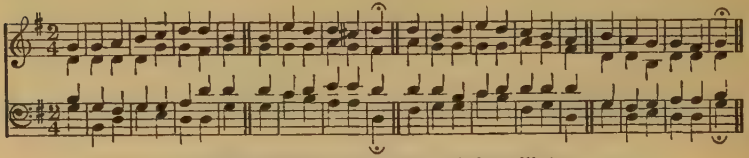
2 *mf* When the worldling, sick at heart,
Lifts his soul above ;
When the prodigal looks back
To his Father's love ;
When the proud man from his pride
Stoops to seek Thy face ;
When the burdened brings his guilt
To Thy throne of grace :
p Hear, then, &c.

3 *mf* When the stranger asks a home,
All his toils to end :
When the hungry craveth food,
And the poor a friend ;
When the sailor on the wave
p Bows the suppliant knee ;
When the soldier on the field
cr. Lifts his heart to Thee :
Hear, then, &c.

4 *p* When the man of toil and care
In the city crowd,
When the shepherd on the moor
Names the name of God ;
When the learnèd and the high
Tired of earthly fame,
Upon nobler joys intent
cr. Name the blessèd name :
p Hear, then, in love, O Lord, the cry [on high.
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place

Hymn 273 (Tune 23.) Dunfermline. C.M.

Scotch Psalter, 1615.



God be merciful to me a sinner.—Luke xviii. 13.

1 *p* A SINNER, Lord, behold I stand,
In thought and word and deed ;
cr. But Jesus sits at Thy right hand
For such to intercede.

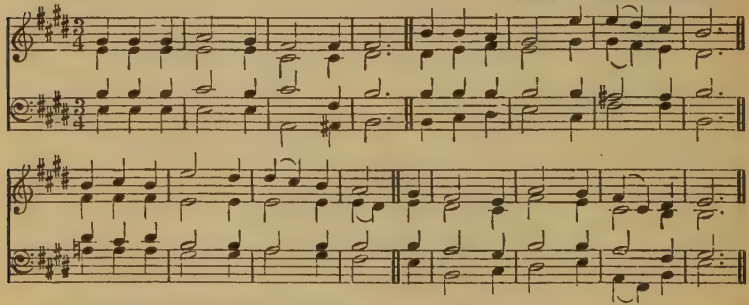
2 *mf* Thou, Lord, canst change this evil heart,
Canst give a holy mind,
And Thine own heavenly grace impart,
Which those who seek shall find.

3 *p* To heaven can reach the softest word,
A child's repentant prayer ;
mf For tears are seen, and sighs are heard,
And thoughts regarded there.

4 Then let me all my sins confess,
And pardoning grace implore,
That I may love my follies less,
And love my Saviour more.

Hymn 274 (Tune 87.) Sun of my Soul. L.M.

Rev. H. PERCY SMITH.



Let the wicked forsake his way.—Isaiah lv. 7.

1 *mf* BESET with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand ;
Saviour divine, diffuse Thy light,
To guide my youthful steps aright.

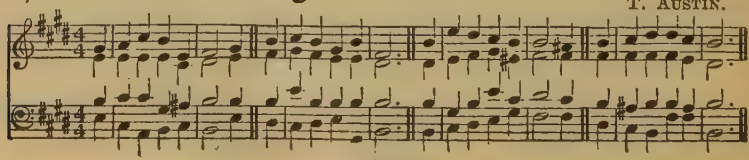
2 Incline this roving, treacherous heart,
Great God ! to choose the better part,
To scorn the trifles of a day
For joys that none can take away.

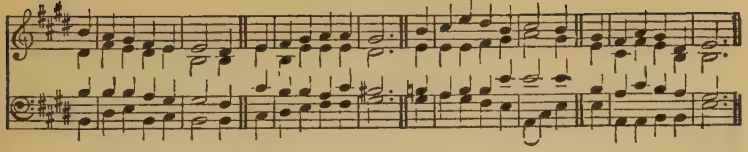
3 *cr.* Then let the wildest storms arise,
Let tempests rage through earth and skies :
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.

4 *cr.* If Thou, my Saviour, still be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die ;
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in Thee.

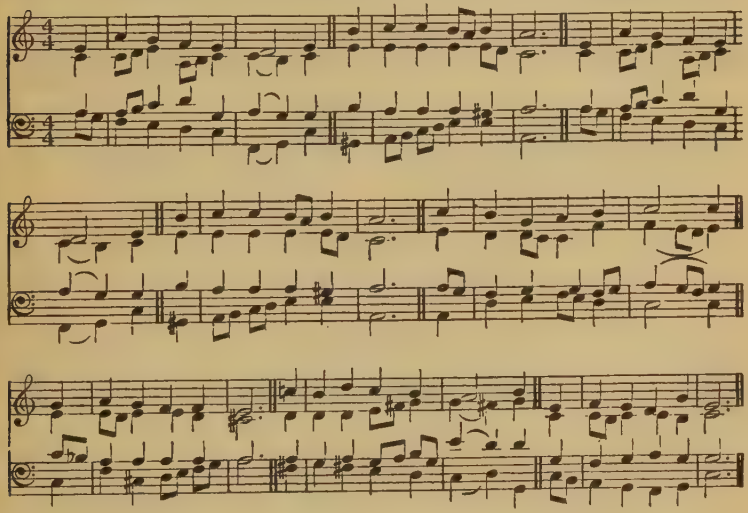
Hymn 275 (Tune 229.) Invitation. 7.6.7.6. D.

T. AUSTIN.





2nd Tune. (Tune 239.) **Passion Chorale.** 7.6.7.6. D.
HASSLER, 1601.



Come unto Me, . . . and I will give you rest.—Matthew xi. 28.

1 *mf* 'COME unto Me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest.'
O blessèd voice of Jesus,
Which comes to hearts oppressed!
It tells of benediction,
Of pardon, grace, and peace,
f Of joy that hath no ending,
Of love that cannot cease.

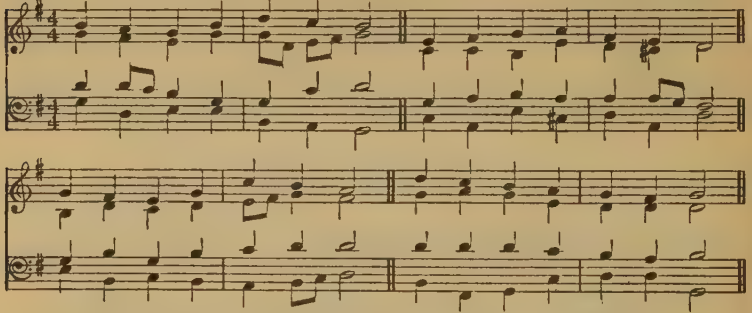
2 *mf* 'Come unto Me, dear children,
And I will give you light.'
O loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night!
p Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way:
cr. But morning brings us gladness,
f And songs the break of day.

3 *mf* 'Come unto Me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life.'
p O peaceful voice of Jesus,
Which comes to end our strife!
cr. The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
f But Thou hast made us mighty,
And stronger than the stronger.

4 *mf* 'And whosoever cometh
I will not cast him out.'
O patient love of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt:
Which calls us, very sinners,
p Unworthy though we be
cr. Of love so free and boundless,
To come, O Lord, to Thee!

Hymn 276 (Tune 308.) Vienna. 7.7.7.7.

KNECHT, 1797.



And make you a new heart and a new spirit.—Ezekiel xviii. 31.

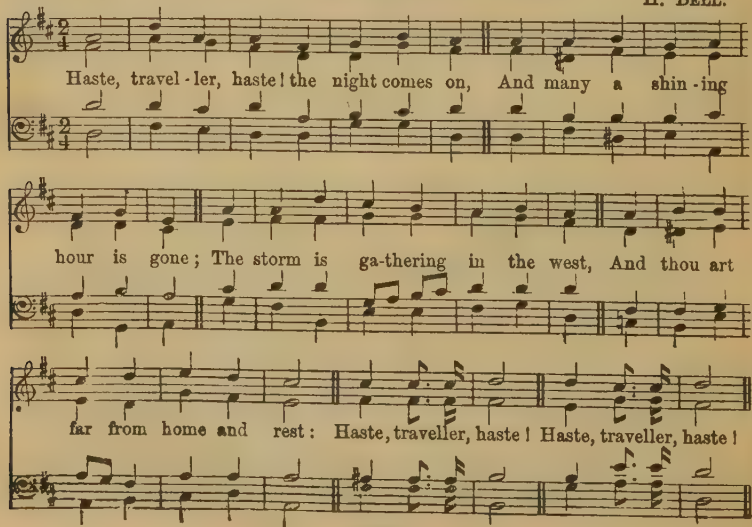
1 *mf* GOD of mercy, God of love!
Hear me from Thy throne above
Teach me how in truth to pray:
p Take my sinful heart away.

2 *mf* Oft I disobedient grow,
And unlovely tempers show:
Evil things I do and say:
p Take my wicked heart away.

3 *mf* Mould my nature all afresh,
Give to me the heart of flesh;
For I know that grace divine
Changes even hearts like mine.

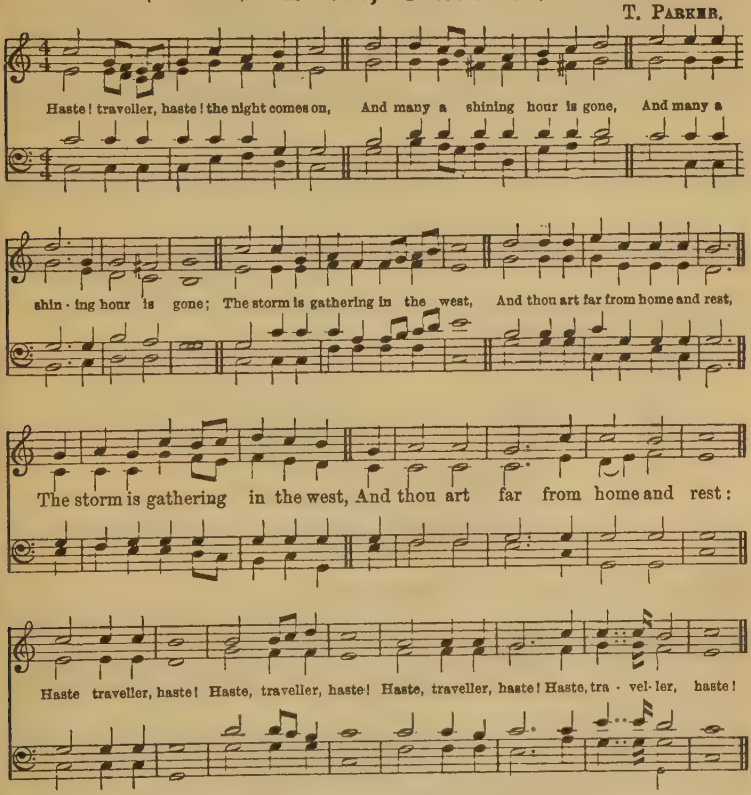
Hymn 277 (Tune 459.) Canonbury. 8.8.8.8.4.

H. BELL.


Haste, travel-ler, haste! the night comes on, And many a shin-ing
hour is gone; The storm is ga-thering in the west, And thou art
far from home and rest: Haste, traveller, haste! Haste, traveller, haste!

2nd Tune. (Tune 460.) Haste, Traveller. 8.8.8.8.4.

T. PARKER.


Haste! traveller, haste! the night comes on, And many a shining hour is gone, And many a
shin-ing hour is gone; The storm is gathering in the west, And thou art far from home and rest,
The storm is gathering in the west, And thou art far from home and rest:
Haste traveller, haste! Haste, traveller, haste! Haste, traveller, haste! Haste, tra-vel-ler, haste!

Haste thee, escape thither!—Genesis xix. 22.

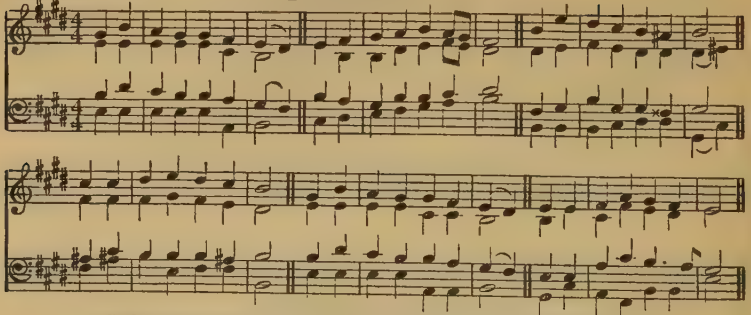
1 *mf* HASTE, traveller, haste! the night comes on;
And many a shining hour is gone;
The storm is gathering in the west,
And thou art far from home and rest:
Haste, traveller, haste!

2 O, far from home thy footsteps stray;
Christ is the life, and Christ the way,
And Christ the light: thy setting sun
Sinks ere the morn is scarce begun:
Haste, traveller, haste!

3 Then linger not in all the plain;
Flee for thy life, the mountain gain;
Look not behind, make no delay;
cr. O, speed thee, speed thee on thy way!
Haste, traveller, haste!

4 *p* Poor, lost, benighted soul! art thou
Willing to find salvation now?
cr. There yet is hope; hear mercy's call;
f Truth, life, light, way,—in Christ is all
Haste to Him, haste!

Hymn 278 (Tune 334.) Dewdale. 7.7.7.7.7.7. J. Wilson.



Seek ye My face, . . . Thy face, Lord, *will I seek.*—Psalm xxvii. 8.

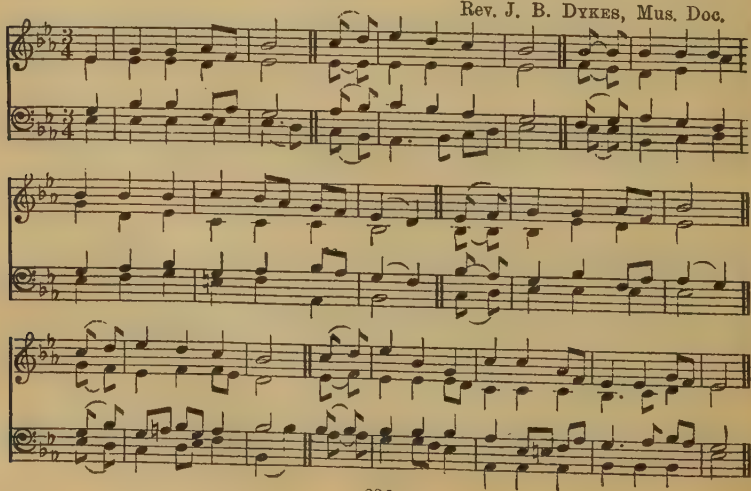
1 *mf* Jesus bids me seek His face:
Lord, I come to ask Thy grace;
Send Thy Spirit from above,
Teach me to obey and love.
Unto Thee I fain would go;
All I want Thou canst bestow.

2 Wilt Thou, Lord, a child receive?
Wilt Thou all my sins forgive?
O dissolve this heart of stone!
Make me Thine, and Thine alone.
Sin is present with me still;
Disobedient is my will.

3 Sinful thoughts too oft prevail,
Vain desires my heart assail:
O my Saviour, make me whole,
Form anew my inmost soul;
Kindly guide me every day;
Be my everlasting stay.

Hymn 279 (Tune 111.) Jesmond. 5.5.11. 5.5.12.

Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.



That we may rejoice and be glad all our days.—Psalm xc. 14.

1 *mf* Come, let us embrace,
In our earliest days,
The offers of life and salvation by grace;
cr. Let us gladly believe,
And the pardon receive,
Which the Father of mercies through Jesus doth give.

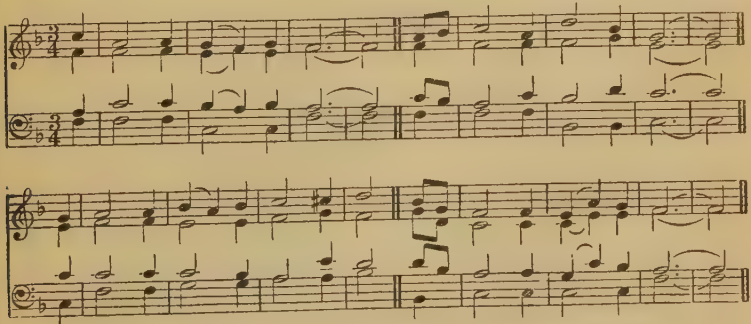
2 *f* His kingdom below
He hath called us to know,
And in stature and heavenly wisdom to grow:
In His work to remain,
Till His image we gain,
And the fulness of Christ in perfection attain

3 *mf* Then let us begin
By renouncing all sin,
p And by faith in the blood that washes us clean
With endeavour sincere
To Jesus draw near,
And be instant in prayer till our Saviour appear.

4 *mf* If now Thou art nigh
Appear at our cry,
p Thy love to reveal, and Thy blood to apply
Thy little ones own,
And perfect in one,
f And admit us at last to a share of Thy throne.

Hymn 280 (Tune 4.) Lumen Verum. S.M.

St. Alban's Tune-Book.



I thought on my ways, and turned my feet unto Thy testimonies.—Psalm cxix. 59.

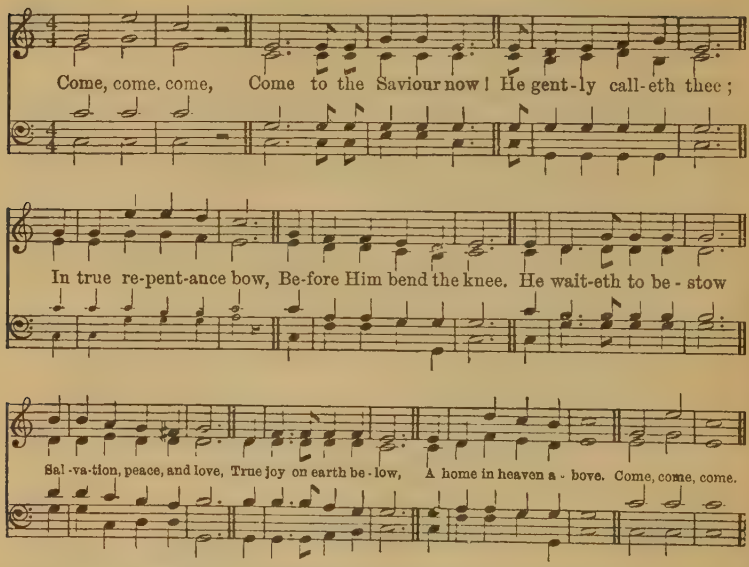
1 *mf* If Jesus Christ was sent
To save us from our sin,
And kindly teach us to repent,
We should at once begin.

2 'Tis not enough to say,
'We're sorry and repent,'
Yet still go on from day to day
Just as we always went.

3 Repentance is to leave
The sins we loved before,
And show that we in earnest grieve
By doing so no more.

4 Lord, make us thus sincere,
To watch as well as pray;
However small, however dear,
p Take all our sins away.

Hymn 281 (Tune 184.) Tyrolese. 6.6.6.6.6.6.6.6.


Come, come, come, Come to the Saviour now! He gent-ly call-eth thee;
In true re-pent-ance bow, Be-fore Him bend the knee. He wait-eth to be - stow
Sal-va-tion, peace, and love, True joy on earth be-low, A home in heaven a - bove. Come, come, come.

And I . . will draw all men unto Me.—John xii. 32.

1 *mf* COME to the Saviour now!
He gently calleth thee;
In true repentance bow,
Before Him bend the knee.
He waiteth to bestow
p Salvation, peace, and love,
cr. True joy on earth below,
A home in heaven above.
Come, come, come.

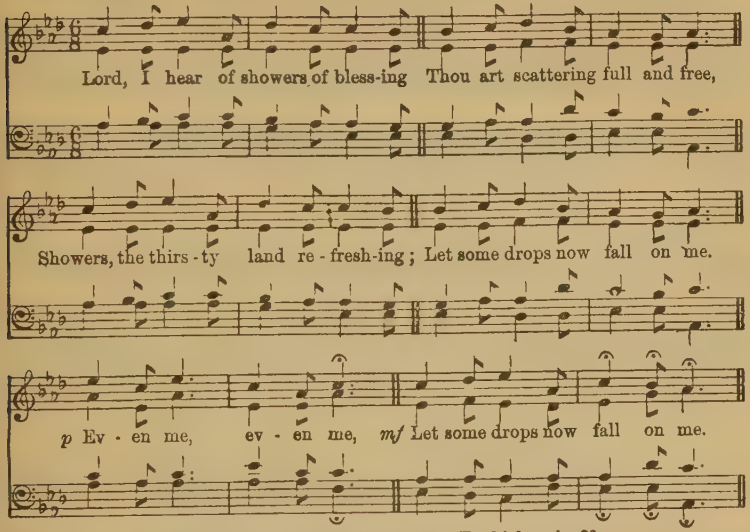
2 *p* Come to the Saviour now!
Gaze on that mystic tide,
Water and blood that flow
Forth from His wounded side.
Hark to that suffering One!
dim. 'Tis finished!' now He cries;
Redemption's work is done,
pp Then bows His head and dies.
Come, come, come.

3 *mf* Come to the Saviour now!
He suffered all for thee,
And in His merits thou
Hast an unfailing plea.
No vain excuses frame,
For feelings do not stay;
None who to Jesus came
Were ever sent away.
Come, come, come.

4 Come to the Saviour now!
Ye who have wandered far,
Renew your solemn vow,
For His by right you are.
Come, like poor, wandering sheep
Returning to His fold,
cr. His arm will safely keep,
His love will ne'er grow cold.
Come, come, come.

5 *mf* Come to the Saviour, all!
Whate'er your burdens be,
Hear now His loving call,
'Cast all your care on Me.'
Come, and for every grief
cr. In Jesus you will find
A sure and safe relief,
A loving Friend and kind.
Come, come, come.

Hymn 282 (Tune 393.) Even me. 8.7.8.7.8. W. B. Bradbury.


Lord, I hear of showers of bless-ing Thou art scattering full and free,
Showers, the thirs-ty land re-fresh-ing; Let some drops now fall on me.
p Ev-en me, ev-en me, mf Let some drops now fall on me.

There shall be showers of blessing.—Ezekiel xxxiv. 26.

1 *mf* LORD, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering full and free,
Showers, the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some drops now fall on me.
Even me.

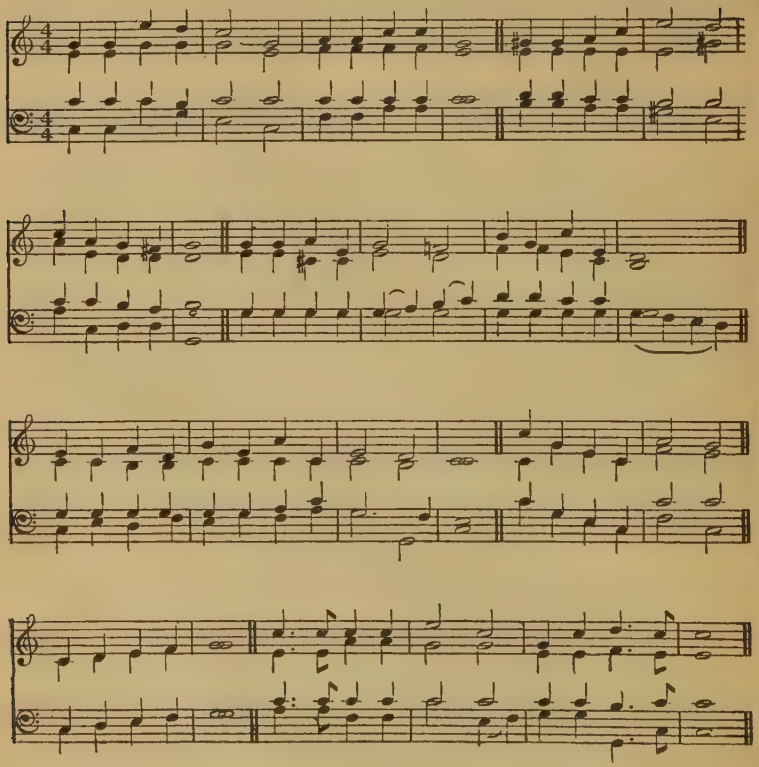
2 Pass me not, O God, my Father,
Sinful though my heart may be!
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy light on me.
Even me.

3 *p* Pass me not, O gracious Saviour,
Let me live and cling to Thee!
I am longing for Thy favour:
Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me!
Even me.

4 *mf* Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see:
Witnesser of Jesu's merit!
or. Speak some word of power to me.
Even me.

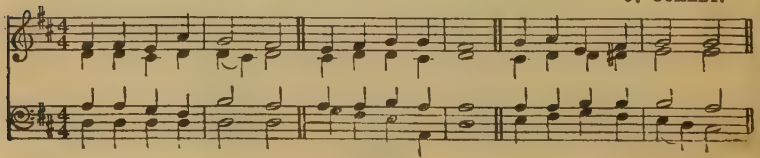
5 Love of God so pure and changeless,
p Blood of Christ so rich, so free,
or. Grace of God so strong and boundless,
Magnify it all in me!
Even me.

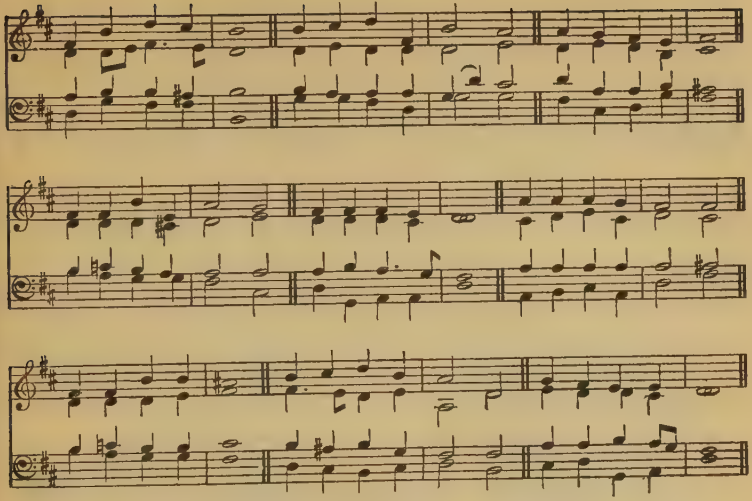
Hymn 283 (Tune 155.) Armageddon. 6.5 (12 lines.)



2nd Tune. (Tune 163.) Upton Bishop. 6.5. (12 lines.)

J. Comley.





Strive to enter in at the strait gate.—Luke xiii. 24.

1 *mf* ONWARD, children! onward! leave the paths of sin;
Hasten to the strait gate, strive to enter in:
None can knock unheeded, none can strive in vain,
For the Saviour's welcome, all that seek obtain.
Onward, children! onward! is the call to-day;
Come with ready footsteps, and that call obey.

2 *p* Onward, children! onward! in the narrow way,
cr. Christ your Lord shall lead you safely day by day;
And with such a Leader what have you to fear?
Satan may oppose you, but your King is near.
f Onward, children! &c.

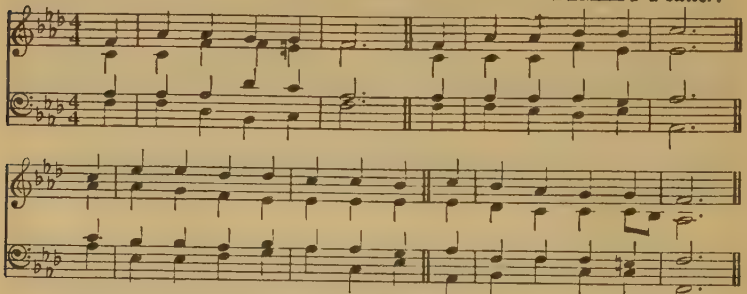
3 *mf* Onward, children! onward! seek no cross to shun;
Mind when night approaches, that your work is done;
That you may with gladness, as life closes here,
p Enter death's dark valley, (*cr.*) having nought to fear.
f Onward, children! &c.

4 Onward, children! onward! guardian angels sing:
Hasten to the palace of your God and King;
Clad in heavenly armour, to the end endure;
You with Christ shall triumph, victory is sure.
f Onward, children! &c.

5 *cr.* Onward, ever onward! till you join the throng
Who in dazzling raiment sing the triumph-song;
And to heavenly music cry with one accord,
dim. 'Holy! holy! holy! is our sovereign Lord.'
ff Onward, children! &c.

Hymn 284 (Tune 8.) Southwell. S.M.

DENHAM'S *Psalter.*



The Holy Ghost saith, To-day, if ye will hear His voice.—Hebrews iii. 7.

1 *mf* THERE is a precious day,
In youth that day is ours,
When we should dedicate to God
Our life with all its powers.

2 There is a gracious day,
When conscience speaks within;
'Tis now, for now the Spirit strives,
Convincing us of sin.

3 There is a holy day,
Of faith and hope and love;
It reaches through our Christian life
On earth to heaven above.

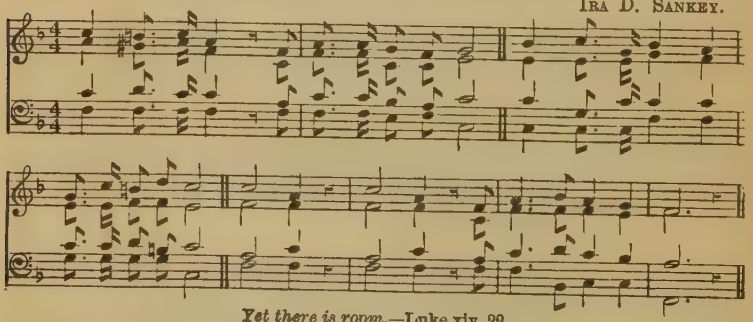
4 *p* There is a solemn day,
When we must yield our breath;
And live to die no more, (*pp*) or die
An everlasting death.

5 *mf* There is an awful day
Of judgment and decree:
Lord! be we ll through Christ pre-
That last of days to see. [pared

6 *f* There is a glorious day
Of sweet Sabbatic rest:
O, may we its eternal length
Enjoy with all the blest!

Hymn 285 (Tune 482.) Yet there is room. 10.10.4.6.

IRA D. SANKEY.



Yet there is room.—Luke xiv. 22.

1 *mf* YET there is room! the Lamb's bright hall of song
With its fair glory, beckons thee along.
Room, room, still room!
O, enter, enter now!

2 *p* Day is declining, and the sun is low;
The shadows lengthen, light makes haste to go.
Room, room, &c.

3 *cr.* The bridal hall is filling for the feast,
Pass in, pass in, and be the Bridegroom's guest.
Room, room, &c.

4 *f* It fills, it fills, that hall of jubilee!
Make haste, make haste: 'tis not too full for thee.
Room, room, &c.

5 *mf* Yet there is room! Still open stands the gate,
The gate of love; it is not yet too late.
Room, room, &c.

6 Pass in, pass in! That banquet is for thee;
That cup of everlasting love is free.
Room, room, &c.

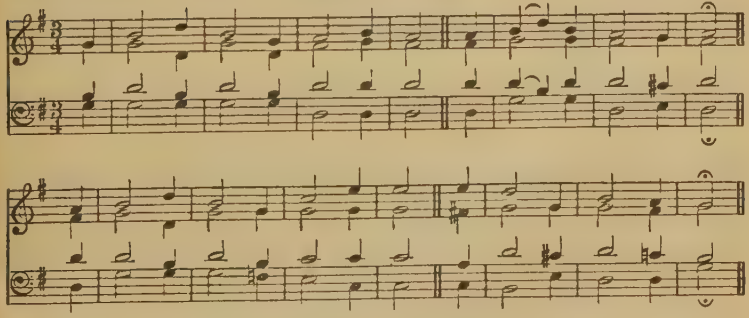
7 *f* All heaven is there; all joy! Go in, go in;
The angels beckon thee the prize to win.
Room, room, &c.

8 *f* Louder and sweeter sounds the loving call;
Come, lingerer, come; enter that festal hall.
Room, room, &c.

9 *dim.* Ere night that gate may close and seal thy doom:
p Then the last low long cry: 'No room, no room!'
pp No room, no room!
O, woeful cry, 'No room!'

Hymn 286 (Tune 37.) Right. C.M.

B. PROBST.



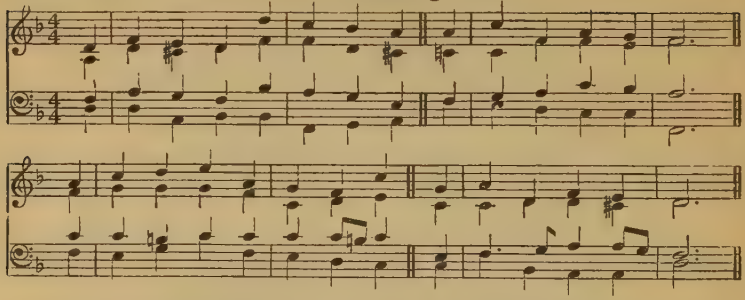
O LORD, *forgive.*—Daniel ix. 19.

1 *mf* WE do not love Thee as we ought
For blessings we receive;
We sin in word, in deed, and thought;
Our sins, O Lord, forgive.

2 Oft to bad tempers we give way,
And ill designs conceive;
And often we neglect to pray:
These youthful sins forgive.

3 *p* The Saviour died our guilt to bear,
cr. That we to Him might live;
Hence we with hope present this prayer,
p Our youthful sins forgive.

Hymn 287 (Tune 43.) St. Mary. C.M.



All we like sheep have gone astray.—Isaiah liii. 6.

1 *mf* ALMIGHTY Father, God of grace,
We all, like sheep astray,
In folly from Thy paths have turned
Each to his sinful way.

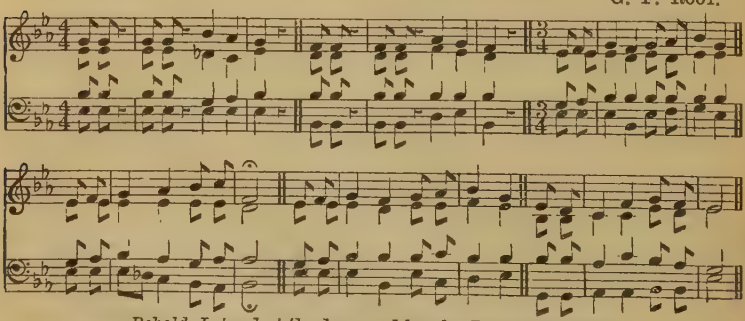
2 Sins of omission and of act
Through all our lives abound;
Alas! in thought and word and deed
No health in us is found.

3 O spare us, Lord, in mercy spare;
Our contrite souls restore;
p Through Him who suffered on the cross
And man's transgression bore.

4 *mf* And grant, O Father, for His sake,
That we through all our days
A just and godly life may lead,
To Thine eternal praise.

Hymn 288 (Tune 349.) Knocking, knocking. 7.7.8.7.8.7.

G. F. ROOT.



Behold, I stand at the door, and knock.—Revelation iii. 20.

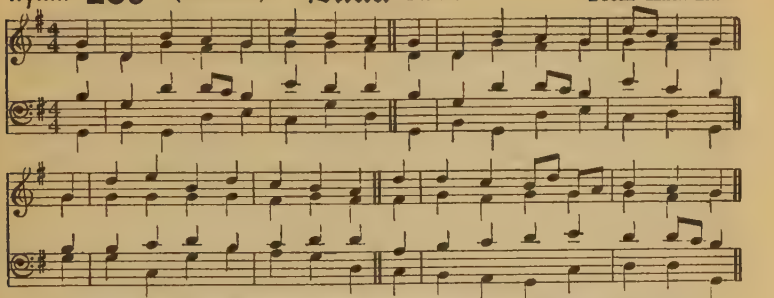
1 *mf* KNOCKING, knocking, who is there?
Waiting, waiting, O, how fair!
'Tis a Pilgrim, strange and kingly,
Never such was seen before.
Ah! my soul, for such a wonder
Wilt thou not undo the door?

2 Knocking, knocking, still He's there,
Waiting, waiting, wondrous fair;
But the door is hard to open,
For the weeds and ivy-vine,
With their dark and clinging tendrils,
Ever round the hinges twine.

3 Knocking, knocking—what, still there!
Waiting, waiting, grand and fair;
p Yes, the pierced hand still knocketh,
And beneath the crowned hair
Beam the patient eyes, so tender,
pp Of thy Saviour, waiting there.

Hymn 289 (Tune 85.) Saul. L.M.

From HANDEL.



If any man . . . open the door, I will come in to him, &c.—Revelation iii. 20.

1 *mf* BEHOLD! a Stranger at the door:
He gently knocks, has knocked before,
Has waited long, is waiting still:
You use no other friend so ill.

2 But will He prove a friend indeed?
He will, the very friend you need;
Jesus of Nazareth, 'tis He,
p With garments dyed at Calvary.

3 *mf* O, wondrous attitude! He stands
With loving heart and outstretched hands;
O, matchless kindness! and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes!

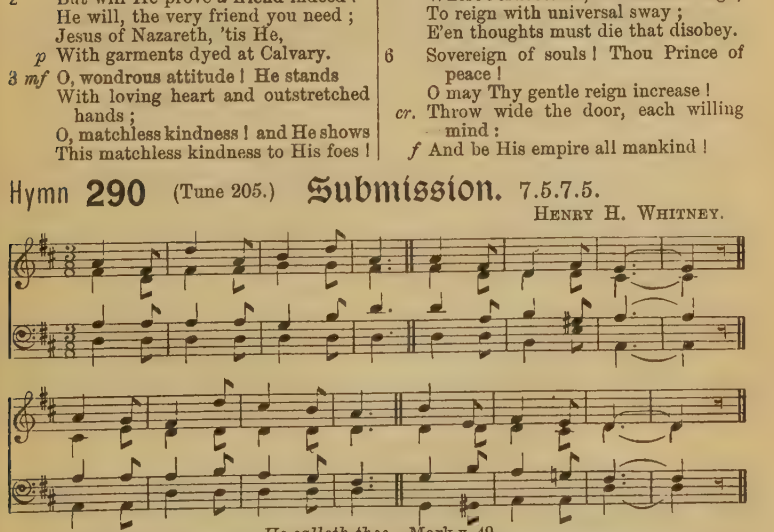
4 Admit Him, for the human breast
Ne'er entertained so kind a guest;
No mortal tongue their joys can tell
With whom He condescends to dwell.

5 Yet know—nor of the terms complain—
Where Jesus comes, He comes to reign,
To reign with universal sway;
E'en thoughts must die that disobey.

6 Sovereign of souls! Thou Prince of peace!
O may Thy gentle reign increase!
cr. Throw wide the door, each willing mind:
f And be His empire all mankind!

Hymn 290 (Tune 205.) Submission. 7.5.7.5.

HENRY H. WHITNEY.



He calleth thee.—Mark x. 49.

1 *mf* COME to Jesus, little one,
Come to Jesus now;
Humbly at His gracious throne
In submission bow.

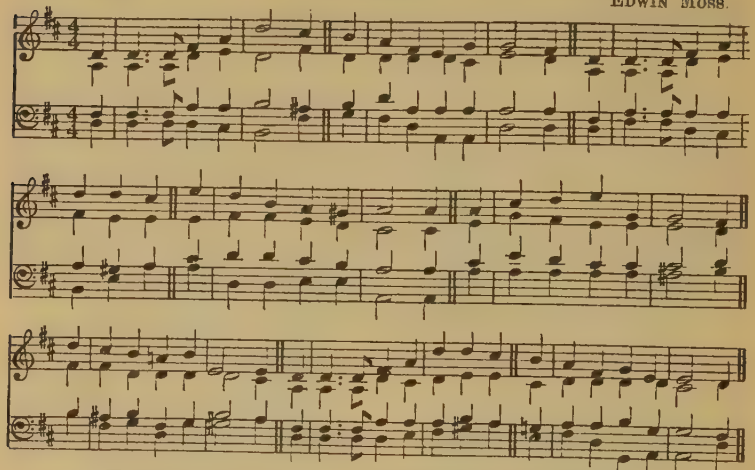
2 *p* At His feet confess your sin;
Seek forgiveness there;
For His blood can make you clean:
cr. He will hear your prayer.

3 *mf* Seek His face without delay;
Give Him now your heart;
Tarry not, but, while you may,
Choose the better part.

4 Come to Jesus, little one,
Come to Jesus now;
Humbly at His gracious throne
In submission bow.

Hymn 291 (Tune 347.) Grasmere. 7.7.8.7.7.7.8.7.

EDWIN MOSS.



Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters!—Isaiah lv. 1.

1 *mf* Ho, every one that thirsteth,
Hear Jesu's invitation:
f O come, and welcome all to take
The waters of salvation!
All ye that have no money,
Come to the flowing river,
cr. For milk and wine and bread divine,
And eat and live for ever.

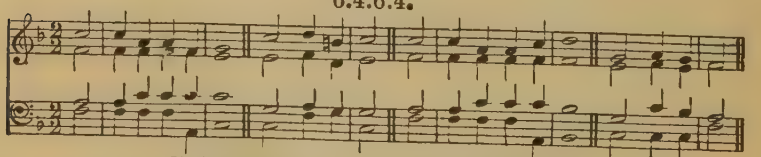
2 Come to your loving Saviour,
Who gives this gracious token,
To contrite hearts His love imparts,
p And gently heals the broken!
mf Abundant pardon waits thee, [thee,
Heaven's bliss lies straight before
Good angels yearn for thy return,
f To strike their harps in glory.

3 *p* O seek for pardoning mercy,
While mercy still is proffered,
While God is near, in humble fear
cr. Accept the pardon offered!
O cry for true repentance,
The Spirit's mighty working,
p And turn to God through Jesu's blood,
Thy every sin forsaking.

4 *p* Come then, O trembling sinner,
Hear Jesu's invitation;
Accept His love and sweetly prove
His promise of salvation!
cr. Bid doubt and sorrow vanish,
From sin and Satan sever,
In Jesu's strength cry out at length,
I am the Lord's for ever.

Hymn 292 (Tune 115.) To-day the Saviour calls.

6.4.6.4.



To-day, if ye will hear His voice.—Hebrews iv. 7.

1 *mf* TO-DAY the Saviour calls;
Ye wanderers, come;
O ye misguided souls,
Why longer roam?

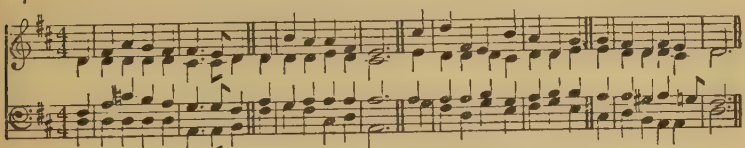
2 To-day the Saviour calls;
O listen now;
p Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

3 *mf* To-day the Saviour calls;
For refuge fly;
p The storm of vengeance falls,
Ruin is nigh.

4 *mf* The Spirit calls to-day;
Yield to His power;
O grieve Him not away,
'Tis mercy's hour.

Hymn 293 (Tune 27.) Green Hill. C.M.

J. Comley.



Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.—Luke xviii. 37.

1 *mf* Jesu, if still Thou art to-day
As yesterday the same,
Present to heal, in me display
The virtue of Thy name.

2 If still Thou goest about to do
Thy needy creatures good,
On me, that I Thy praise may show,
Be all Thy wonders showed.

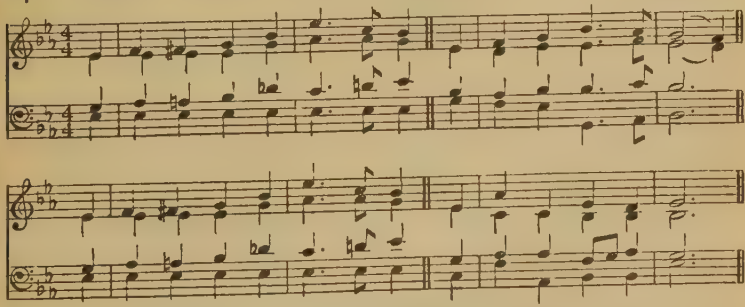
3 *p* Blind from my birth to guilt and Thee,
And dark I am within;
The love of God I cannot see,
The sinfulness of sin.

4 *mf* But Thou, they say, art passing by;
O let me find Thee near!
cr. Jesu, in mercy hear my cry,
Thou Son of David, hear!

5 Behold me waiting in the way
For Thee, the heavenly light;
Command me to be brought, and say,
'Sinner, receive thy sight!'

Hymn 294 (Tune 45.) St. Valentine. C.M.

J. H. Casson.



Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?—Acts ix. 6.

1 *mf* What is there, Lord, a child can do
That feels with guilt oppressed?
There's evil that I never knew
Before, within my breast.

2 My thoughts are vain; my heart is hard,
My temper quick to rise;
And when I seem upon my guard
Sin takes me by surprise.

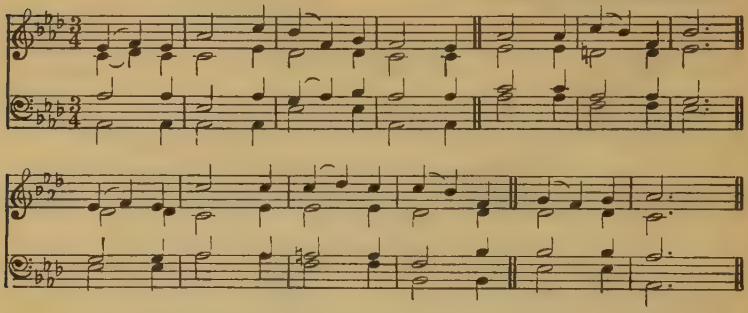
3 Ashamed, to Thy commands I turn,
For I have broken them;
And in Thy holy Scriptures learn
The laws that sin condemn.

4 With pity to my prayer attend,
My humble voice regard;
And Thine own Holy Spirit send,
p To melt a heart so hard.

5 I feel there is no strength in me
To love my God alone;
But, Lord, I come and look to Thee
p To break this heart of stone.

Hymn 295 (Tune 360.) Bullinger. 8.5.8.3.

Rev. E. W. Bullinger.



2nd Tune. (Tune 361.) **Stephanos.** 8.5.8.3.

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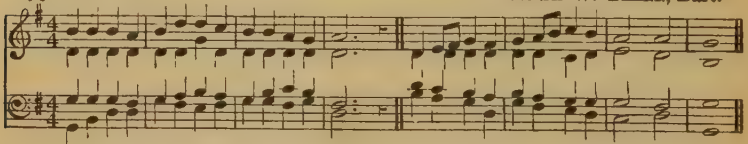


Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, &c.—Matthew xi. 28.

1 *mf* Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distrest?
dim. 'Come to Me,' saith One, 'and coming
p Be at rest!'

2 *mf* Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my guide?
In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side.

3 Hath He diadem as monarch
That His brow adorns?
Yea, a crown, in very surety,
p But of thorns!

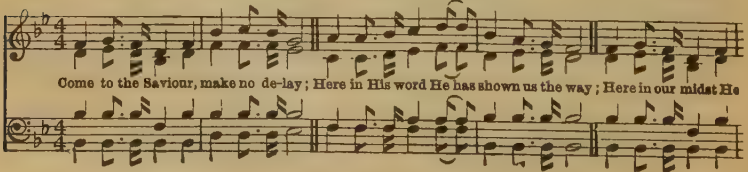
4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
p Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear.

5 *mf* If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
cr. Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
f Jordan past.

6 *f* If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away.

Hymn 296 (Tune 472.) Come to the Saviour.

9.10.9.6. *With Refrain.* G. F. Root.



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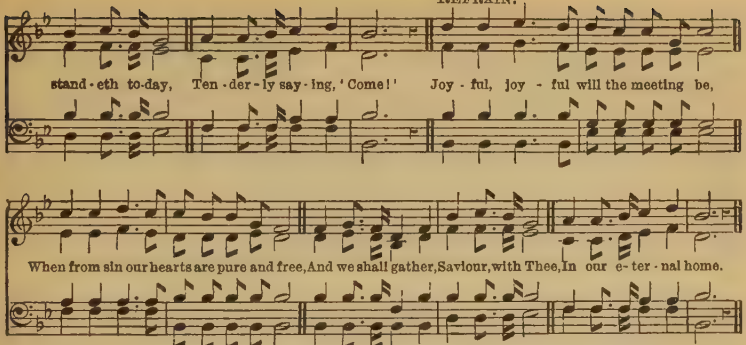

stand - eth to-day, Ten - der - ly say - ing, 'Come!' Joy - ful, joy - ful will the meeting be,
When from sin our hearts are pure and free, And we shall gather, Saviour, with Thee, In our e - ter - nal home.

Ye will not come to Me that ye might have life.—John v. 40.

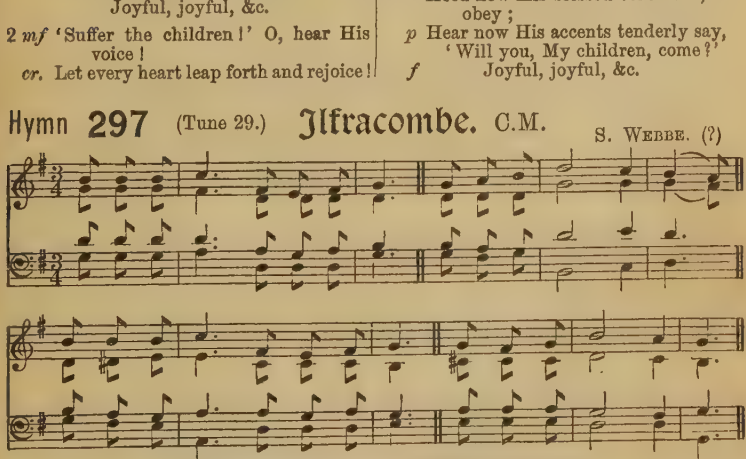
1 *mf* COME to the Saviour, make no delay;
Here in His word He has shown us the way;
Here in our midst He standeth to-day,
Tenderly saying, 'Come!'
Joyful, joyful, &c.

2 *mf* 'Suffer the children!' O, hear His voice!
cr. Let every heart leap forth and rejoice!
And let us freely make Him our choice!
Do not delay, but come.
f Joyful, joyful, &c.

3 *mf* Think once again, He's with us to-day;
Heed now His blessèd command, and obey;
p Hear now His accents tenderly say,
'Will you, My children, come?'
f Joyful, joyful, &c.

Hymn 297 (Tune 29.) Ilfracombe. C.M.

S. WEBBE. (?)



Our Father, which art in heaven.—Matthew vi. 9.

1 *mf* To God who reigns above the sky,
Our Father and our Friend,
To Him let all our vows be paid,
And all our prayers ascend.

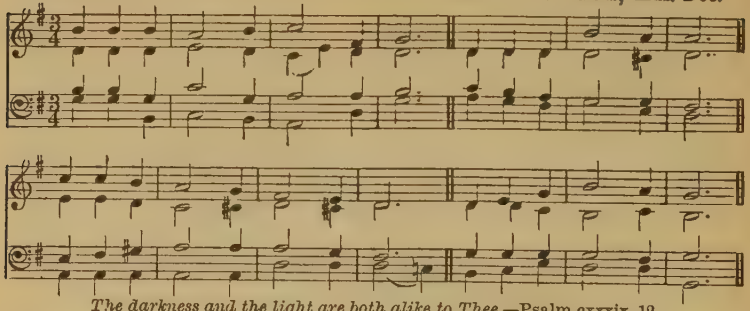
2 'Tis He who claims our youthful hearts,
He loves to hear us pray;
By night we'll think upon His love,
And praise Him every day.

3 When we offend against our God,
We'll ask His pardoning love;
p 'Twas for our sins the Saviour died,
And pleads for us above.

4 *mf* With all the love a father feels,
He pities and forgives;
And though our earthly parents die,
Our heavenly Father lives.

Hymn 298 (Tune 41.) St. Agnes. C.M.

Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.



The darkness and the light are both alike to Thee.—Psalm cxxxix. 12.

1 *mf* Almighty God, Thy piercing eye
Strikes through the shades of night,
And our most secret actions lie
All open to Thy sight.

2 There's not a sin that we commit,
Nor wicked word we say,
But in Thy dreadful book 'tis writ,
Against the judgment day.

3 And must the crimes that I have done
Be read and published there,
Be all exposed before the sun,
While men and angels hear?

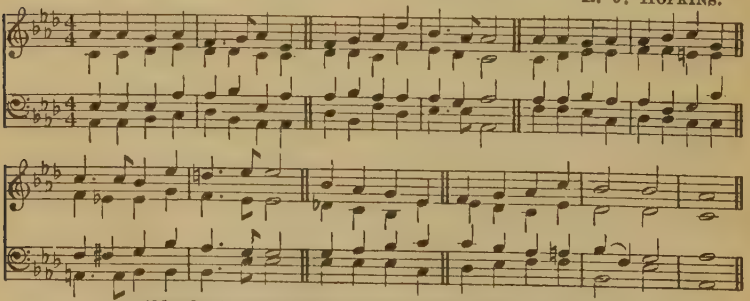
4 Lord, at Thy foot ashamed I lie,
Upward I dare not look;
Pardon my sins before I die,
And blot them from Thy book.

5 *p* Remember all the dying pains
That my Redeemer felt;
And let His blood wash out my stains,
And answer for my guilt.

6 *mf* O may I now for ever fear
To indulge a sinful thought:
Since the great God can see and hear,
And writes down every fault.

Hymn 299 (Tune 402.) St. Raphael. 8.7.8.7.4.7.

E. J. Hopkins.



Able also to save them to the uttermost.—Hebrews vii. 25.

1 *mf* Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore:
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity joined with power;
He is able,
or. He is willing; doubt no more.

2 *mf* Come, ye needy, come, and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief, and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

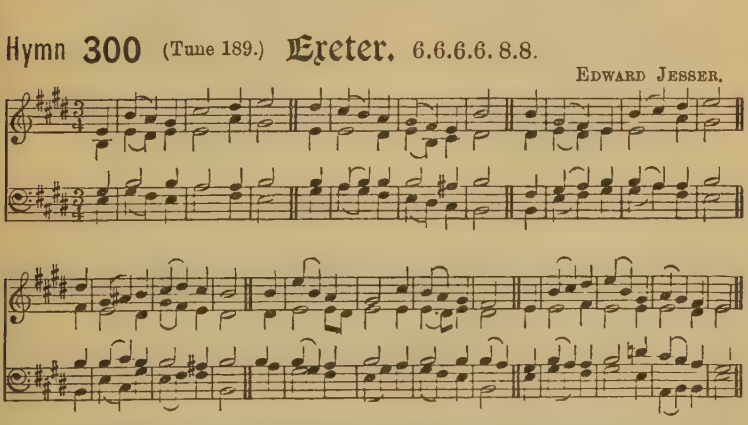
3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him:
This He gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

4 *p* Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 *mf* Lo! the incarnate God ascended,
Pleads the merit of His blood:
Venture on Him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

Hymn 300 (Tune 189.) Exeter. 6.6.6.6. 8.8.

EDWARD JESSER.



Seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them.—Hebrews vii. 25.

1 *mf* ARISE, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my surety stands;
My name is written on His hands.

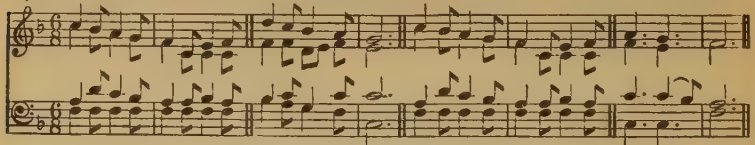
2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede,
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 *p* Five bleeding wounds He bears,
Received on Calvary!
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me:
'Forgive him, O forgive,' they cry,
'Nor let that ransomed sinner die!

4 *mf* The Father hears Him pray,
His dear Anointed One;
He cannot turn away
The presence of His Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 *f* My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear,
He owns me for His child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And, Father, Abba, Father, cry.

Hymn 301 (Tune 362.) Urbane. 8.5.8.3. F. R. Havergal.



Trusting in the Lord—Psalm cxii. 7.

1 *mf* I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
Trusting only Thee!
Trusting Thee for full salvation,
cr. Great and free.

2 *mf* I am trusting Thee for pardon,
At Thy feet I bow;
For Thy grace and tender mercy,
Trusting now.

3 *p* I am trusting Thee for cleansing
In the crimson flood;
Trusting Thee to make me holy
By Thy blood.

4 *mf* I am trusting Thee to guide me;
Thou alone shalt lead,
Every day and hour supplying
All my need.

5 I am trusting Thee for power,
Thine can never fail;
Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me
Must prevail.

6 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus;
Never let me fall;
I am trusting Thee for ever
And for all.

Hymn 302 (Tune 338.) Hollingside. 7.7.7.7. D.

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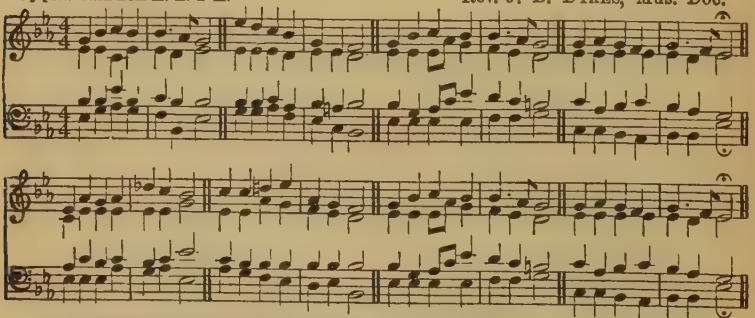


As an hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest.—Isaiah xxxii. 2.

1 *mf* Jesu, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
cr. While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past!
dim. Safe into the haven guide,
p O receive my soul at last!

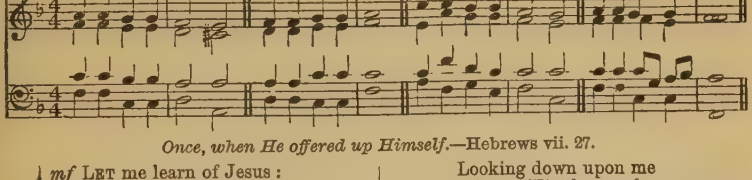
2 *mf* Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
cr. All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring:
Cover my defenceless head
p With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 *mf* Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in Thee I find!
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind;
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
p False and full of sin I am,
cr. Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found
Grace to cover all my sin,
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within:
f Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee,
Spring Thou up within my heart
Rise to all eternity.

Hymn 303 (Tune 129.) **Derby.** 6.5.6.5.

Dr. Filitz's Collection.



Once, when He offered up Himself.—Hebrews vii. 27.

1 *mf* Let me learn of Jesus:
He is kind to me;
Once He died to save me,
p Nailed upon the tree.

2 *mf* If I go to Jesus,
He will hear me pray,
Make me good and holy,
Take my sins away.

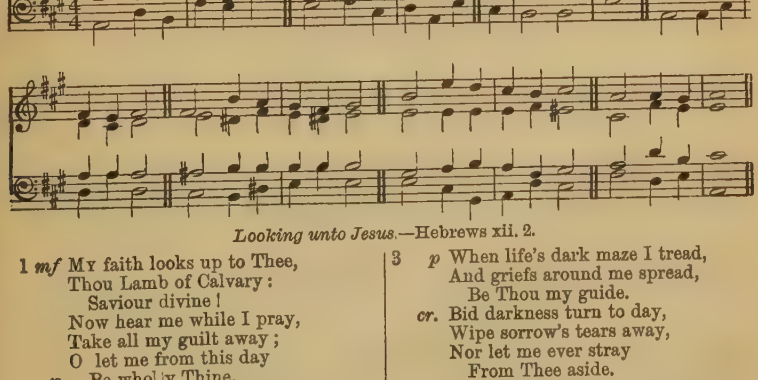
3 Let me think of Jesus:
He is full of love,
Looking down upon me
From His throne above.

4 If I trust in Jesus,
If I do His will,
cr. Then I shall be happy,
Safe from every ill.

5 *f* O how good is Jesus!
May He hold my hand,
And at last receive me
To a better land.

Hymn 304 (Tune 171.) **Stobel.** 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

German.



Looking unto Jesus.—Hebrews xii. 2.

1 *mf* My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary:
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away;
O let me from this day
p Be wholly Thine.

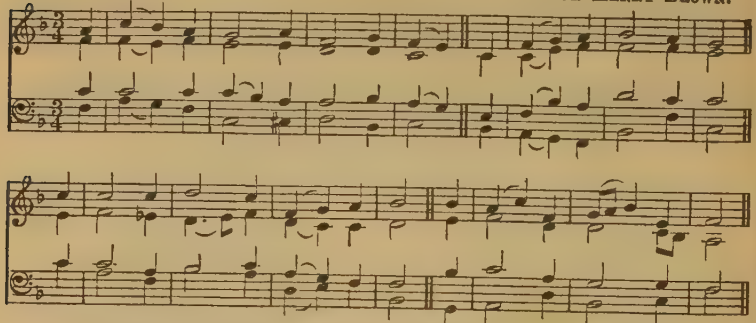
2 May Thy rich grace impart
cr. Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire:
p As Thou hast died for me,
cr. O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

3 *p* When life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide.
cr. Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 *dim.* When ends life's transient dream,
p When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour! then, in love,
cr. Fear and distrust remove,
f O, bear me safe above
A ransomed soul.

Hymn 305 (Tune 21.) Congleton. C.M.

ARTHUR HENRY BROWN.



Having made peace through the blood of His cross.—Colossians i. 20.

1 *mf* O JESUS, to Thy cross we fly,
For shelter from distress;
Through Thee for pardon we apply,
p For peace and holiness.

2 *cr.* Thou art the true, eternal Rock,
f On which our faith is built:
Thou art the Shepherd of the flock,
p Whose blood for us was spilt.

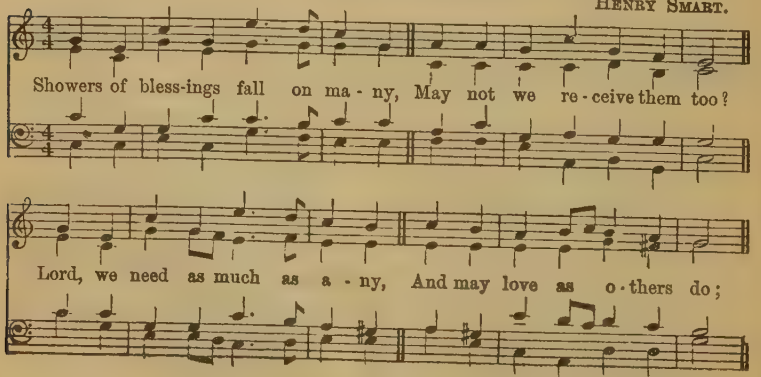
3 *mf* From Thee the streams of blessing flow;
By Thee the grace is given;
Thy blood can wash us white as snow,
And make us meet for heaven.

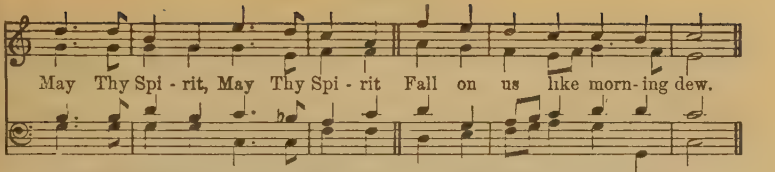
4 *p* Thou hast atoned for all our race,
Thy sacrifice we plead;
Since Thou, before Thy Father's face,
For us dost intercede.

5 *p* O Lamb of God for sinners slain!
Look from Thy lofty throne:
Wash Thou away our guilty stain,
pp And claim us for Thine own.

Hymn 306 (Tune 401.) Regent Square. 8.7.8.7.4.7.

HENRY SMART.





Shew us Thy mercy, O LORD, *and grant us Thy salvation.*—Psalm lxxxv. 7.

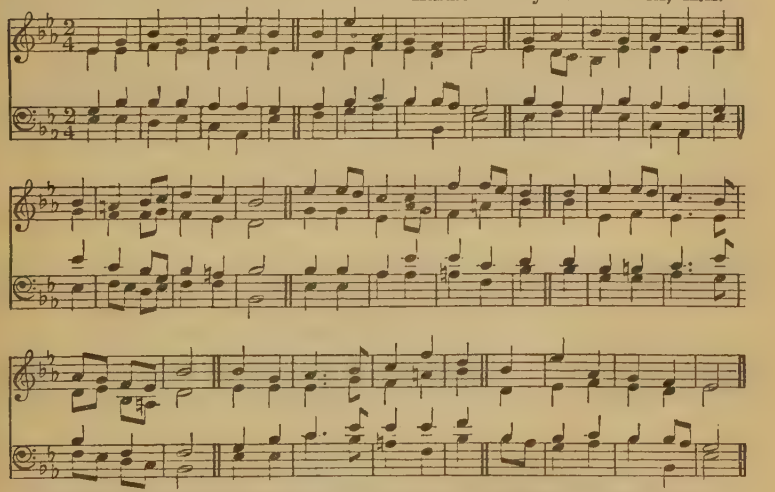
1 *mf* SHOWERS of blessings fall on many,
May not we receive them too?
Lord, we need as much as any,
And may love as others do;
May Thy Spirit
p Fall on us like morning dew.

2 *mf* Though we are but life beginning,
We have hearts with sin defiled,
Yet we may, like others sinning,
Like them, too, be reconciled;
God of mercy,
Save and bless each little child.

3 *cr.* Save us through our Saviour's merit,
Making us on Him depend;
Save us by Thy Holy Spirit,
And preserve us to the end;
Trusting, loving
Thee, our best and truest Friend.

Hymn 307 (Tune 260.) Camborne. 7.6.7.6.7.8.7.6.

Harmonized by H. A. SMITH, M.A.



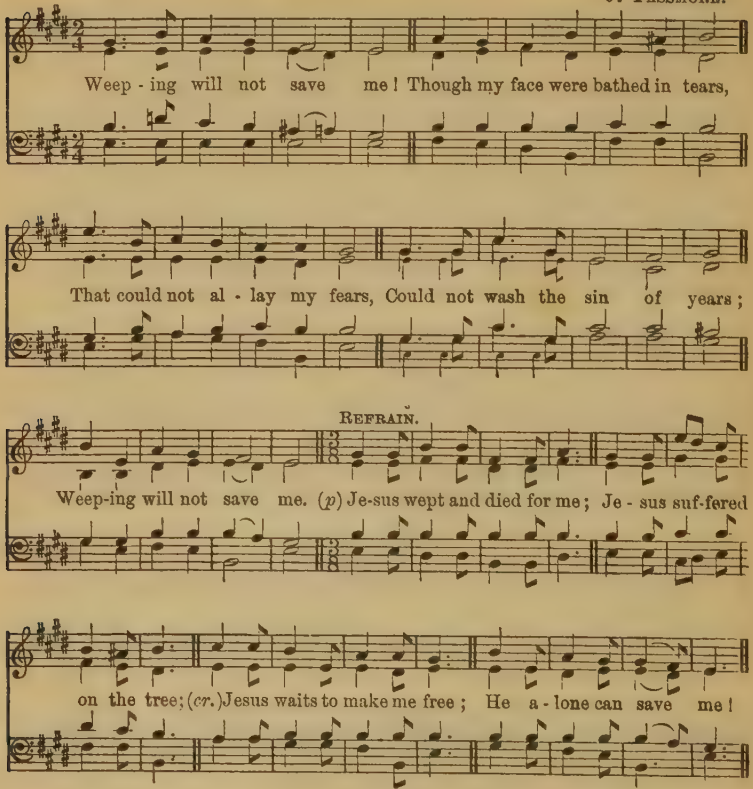
A man shall be as an hiding place, . . . a covert, . . the shadow of a great rock.—Isaiah xxxii. 2.

1 *mf* To the haven of Thy breast,
O Son of man, I fly!
Be my refuge and my rest,
For O the storm is high!
Save me from the furious blast,
A covert from the tempest be!
p Hide me, Jesus, till o'erpast
The storm of sin I see.

2 *mf* Welcome as the water-spring
To a dry, barren place,
O descend on me and bring
Thy sweet refreshing grace;
O'er a parched and weary land
As a great rock extends its shade,
Hide me, Saviour, with Thine hand,
p And screen my naked head.

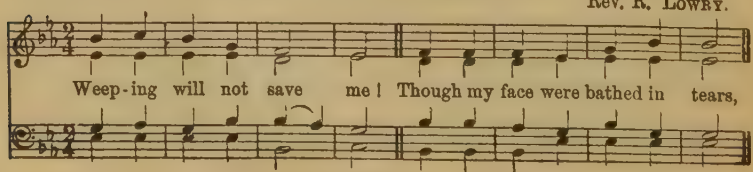
Hymn 308 (Tune 201.) Dascombe. 6.7.7.7.6.7.7.7.6.

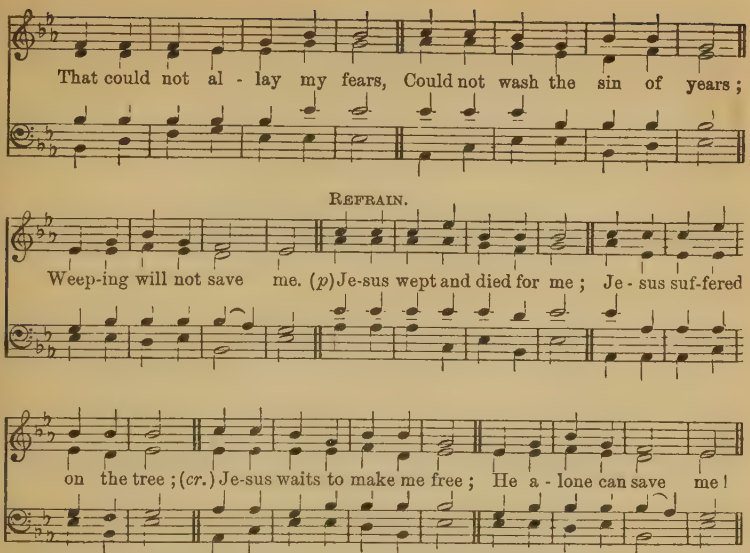
J. PASSMORE.


Weep - ing will not save me! Though my face were bathed in tears,
That could not al - lay my fears, Could not wash the sin of years;
REFRAIN.
Weep-ing will not save me. (p) Je-sus wept and died for me; Je - sus suf-fered
on the tree; (cr.) Jesus waits to make me free; He a - lone can save me!

2nd Tune. (202.) None but Jesus. 6.7.7.7.6.7.7.7.6.

Rev. R. LOWRY.




That could not al - lay my fears, Could not wash the sin of years;
REFRAIN.
Weep-ing will not save me. (*p*) Je-sus wept and died for me; Je - sus suf-fered
on the tree; (*cr.*) Je-sus waits to make me free; He a - lone can save me!

For by grace are we saved through faith.—Ephesians ii. 8.

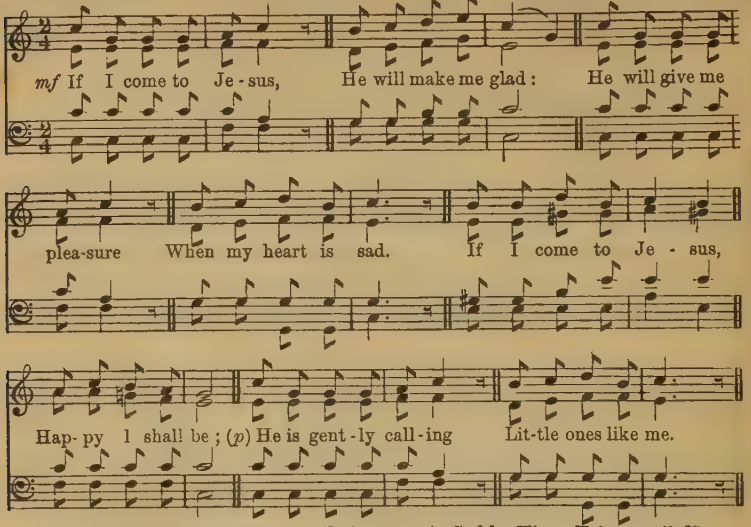
1 *mf* WEEPING will not save me!
Though my face were bathed in tears,
That could not allay my fears,
Could not wash the sin of years;
Weeping will not save me.
p Jesus wept, &c.

2 *mf* Working will not save me:
Purest deeds that I can do,
Holiest thoughts and feelings too,
Cannot form my soul anew;
Working will not save me.
p Jesus wept, &c.

3 Waiting will not save me:
p Helpless, guilty, lost I lie,
In my ear is mercy's cry,
If I wait I can but die;
Waiting will not save me.
Jesus wept, &c.

4 *f* Faith in Christ will save me:
Let me trust Thy weeping Son,
Trust the work that He has done,
To His arms help me to run;
Faith in Christ will save me.
p Jesus wept, &c.

Hymn 309 (Tune 148.) If I come to Jesus. 6.5.6.5. D.


mf If I come to Je - sus, He will make me glad: He will give me
plea-sure When my heart is sad. If I come to Je - sus,
Hap- py I shall be; (p) He is gent - ly call - ing Lit-tle ones like me.

He is able also to save them . . . that come unto God by Him.—Hebrews vii. 25.

1 *mf* If I come to Jesus,
cr. He will make me glad;
He will give me pleasure
When my heart is sad.
If I come to Jesus, &c.

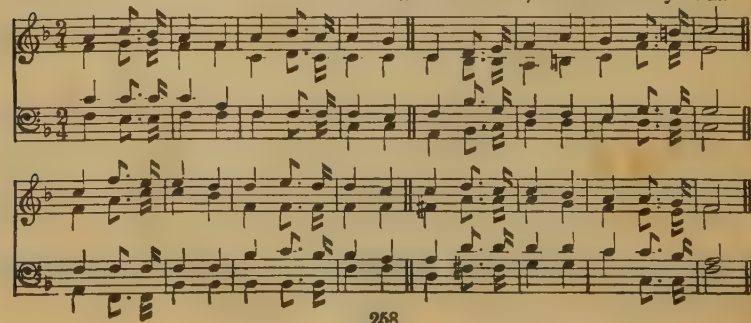
2 *mf* If I come to Jesus,
He will hear my prayer,
He will love me dearly,
He my sins did bear.
If I come to Jesus, &c.

3 If I come to Jesus,
He will take my hand,
cr. He will kindly lead me
To a better land.
If I come to Jesus, &c.

4 *f* There with happy children
Robed in snowy white,
I shall see my Saviour
In that world so bright.
If I come to Jesus, &c.

Hymn 310 (Tune 478.) Lead me to Jesus. 10.9.10.9.

W. H. Doane; Harmonized by A. R.



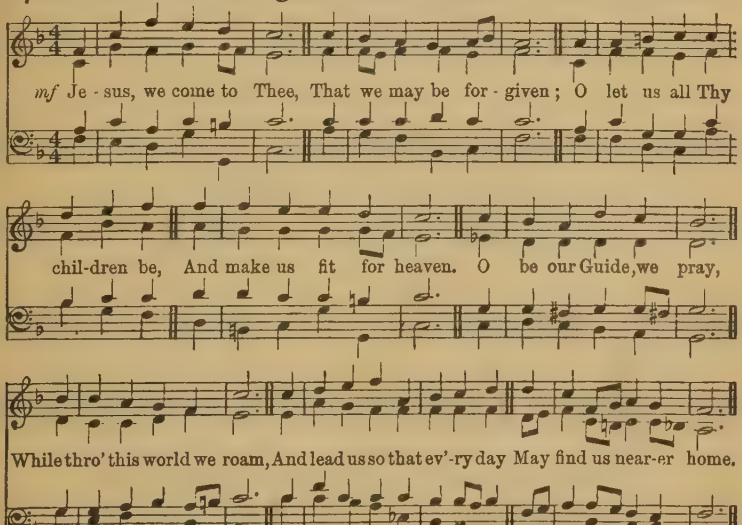
We would see Jesus.—John xii. 21.

1 *mf* LEAD me to Jesus, lead me to Jesus,
Teach me to love Him, teach me to pray;
He is my Saviour, I would believe Him,
I would be like Him, show me the way.

2 Lead me to Jesus, He will protect me,
He is so loving, gentle, and mild;
Calling the children, bidding them welcome;
Surely He calls me—I am a child.

3 *mf* Lord, I am coming! Jesus, my Saviour,
Pity my weakness, make me Thy child;
cr. I would receive Thee, trust, and believe Thee
I would be like Thee, gentle and mild.

Hymn 311 (Tune 14.) Fairfield. D.S.M. Rev. P. La Trobe.


mf Je - sus, we come to Thee, That we may be for - given; O let us all Thy
chil-dren be, And make us fit for heaven. O be our Guide, we pray,
While thro' this world we roam, And lead us so that ev'-ry day May find us near-er home.

Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory.—Psalm lxxiii. 24.

1 *mf* JESUS, we come to Thee,
That we may be forgiven;
O! let us all Thy children be,
And make us fit for heaven.
O! be our Guide, &c.

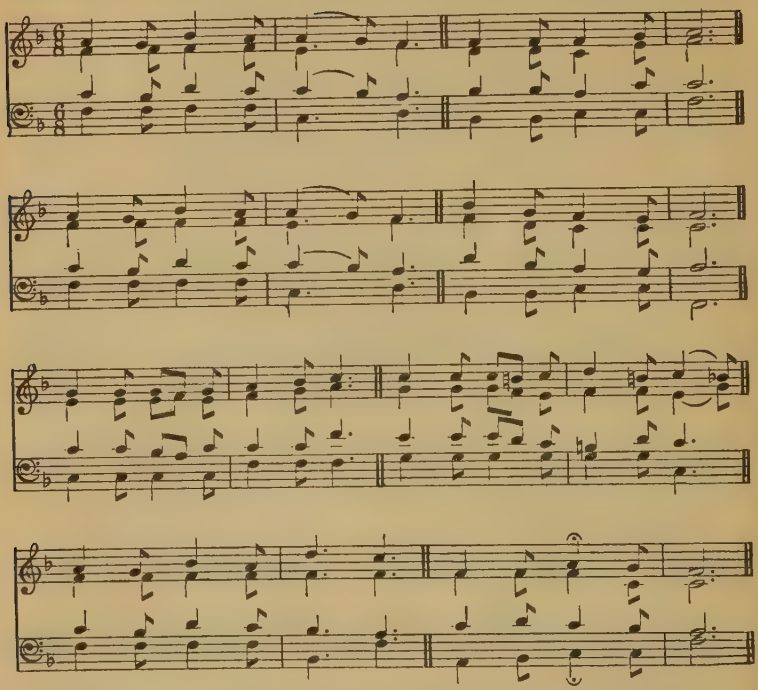
2 Though we are taught the road,
We cannot go alone;
Unless Thou lead us, O our God,
We ne'er shall reach Thy Throne.
O! be our Guide, &c.

3 Give us from Thy rich store
Of wisdom from above;
That we may love and serve Thee more
And better learn Thy love.
O! be our Guide, &c.

4 *cr.* Then shall we walk aright,
While keeping close to Thee;
f When Satan tempts have strength to fight,
And make the tempter flee.
A little pilgrim-band,
While through this world we roam,
O! guide us with Thy loving hand,
Till Thou shalt take us home.

Hymn 312 (Tune 165.) Crosby. 6.5.6.5.7.7.6.5.

HUBERT P. MAIN.



I will call on the LORD; . . . *so shall I be saved.*—2 Samuel xxii. 4.

1 *p* O MY Saviour, hear me,
Draw me close to Thee;
Thou hast paid my ransom,
pp Thou hast died for me;
mf Now by simple faith I claim
Pardon through Thy gracious name;
Thou, my Ark of safety,
p Let me fly to Thee.

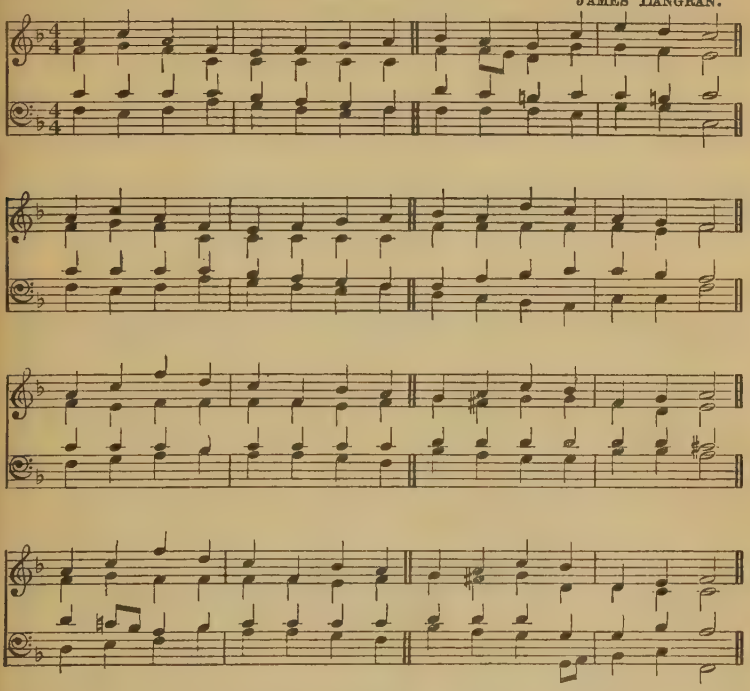
2 *mf* O my Saviour bless me!
Bless me while I pray;
Grant Thy grace to help me,
Take my sins away:
I believe Thy promise, Lord,
I will trust Thy holy word;
Thou my soul's Redeemer
Bless me while I pray.

3 *p* O my Saviour, love me!
Make me all Thine own;
Leave me not to wander
In this world alone:
Bless my way with light divine,
cr. Let Thy glory round me shine;
Thou, my Rock, my Refuge,
mf Make me all Thine own.

4 O my Saviour, guard me!
Keep me evermore;
Bless me, love me, guide me,
p Till my work is o'er:
cr. May I then with glad surprise,
Chant Thy praise beyond the skies;
There with Thee, my Saviour
Dwell for evermore.

Hymn 313 (Tune 424.) Deerhurst. 8.7.8.7. D.

JAMES LANGRAN.



I am thine, save me.—Psalm cxix. 94.

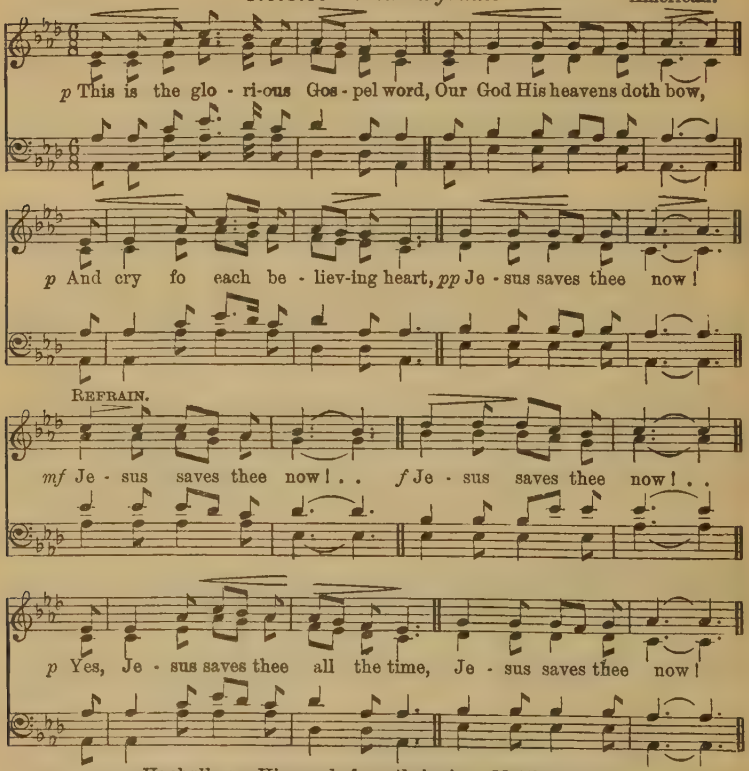
1 *mf* SAVIOUR, while my heart is tender
I would yield that heart to Thee;
All my powers to Thee surrender,
Thine, and only Thine, to be.
dim. Take me now, Lord Jesus, take me;
Let my youthful heart be Thine:
Thy devoted servant make me;
p Fill my soul with love divine.

2 *mf* Send me, Lord, where Thou wilt send me
Only do Thou guide my way;
May Thy grace through life attend me
Gladly then shall I obey.
Let me do Thy will, or bear it,
I would know no will but Thine;
Shouldst Thou take my life or spare it,
p I that life to Thee resign.

3 *mf* May this solemn consecration
Never once forgotten be;
Let it know no revocation,
Registered, confirmed by Thee.
Thine I am, O Lord, for ever
To Thy service set apart;
Suffer me to leave Thee, never;
Stamp Thine image on my heart.

Hymn 314 (Tune 370.) Jesus saves me now.

8.6.8.5. *With Refrain.* American.


p This is the glo - ri-ous Gos - pel word, Our God His heavens doth bow,
p And cry fo each be - liev-ing heart, pp Je - sus saves thee now!
REFRAIN.
mf Je - sus saves thee now! . . f Je - sus saves thee now! . .
p Yes, Je - sus saves thee all the time, Je - sus saves thee now!

He shall save His people from their sins.—Matthew i. 21.

1 *p* THIS is the glorious Gospel word,
Our God His heavens doth bow,
And cry to each believing heart,
pp Jesus saves thee now!
mf Jesus saves, &c.

2 God speaks, who cannot lie; why then
One doubt should I allow?
I doubt Him not, but take His word,
pp Jesus saves me now!
mf Jesus saves, &c.

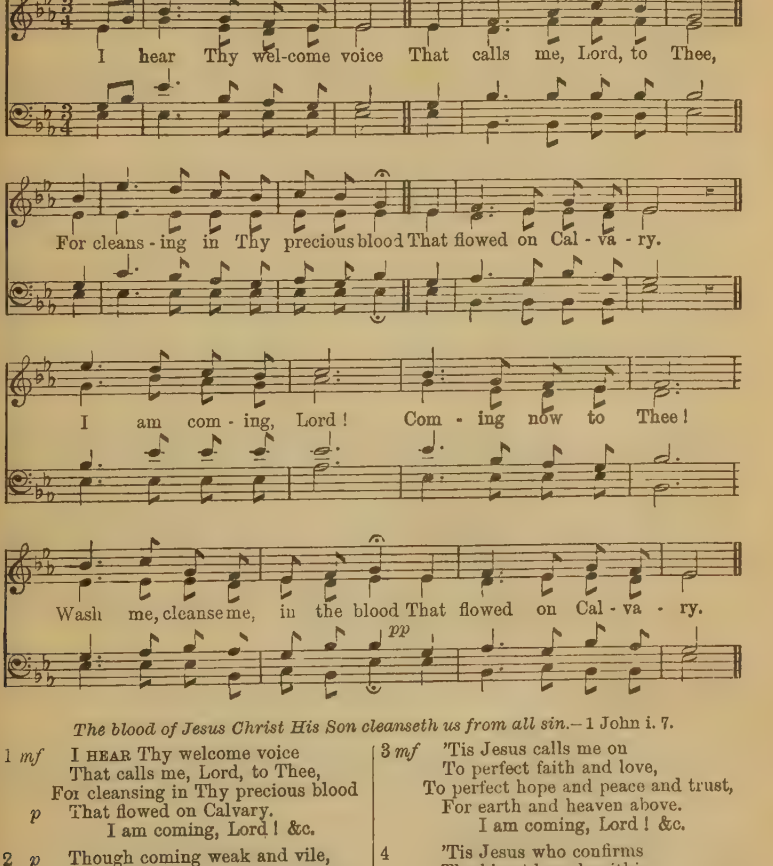
3 *mf* I trust not self, 'twould throw me back
Into despond's deep slough;
cr. From self I look to Christ, and find
Jesus saves me now!
mf Jesus saves, &c.

4 *mf* Whate'er my future may require,
His grace will sure allow;
I live a moment at a time,
p Jesus saves me now!
mf Jesus saves, &c.

5 Why doubt Him? He who died now lives,
The crown is on His brow;
f The Son of man hath power on earth,
Jesus saves me now!
Jesus saves, &c.

Hymn 315 (Tune 12.) Welcome. S.M. *With Refrain.*

Rev. L. HARTSOUGH.


I hear Thy wel-come voice That calls me, Lord, to Thee,
For cleans - ing in Thy precious blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.
I am com - ing, Lord! Com - ing now to Thee!
Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.
pp

The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.—1 John i. 7.

1 *mf* I HEAR Thy welcome voice
That calls me, Lord, to Thee,
For cleansing in Thy precious blood
p That flowed on Calvary.
I am coming, Lord! &c.

2 *p* Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all and pure.
I am coming, Lord! &c.

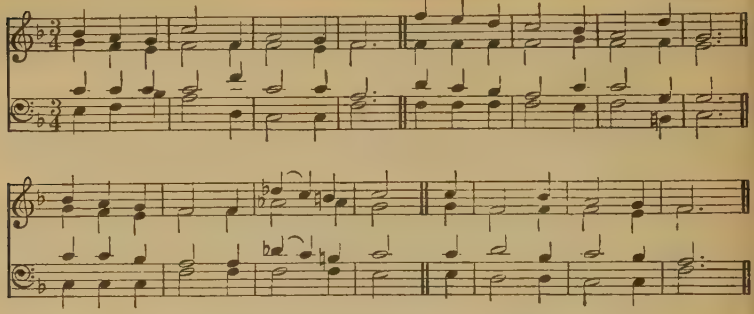
3 *mf* 'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope and peace and trust,
For earth and heaven above.
I am coming, Lord! &c.

4 'Tis Jesus who confirms
The blessèd work within,
By adding grace to welcomed grace,
Where reigned the power of sin.
I am coming, Lord! &c.

5 *f* And He the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but bring the plea.
I am coming, Lord! &c.

Hymn 316 (Tune 456.) St. Fabian. 8.8.8.6.

J. Summers.



My blood, which is shed for you.—Luke xxii. 20.

1 *mf* Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

2 *p* Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

3 *mf* Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fighting and fears, within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

4 *p* Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
pp O Lamb of God, I come!

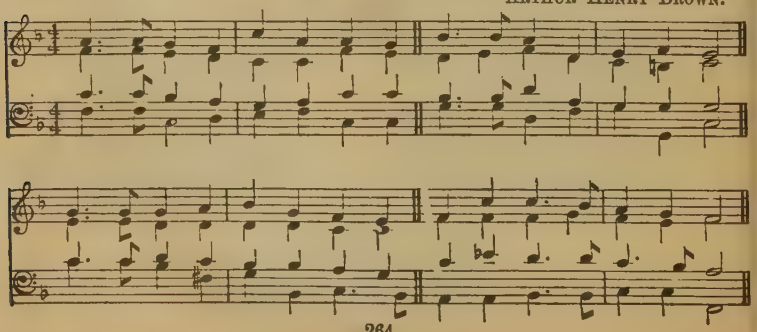
5 *mf* Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve!
cr. Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

6 *mf* Just as I am, (*cr.*) (Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down)
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
pp O Lamb of God, I come!

7 *mf* Just as I am, of that free love
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
cr. Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Hymn 317 (Tune 388.) St. Mabyn. 8.7.8.7.

Arthur Henry Brown.



Suffer little children to come unto Me.—Mark x. 14.

1 *mf* THOU who art so high and holy,
Dwelling in eternity,
Once an infant meek and lowly,
Suffer us to come to Thee.

2 Saviour, who in accents tender
Saidst, 'Let children come to Me,'
We our hearts would now surrender;
Suffer us to come to Thee.

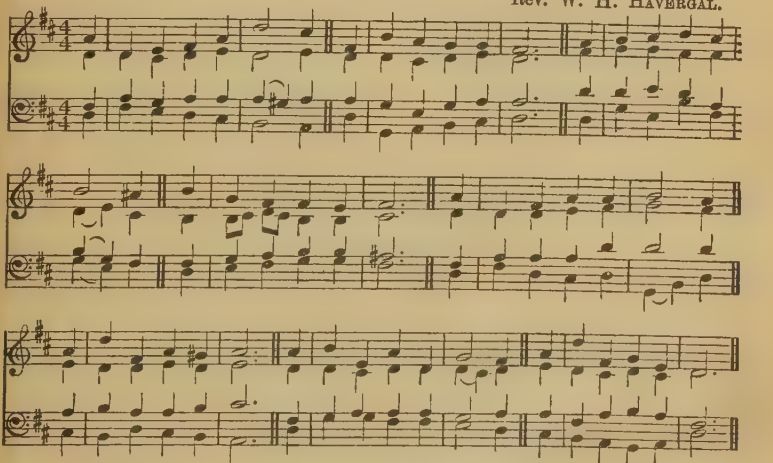
3 *p* In the hour of dark temptation,
When we can no succour see,
cr. Be our strength and our salvation,
Suffer us to come to Thee.

4 *mf* When our spirits, worn and weary
Toil on life's tumultuous sea,
And our path is rough and dreary,
Suffer us to come to Thee.

5 *p* When we pass through death's cold river
Let Thy love our solace be;
cr. From all fear our souls deliver,
Suffer us to come to Thee.

Hymn 318 (Tune 234.) Mahanaim. 7.6.7.6. D.

Rev. W. H. HAVERGAL.



The LORD *hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.*—Isaiah liii. 6.

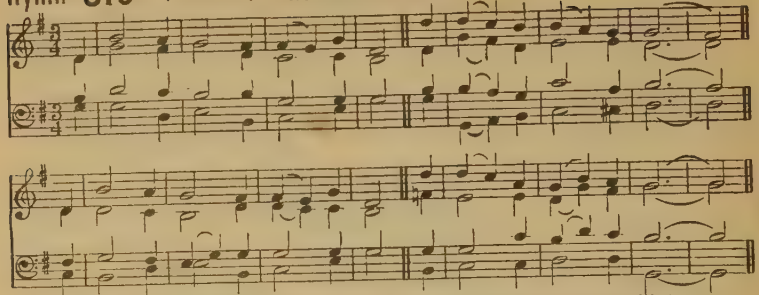
1 *mf* I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursèd load:
p I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in His blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains!

2 *mf* I lay my wants on Jesus,
All fulness dwells in Him:
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem:
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline:
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.

4 *mf* I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy Child!
cr. I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
f To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angels' song

Hymn 319 (Tune 19.) Belmont. C.M. S. WEBBE.



A fountain opened . . . for sin and for uncleanness.—Zechariah xiii. 1.

1 *mf* THERE is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;
And sinners plunged beneath that
Lose all their guilty stains. [flood,

2 *cr.* The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day ;
And there may I, though vile as he,
p Wash all my sins away.

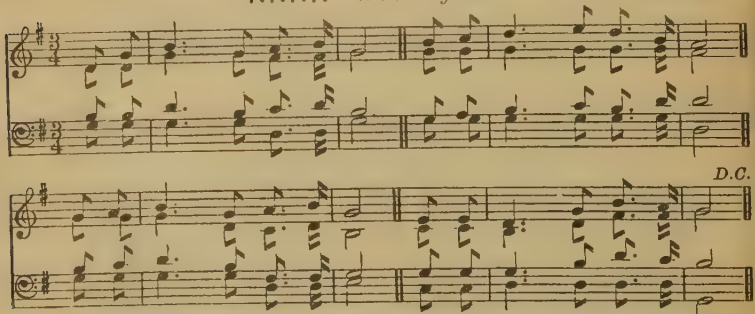
3 O dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
cr. Till all the ransomed church of God
f Be saved to sin no more.

4 *mf* E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 *f* Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save ;
dim. When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
p Lies silent in the grave.

Hymn 320 (Tune 311.) I am coming to the Cross.

7.7.7.7. *With Refrain.* W. G. FISCHER.



I count all things but loss . . . that I may win Christ.—Philippians iii. 8.

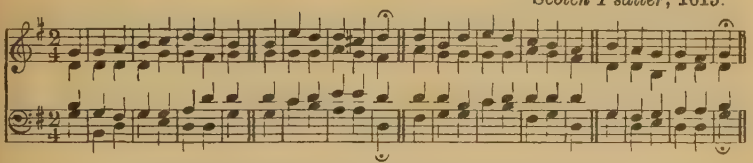
1 *mf* I AM coming to the cross ;
I am poor and weak and blind ;
I am counting all but dross ;
cr. I shall full salvation find.
I am trusting, Lord, in Thee,
Blessèd Lamb of Calvary ;
p Humbly at Thy cross I bow ;
Save me, Jesus, save me now.

2 *mf* Long my heart has sighed for Thee,
Long has evil reigned within ;
Jesus, sweetly speak to me, [I am, &c.
'I will cleanse thee from all sin.'—

3 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends and time and earthly store
p Soul and body, thine to be, [I am, &c
Wholly Thine for evermore.—

Hymn 321 (Tune 23.) Dunfermline. C.M.

Scotch Psalter, 1615.



Save me, and I shall be saved.—Jeremiah xvii. 14.

1 *mf* Jesus, before Thy feet I fall,
Since Thou dost bid me pray;
To Thee, in guilt and fear, I call,
Save me this very day.

2 *cr.* To Thee my humble prayer I lift,
Because Thy grace is free;
Salvation is Thy sovereign gift,
O! give it then to me!

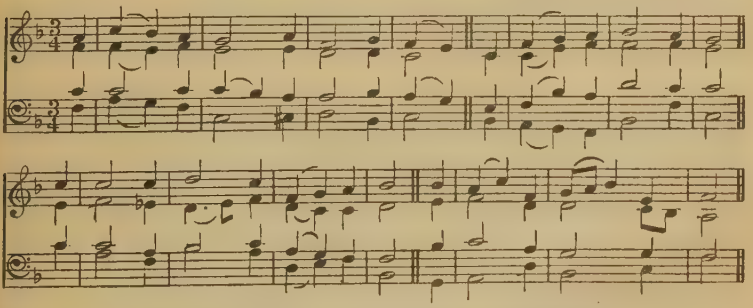
3 All who love Thee Thy kindness prove,
All who believe Thee live;
f And I can both believe and love,
mf If Thou Thy Spirit give.

4 *f* With gladness may I do Thy will;
May praise my tongue employ;
And may Thy Holy Spirit fill
My heart with love and joy.

5 *mf* O! draw me, Jesus, by Thy grace,
As I before Thee bow:
I wish to love Thee all my days,
I wish to love Thee now.

Hymn 322 (Tune 21.) Congleton. C.M.

Arthur Henry Brown.



Come unto Me.—Matthew xi. 28.

Teachers.

1 *mf* 'Come unto Me!' The Saviour speaks,
He calls you to His rest;
O children, hear His loving voice,
And nestle on His breast.

Children.

2 We hear the voice of truth and love
When Jesus bids us come,
And in His tender heart would find
Our everlasting home.

Teachers.

3 Come unto Me!' Again Christ calls;
O hear His gentle voice;
O children, give your hearts to Him,
And make His love your choice.

Children.

4 We hear the voice of truth and love
When Jesus bids us come;
And in His tender heart would find
Our everlasting home.

Teachers.

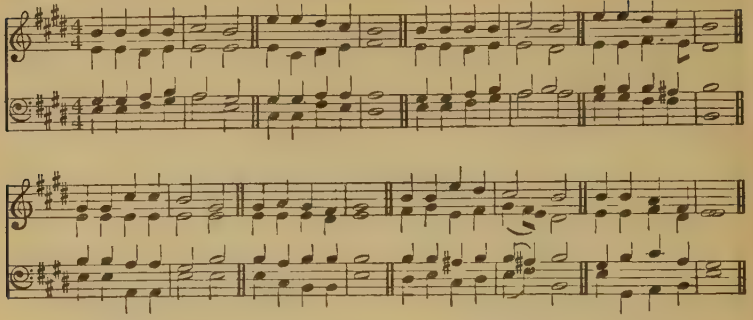
5 *p* 'Come unto Me!' Dear children, hear
The loving gentle call;
For Him who gave His life for you
Will you not give up all?

Children.

6 *cr.* We hear the voice of truth and love
When Jesus bids us come;
And in His tender heart would find
Our everlasting home.

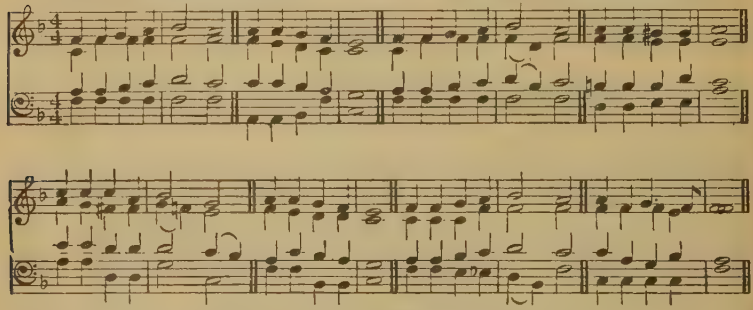
Hymn 323 (Tune 141.) Bohemia. 6.5.6.5. D.

German.



2nd Tune. (153.) St. Mary Magdalene. 6.5.6.5. D.

By permission, from Rev. R. R. Chope's *Hymn and Tune-Book.* Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.



Ye are not your own.—1 Corinthians vi. 19.

1 *f* I belong to Jesus;
'Twas a happy day
When His blood most precious
mf Washed my sins away;
When His Holy Spirit
Changed my heart of stone,
Set His mark upon me,
p Sealed me for His own.

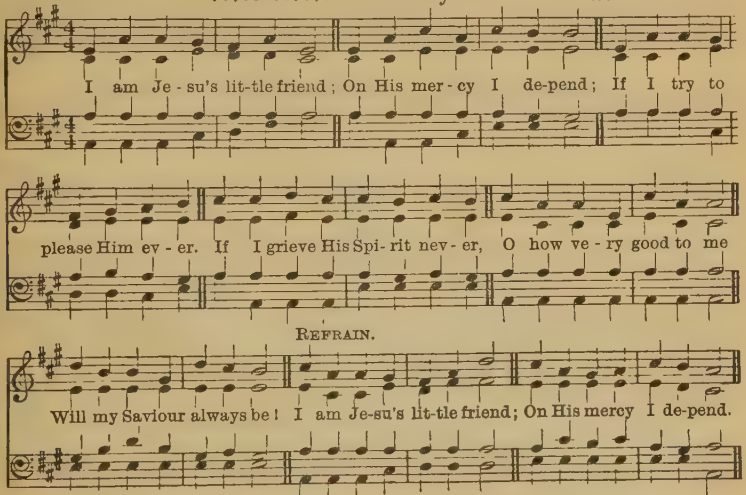
2 *mf* I belong to Jesus;
So I'll try to spend
All my life in pleasing
My almighty Friend;
Since He is so holy,
I must watch and pray,
That I may grow like Him
More and more each day.

3 *f* I belong to Jesus;
Therefore I can sing,
For I'm safe and happy
Underneath His wing;
mf But so many round me
Are all dark and cold,
I must try to bring them
Into Jesu's fold.

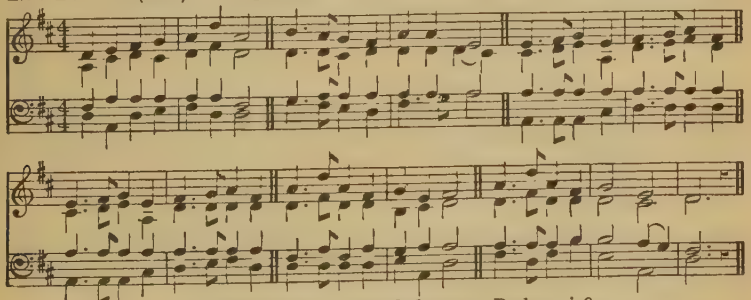
4 *f* I belong to Jesus;
Soon He will be here;
If I love and trust Him,
What have I to fear?
Round about Him gathered
Will His people be!
And I'm sure that Jesus
Will remember me.

Hymn 324 (Tune 351.) I am Jesu's little friend.

7.7.8.8.7.7. *With Refrain.* W. H. DOANE.


I am Je - su's lit-tle friend; On His mer - cy I de-pend; If I try to
please Him ev - er. If I grieve His Spi - rit nev - er, O how ve - ry good to me
REFRAIN.
Will my Saviour always be! I am Je-su's lit-tle friend; On His mercy I de-pend.

2nd Tune. (350.) **Tromso.** 7.7.8.8.7.7. Danish Melody.



I have set the LORD *always before me.*—Psalm xvi. 8.

1 *mf* I AM Jesu's little friend;
On His mercy I depend;
If I try to please Him ever,
If I grieve His Spirit never,
O how very good to me
Will my Saviour always be!

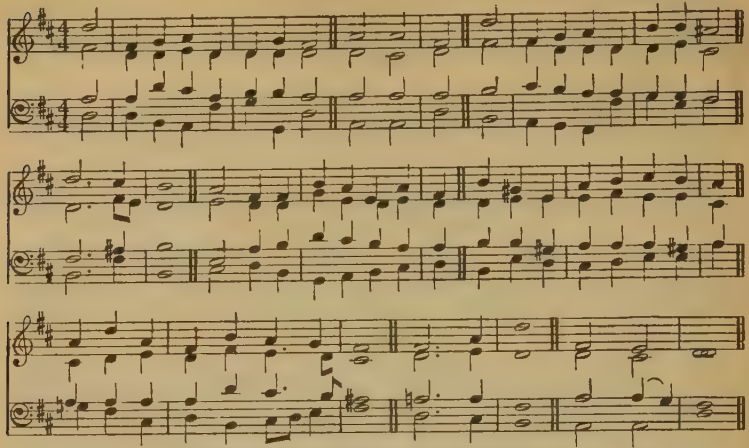
2 *p* Very young and weak am I,
Yet He guides me with His eye;
cr. In a pleasant path He leads me,
mf With a gentle hand He feeds me,
Chides me when I'm doing wrong,
Listens to my happy song.

3 He is with me all the day,
With me in my busy play;
O'er my waking and my sleeping
Jesus still a watch is keeping;
p I can lay me down and rest,
pp Sweetly pillowed on His breast.

4 *mf* I am Jesu's little friend;
On His mercy I depend;
cr. Jesus will forsake me never;
f He will keep me safe for ever;
mf How I wish my heart could be
Loving Saviour, more like Thee!

Hymn 325 (Tune 355.) Stephanas. 8.8.8.8.8.8.8.8.

F. R. Havergal, 1870.



Fear not, for I am with thee.—Genesis xxvi. 24.

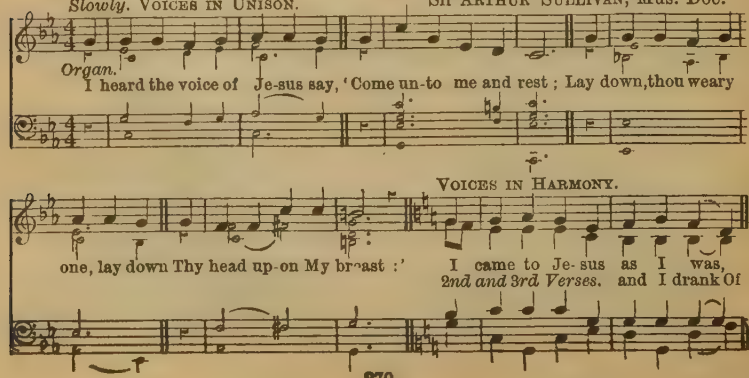
1 *mf* I hear a sweet voice ringing clear,
All is well!
It is my Father's voice I hear;
All is well!
Where'er I walk that voice is heard:
It is my God, my Father's word,
cr. 'Fear not, but trust, I am the Lord:'
f All is well! All is well!

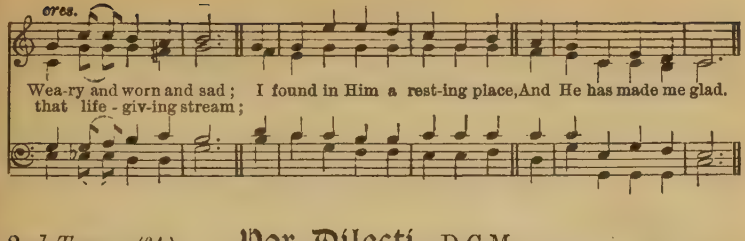
2 Clouds cannot long obscure the sight;
All is well!
I know there is a land of light;
All is well!
cr. From strength to strength, from day to day,
I tread along the world's highway;
f Or often stop to sing or say,
All is well! All is well!

3 *mf* In morning hours, serene and bright,
All is well!
In evening hours, or darkening night
All is well!
p And when to Jordan's side I come,
'Midst chilling waves and raging foam,
mf O! let me sing as I go home,
f All is well! All is well!

Hymn 326 (Tune 63.) Sullivan's Audite. D.C.M.

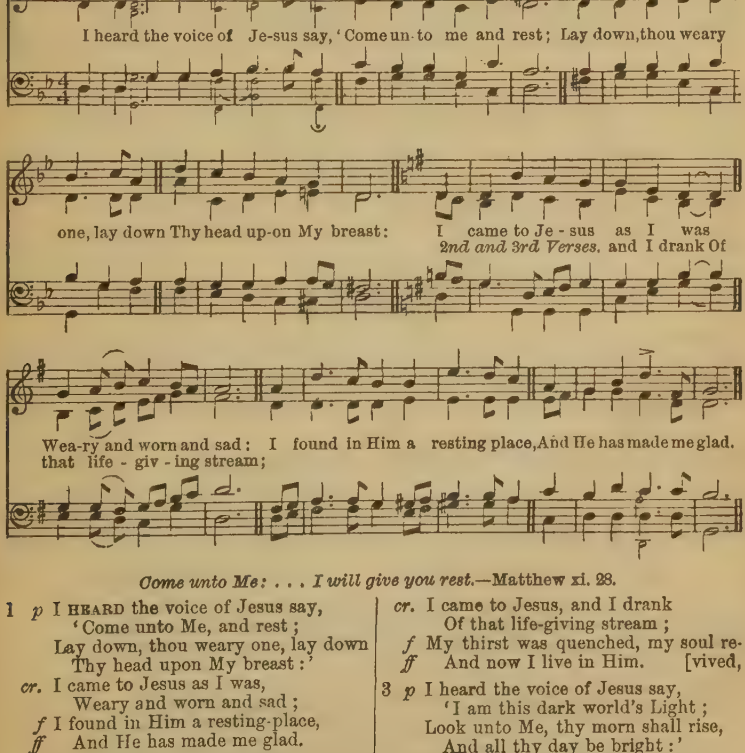
Sir Arthur Sullivan, Mus. Doc.


Slowly. Voices in Unison.
Organ.
I heard the voice of Je-sus say, 'Come un-to me and rest; Lay down, thou weary
Voices in Harmony.
one, lay down Thy head up-on My breast:'
I came to Je-sus as I was,
2nd and 3rd Verses.
and I drank Of



2nd Tune. (64.) Vox Dilecti. D.C.M.

By permission from *H. A. & M.* Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.


rall. a tempo.
I heard the voice of Je-sus say, 'Come un-to me and rest; Lay down, thou weary
one, lay down Thy head up-on My breast: I came to Je - sus as I was
2nd and 3rd Verses. and I drank Of
Wea-ry and worn and sad: I found in Him a resting place, And He has made me glad.
that life - giv - ing stream;

Come unto Me: . . . I will give you rest.—Matthew xi. 28.

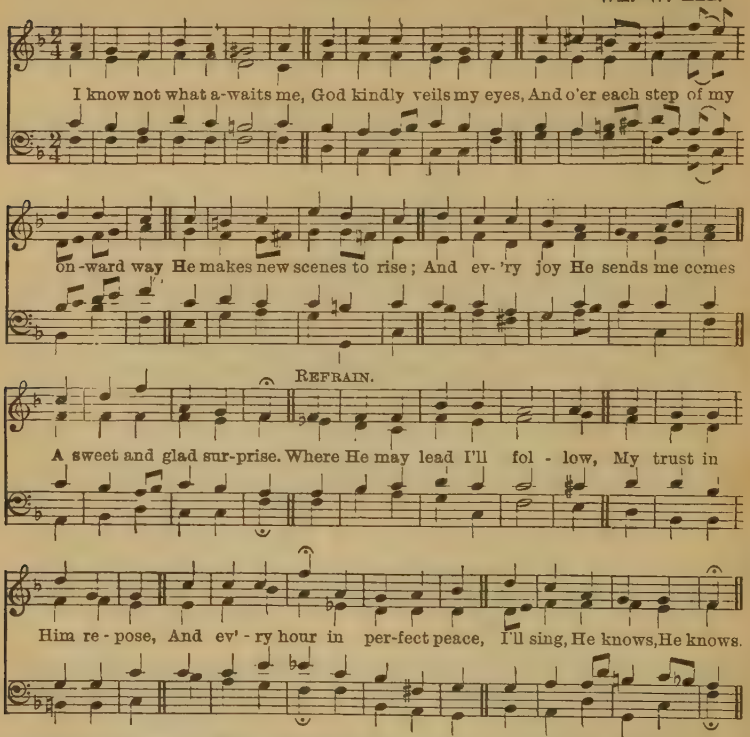
1 *p* I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
'Come unto Me, and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast:'
cr. I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary and worn and sad;
f I found in Him a resting-place,
ff And He has made me glad.

2 *p* I heard the voice of Jesus say,
'Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink and live:'
cr. I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
f My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
ff And now I live in Him.

3 *p* I heard the voice of Jesus say,
'I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright:'
cr. I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him, my Star, my Sun!
f And in that Light of life I'll walk
ff Till travelling days are done.

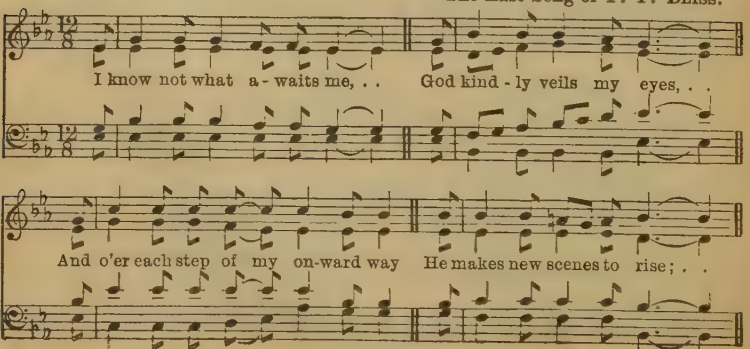
Hymn 327 (Tune 271.) Batley. 7.6.8.6.8.6. *With Refrain.*

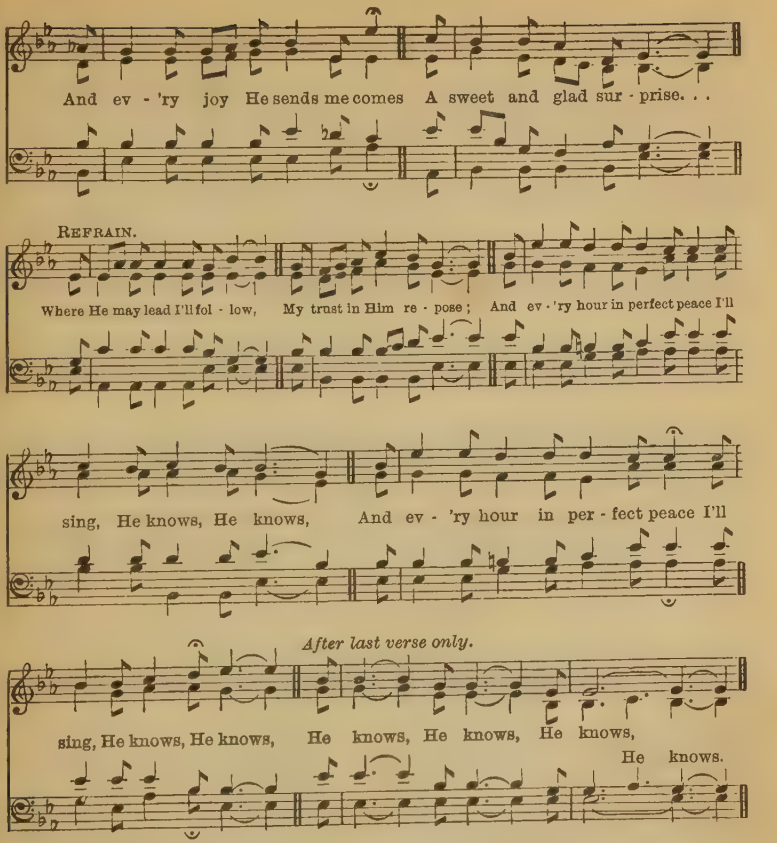
Wm. W. Lee.


I know not what a-waits me, God kindly veils my eyes, And o'er each step of my
on-ward way He makes new scenes to rise; And ev-'ry joy He sends me comes
Refrain.
A sweet and glad sur-prise. Where He may lead I'll fol - low, My trust in
Him re - pose, And ev' - ry hour in per-fect peace, I'll sing, He knows, He knows.

2nd Tune. (272.) He knows. 7.6.8.6.8.6. *With Refrain.*

The Last Song of P. P. Bliss.




And ev - 'ry joy He sends me comes A sweet and glad sur - prise. . .
REFRAIN.
Where He may lead I'll fol - low, My trust in Him re - pose; And ev - 'ry hour in perfect peace I'll
sing, He knows, He knows, And ev - 'ry hour in per - fect peace I'll
After last verse only.
sing, He knows, He knows, He knows, He knows, He knows,
He knows.

My foot hath held His steps, His way have I kept.—Job xxiii. 11.

1 *mf* I KNOW not what awaits me,
God kindly veils my eyes,
And o'er each step of my onward way
cr. He makes new scenes to rise:
And every joy He sends me comes
A sweet and glad surprise.
Where, &c.

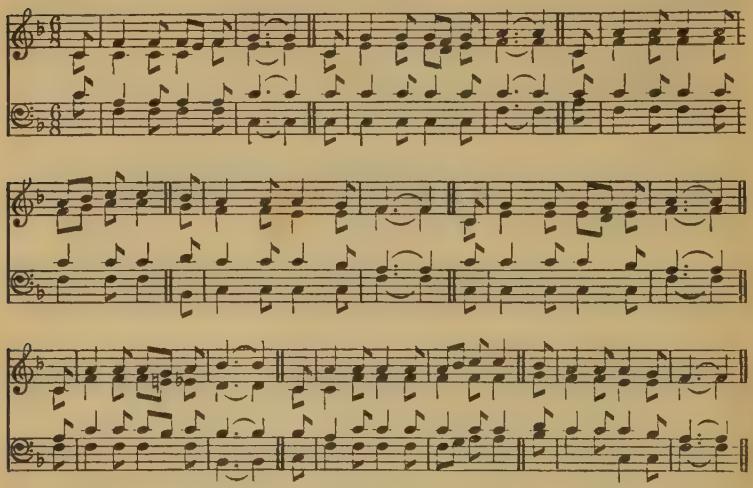
2 *mf* One step I see before me,
'Tis all I need to see,
The light of heaven more brightly
When earth's illusions flee; [shines
And sweetly through the silence comes
His loving (*p*) 'Follow Me!'
Where, &c.

3 *mf* O, blissful lack of wisdom!
'Tis blessed not to know;
f He holds me with His own right hand,
And will not let me go,
dim. And lulls my troubled soul to rest
In Him who loves me so.
Where, &c.

4 *mf* So on I go, not knowing;
I would not if I might;
I'd rather walk in the dark with God
Than go alone in the light,
I'd rather walk by faith with Him
Than go alone by sight.
Where, &c.

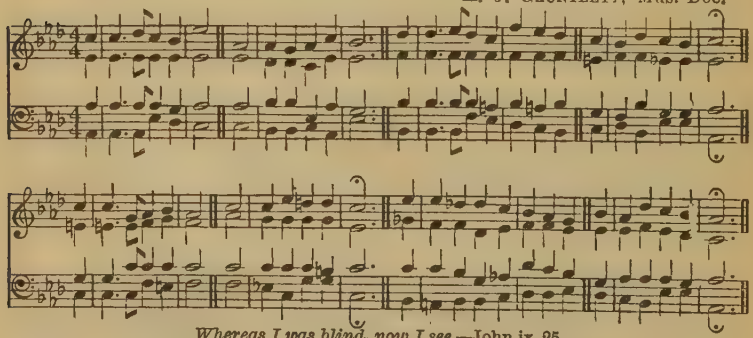
Hymn 328 (Tune 15.) I was a wandering Sheep.

D.S.M. J. ZUNDEL.



2nd Tune. (17.) **Tierney.** D.S.M.

H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus. Doc.



Whereas I was blind, now I see.—John ix. 25.

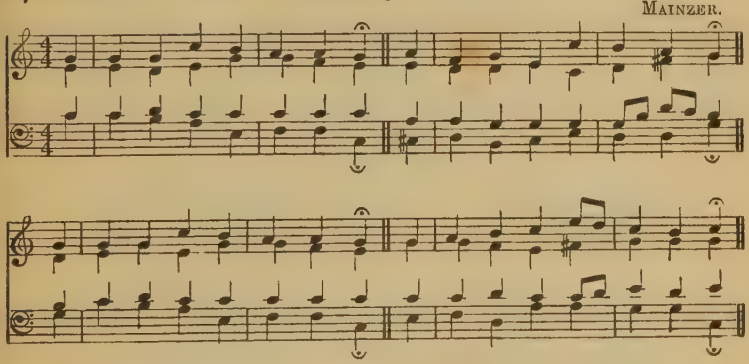
1 *mf* I WAS a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold,
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled.
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home,
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,
The Father sought His child;
He followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild;
p He found me nigh to death,
Famished and faint and lone:
cr. He bound me with the bands of love,
f He saved the wandering one.

3 *mf* Jesus my Shepherd is:
'Twas He that loved my soul;
'Twas He that washed me in His blood;
'Twas He that made me whole;
'Twas He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep;
'Twas He that brought me to the fold
'Tis He that still doth keep.

4 *p* I was a wandering sheep,
I would not be controlled;
f But now I love my Shepherd's voice
I love, I love the fold.
mf I was a wayward child,
I once preferred to roam;
f But now I love my Father's voice
I love, I love His home.

Hymn 329 (Tune 81.) Mainzer. L.M.



The very hairs of your head are all numbered.—Matthew x. 30.

1 *mf* My Father, who in heaven reigns,
Though King of all the angels, deigns
To watch o'er me by day and night,
And ever keep my footsteps right.

2 *f* The sparrow on the roof He feeds,
And gives the raven all it needs;
He early calls the birds to raise,
In sweetest notes, their songs of praise.

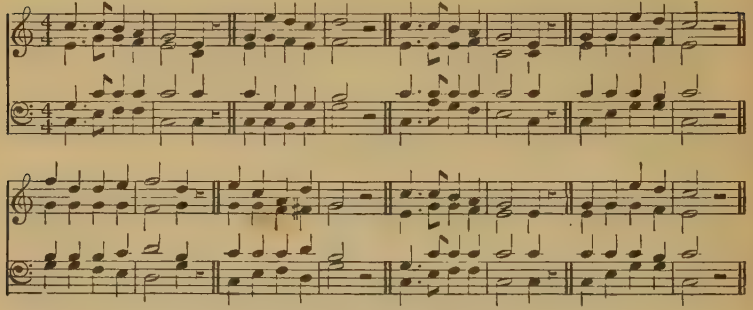
3 My name stood written on His hand,
Long ere I learned to understand;
And I to Jesus am so dear,
And He is God! what need I fear?

4 When from my head doth fall a hair,
He knows it, knows my every care;
From Him I nothing may conceal,
My very thoughts He can reveal.

5 *f* My Father God, how good Thou art!
Let me in evil ne'er take part,
Make me as angels are above,
And lead me to the realms of love.

Hymn 330 (Tune 149.) Jesus is our Shepherd.

6.5.6.5. D.



The LORD *is my Shepherd.*—Psalm xxiii. 1.

1 *mf* JESUS is our Shepherd,
Wiping every tear;
Folded in His bosom,
What have we to fear?
Only let us follow
Whither He doth lead,
To the thirsty desert
Or the dewy mead.

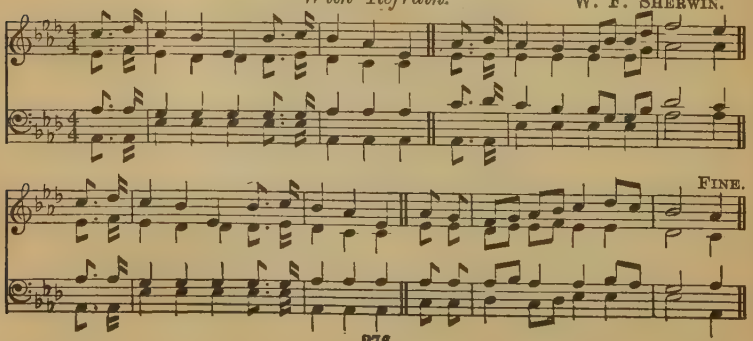
2 Jesus is our Shepherd;
Well we know His voice
p How its gentle whisper
cr. Makes our heart rejoice!
nf Even when He chideth,
Tender is His tone;
None but He shall guide us
We are His alone.

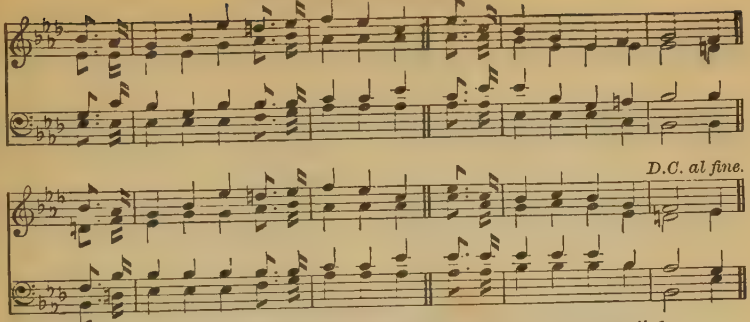
3 Jesus is our Shepherd;
For the sheep He bled;
Every lamb is sprinkled
With the blood He shed.
Then on each He setteth
His own secret sign,
dim. 'They that have My Spirit,
p These,' saith He, 'are Mine.'

4 *mf* Jesus is our Shepherd;
Guarded by His arm,
Though the wolves may raven,
None can do us harm;
p When we tread death's valley
Dark with fearful gloom.
f We will fear no evil,
ff Victors o'er the tomb.

Hymn 331 (Tune 475.) March of Life. 10.8.10.8. D.

With Refrain. W. F. SHERWIN.





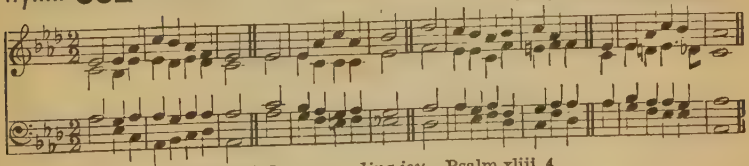
Let us run with patience the race that is set before us.—Hebrews xii. 1.

1 *f* In the march of life, through the toil and strife
Of the winding path before us,
We have nought to fear with a Saviour near,
And His banner waving o'er us.
If the tempest rise in the darkening skies,
We will yield to no repining;
Though the storm roar loud, through the rifted cloud
There's a golden sunbeam shining.
ff In the march of life, &c.

2 *mf* In the Christian race, if we take our place,
We may run, and weary never;
Daily pressing on till the goal be won,
Unto Jesus looking ever.
dim. Casting all our care on the Lord by prayer,
He will keep our feet from falling;
f We'll the crown obtain, nor have run in vain
For the prize of God's high calling.
ff In the march of life, &c.

Hymn 332 (Tune 24.) Evan. C.M.

Rev. W. H. Havergal.



Unto God my exceeding joy.—Psalm xliii. 4.

1 *f* My God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!

2 In darkest shades, if Thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And Thou my rising sun.

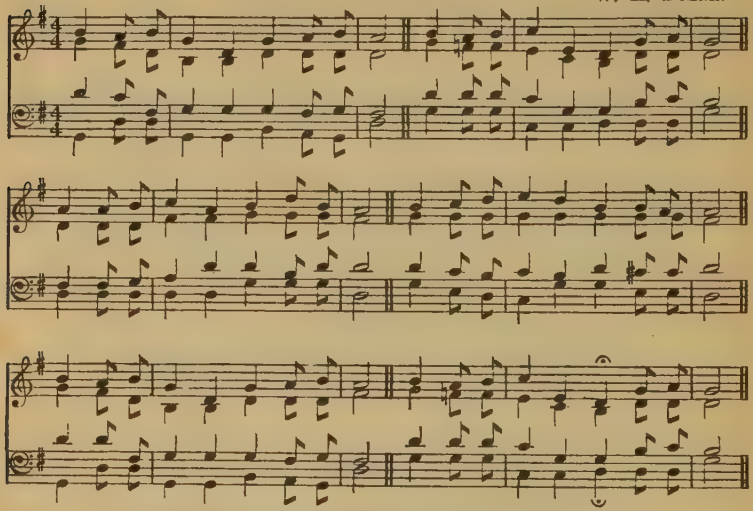
3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
If Jesus shows His mercy mine,
p And whispers I am His.

4 *f* My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word;
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.

5 *mf* Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
cr. I'd break through every foe,
f The wings of love and arms of faith
Would bear me conqueror through.

Hymn 333 (Tune 471.) Jesus, I love Thee.

9.9.9.9.9.9. W. H. DOANE.



Unto you therefore which believe He is precious.—1 Peter ii. 7.

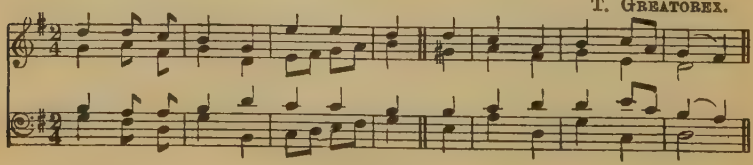
1 *mf* JESUS, I love Thee! Thou art to me
Dearer than ever mortal can be;
Jesus, I trust Thee, Saviour divine;
Sinning I sorrow, mercy is Thine!
f Graciously pardoned, safe on Thy breast,
There be my refuge, there let me rest!

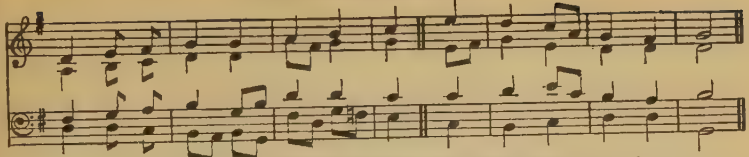
2 *mf* Full of compassion, plenteous in grace,
Give me Thy blessing, show me Thy face;
Give me Thy Spirit, rid me of sin,
Make my life godly, cleanse me within:
Blessed Redeemer, precious to me,
Draw me still closer, closer to Thee!

3 *f* Jesus, I trust Thee! reign in my heart;
Thence let Thy Spirit never depart.
mf Jesus, I love Thee! Thou wilt be mine,
Living or dying, I would be Thine:
Tenderly folded safe on Thy breast,
There be my refuge, there be my rest!

Hymn 334 (Tune 47.) Tottenham. C.M.

T. GREATOREX.





Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King.—Psalm cxlix. 2.

1 *mf* O GOD of Israel, deign to smile
With pitying love on me;
And bless my hours of lonely toil,
And raise my heart to Thee.

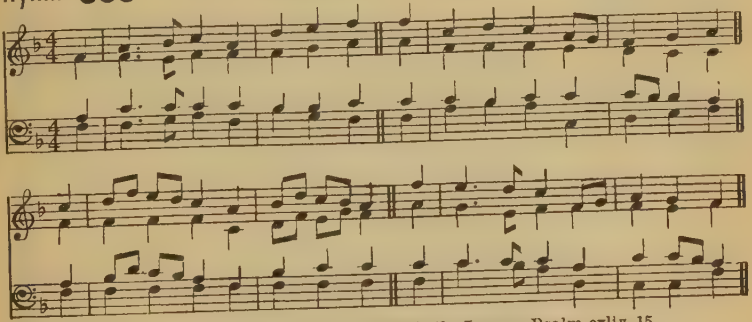
2 Then, happy in my lonely state,
I never can repine;
I envy not the rich or great,
If Thou confess me Thine.

3 Let others mourn their humble lot,
cr. But I will work and sing;
For though the world regard me not,
f My Father is a King.

4 From His bright palace in the skies
He sees me where I roam;
And soon He'll call me to arise,
And bid me welcome home.

Hymn 335 (Tune 84.) Samson. L.M.

From HANDEL.



Yea, happy is that people whose God is the LORD.—Psalm cxliv. 15.

1 *f* O HAPPY day that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 O happy bond that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill His house
While to that sacred shrine I move.

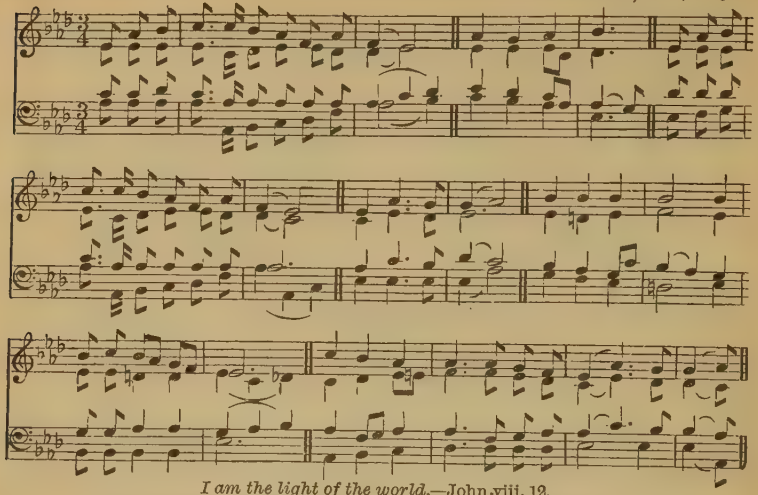
3 *mf* 'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 *f* Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest:
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possest.

5 *mf* High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear.
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
f And bless in death a bond so dear.

Hymn 336 (Tune 473.) Lux Benigna. 10.4.10.4.10.10.

Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.



I am the light of the world.—John viii. 12.

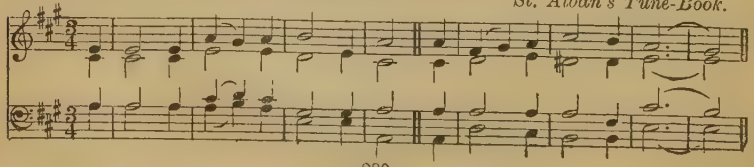
1 *mf* Lead, kindly Light! amid the encircling gloom
Lead Thou me on;
p The night is dark, and I am far from home:
Lead Thou me on.
cr. Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene, (*p*) one step enough for me.

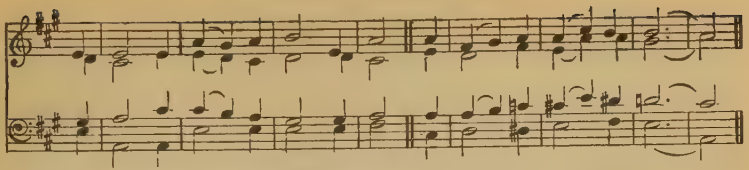
2 *mf* I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on.
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on.
cr. I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: (*p*) remember not past years.

3 *mf* So long Thy power hath blessed me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
cr. And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, (*p*) and lost awhile.

Hymn 337 (Tune 38.) Sabbata. C.M.

St. Alban's Tune-Book.





He calleth His own sheep by name, and leadeth them out.—John x. 3.

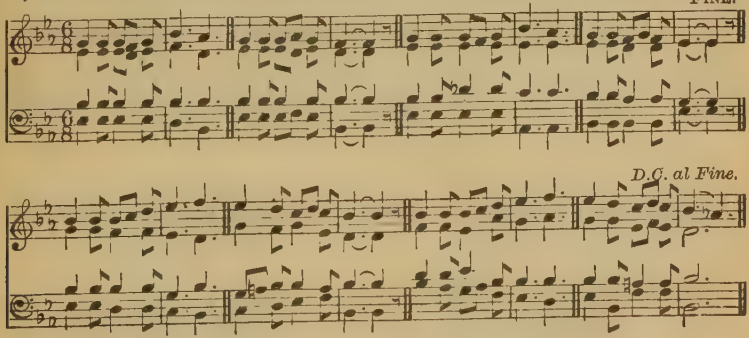
1 *mf* See! the kind Shepherd, Jesus, stands,
And calls His sheep by name;
Gathers the feeble in His arms
p And feeds the tender lambs.

2 *mf* He'll lead us to the heavenly streams,
Where living waters flow,
And guide us to the fruitful fields
Where trees of knowledge grow.

3 If, wandering from the fold, we leave
The strait and narrow way,
cr. Our faithful Shepherd still is near
To guide us when we stray.

4 *mf* The feeblest lamb amidst the flock
Shall be its Shepherd's care;
cr. While folded in our Saviour's arms
f We're safe from every snare.

Hymn 338 (Tune 156.) Fleury. 6.5. (12 lines). From Rossini.



Rejoicing in hope.—Romans xii. 12.

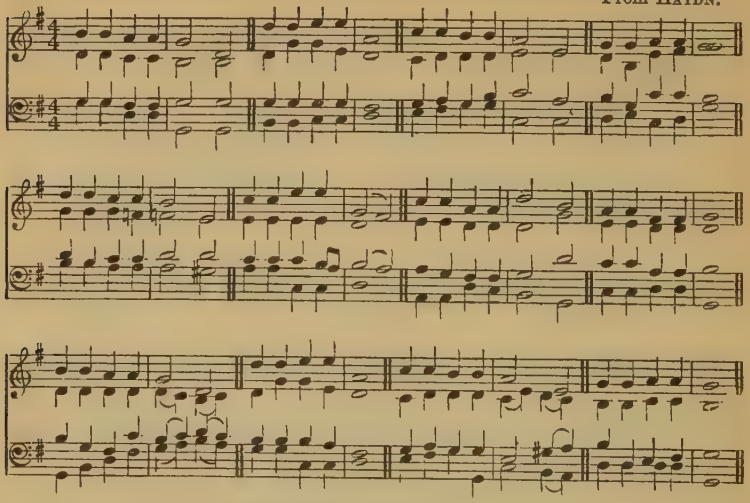
1 *f* On our way rejoicing
As we homeward move,
Hearken to our praises,
O Thou God of love,
Thou, who givest seed-time,
Wilt give large increase,
Crown the head with blessings,
dim. Fill the heart with peace.
f On our way rejoicing,
As we homeward move,
Hearken to our praises,
O Thou God of love.

2 *f* On our way rejoicing
Gladly let us go,
Jesus is our Leader,
Vanquished is the foe.
Christ without, our safety,
Christ within, our joy;
Who, if we be faithful,
Can our hope destroy?
ff On our way, &c.

3 *f* Unto God the Father
Joyful songs we sing;
Unto God the Saviour
Thankful hearts we bring;
dim. Unto God the Spirit
p Bow we and adore,
f On our way rejoicing
ff Ever, evermore.
On our way, &c.

Hymn 338 *2nd Tune.* (157.) Haydn. 6.5. (12 lines).

From Haydn.



Rejoicing in hope.—Romans xii. 12.

1 *f* On our way rejoicing
As we homeward move,
Hearken to our praises,
O Thou God of love,
Thou, who givest seed-time,
Wilt give large increase,
Crown the head with blessings,
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Hearken to our praises,
O Thou God of love.

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Jesus is our Leader,
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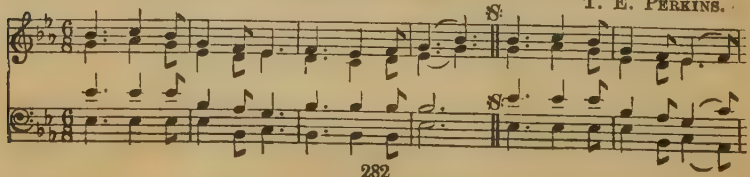
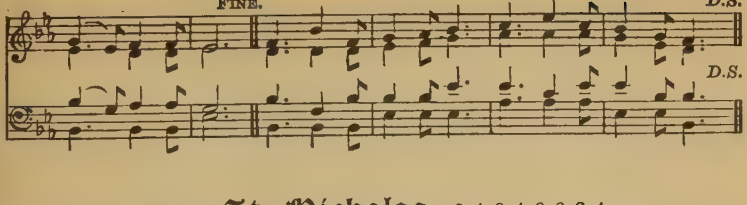
Christ without, our safety,
Christ within, our joy;
Who, if we be faithful,
Can our hope destroy?
ff On our way, &c.

3 *f* Unto God the Father
Joyful songs we sing;
Unto God the Saviour
Thankful hearts we bring;
dim. Unto God the Spirit
p Bow we and adore,
f On our way rejoicing
ff Ever, evermore.
On our way, &c.

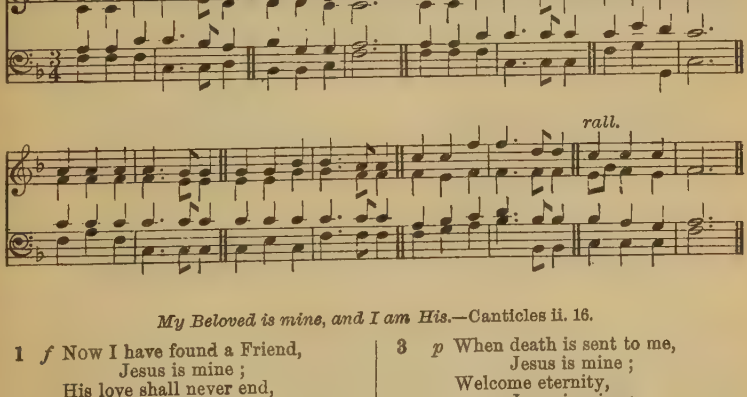
Hymn 339 (Tune 122.) My Friend. 6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4.

T. E. Perkins.





2*nd Tune.* (123.) **St. Nicholas.** 6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4.



My Beloved is mine, and I am His.—Canticles ii. 16.

1 *f* Now I have found a Friend,
Jesus is mine ;
His love shall never end,
Jesus is mine.
Though earthly joys decrease,
Though earthly friendships cease,
Now I have lasting peace,
Jesus is mine.

2 *mf* Though I grow poor and old,
Jesus is mine ;
Though I grow faint and cold,
Jesus is mine.
He shall my wants supply,
p His precious blood is nigh,
cr. Nought can my hope destroy,
Jesus is mine.

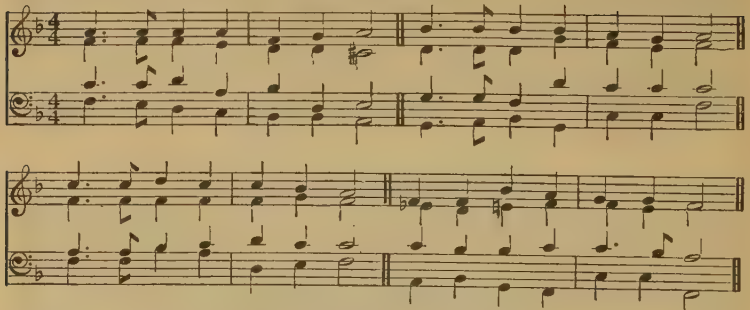
3 *p* When death is sent to me,
Jesus is mine ;
Welcome eternity,
Jesus is mine ;
cr. He my redemption is,
f Wisdom and righteousness,
Life, light, and holiness,
Jesus is mine.

4 *mf* When earth shall pass away,
Jesus is mine ;
In the great judgment day
Jesus is mine ;
f O what a glorious thing
Then to behold my King,
ff With tuneful harp to sing,
Jesus is mine !

5 *mf* Father, Thy name I bless,
Jesus is mine ;
Thine was the sovereign grace,
f Praise shall be Thine.
mf Spirit of holiness,
Sealing the Father's grace,
cr. By Thee I still embrace—
f Jesus is mine.

Hymn 340 (Tune 303.) Priory. 7.7.7.7.

W. HAYNES.



I am Thine, save me.—Psalm cxix. 94.

1 *mf* THINE for ever! God of love,
Hear us from Thy Throne above;
Thine for ever may we be,
Here and in eternity.

2 Thine for ever! Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife;
Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

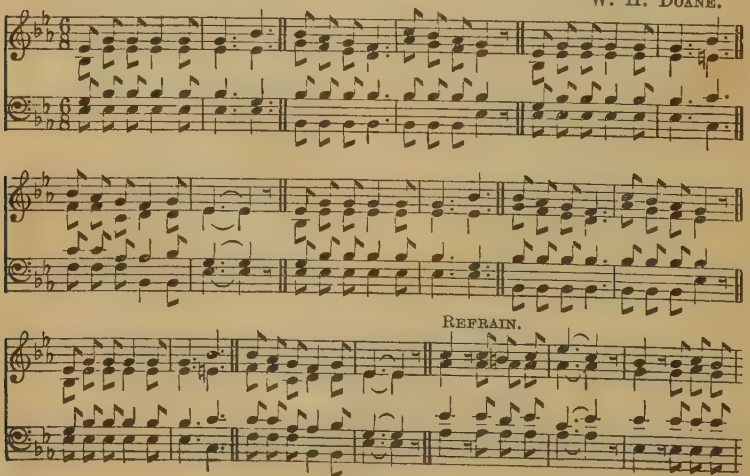
3 Thine for ever! O, how blest
They who find in Thee their rest!
Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend,
O defend us to the end.

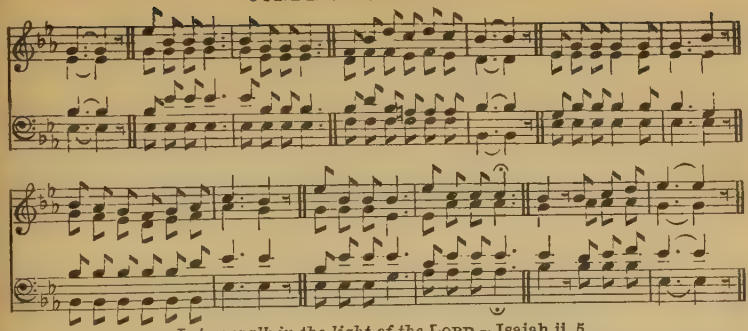
4 Thine for ever! Saviour, keep
p Us Thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.

5 *f* Thine for ever! Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
mf All our sins by Thee forgiven,
f Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

Hymn 341 (Tune 525.) Happy are we. Irregular.

W. H. DOANE.



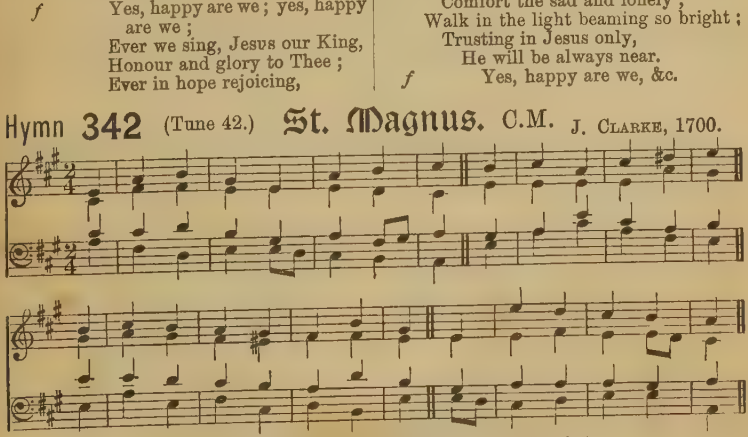


Let us walk in the light of the LORD.—Isaiah ii. 5.

1 *mf* NEVER be faint or weary,
Children of light beaming so bright;
How can the way be dreary?
Jesus our friend is near;
Trusting His love to guide us,
Doing His will cheerfully still,
Jesus will walk beside us;
What has the heart to fear?
f Yes, happy are we; yes, happy are we;
Ever we sing, Jesus our King,
Honour and glory to Thee;
Ever in hope rejoicing,
Loving our blessèd Redeemer,
Happy are we, happy are we,
ff Yes, happy are we.

2 *mf* Never repine in sorrow;
Think of the care others may bear;
Tell them a golden morrow,
Smiling, their path will cheer;
Comfort the sad and lonely;
Walk in the light beaming so bright;
Trusting in Jesus only,
He will be always near.
f Yes, happy are we, &c.

Hymn 342 (Tune 42.) St. Magnus. C.M. J. CLARKE, 1700.



They are more than can be numbered.—Psalm xl. 5.

1 *mf* WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learned
To form themselves in prayer.

3 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

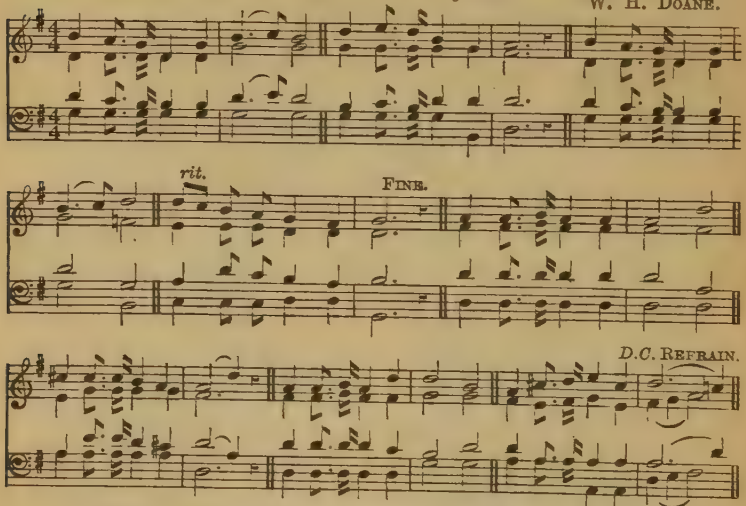
4 *f* Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The pleasing theme renew.

5 Through all eternity, to Thee
A grateful song I'll raise:
But O eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise!

Hymn 343 (Tune 253.) Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

7.6.7.6. D. *With Refrain.*

W. H. DOANE.



Underneath are the everlasting arms.—Deuteronomy xxxiii. 27.

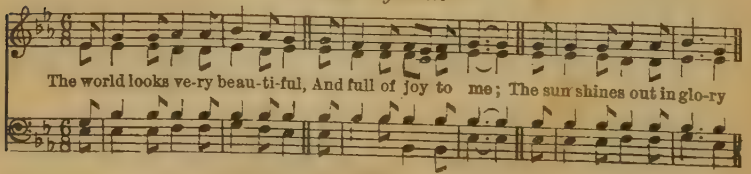
1 *mf* SAFE in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There, by His love o'ershaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.
f Hark! 'tis the voice of angels,
Borne in a song to me,
Over the fields of glory,
Over the jasper sea.
mf Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There, by His love o'ershaded,
p Sweetly my soul shall rest.

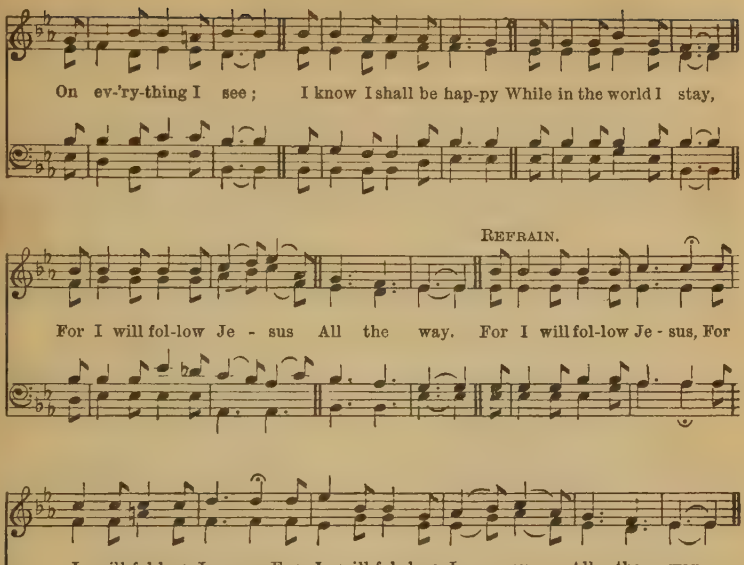
2 *f* Safe in the arms of Jesus;
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin cannot harm me there.
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears;
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears!
mf Safe in the arms, &c.

3 *mf* Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,
Jesus has died for me;
f Firm on the Rock of ages
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er,
cr. Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.
mf Safe in the arms, &c.

Hymn 344 (Tune 216.) Little Pilgrim. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.3.

With Refrain.




On ev-'ry-thing I see; I know I shall be hap-py While in the world I stay,
REFRAIN.
For I will fol-low Je - sus All the way. For I will fol-low Je - sus, For
I will fol-low Je - sus, For I will fol - low Je - sus. All the way.

I will follow Thee whithersoever Thou goest.—Matthew viii. 19.

1 *mf* THE world looks very beautiful,
And full of joy to me;
The sun shines out in glory
On everything I see;
f I know I shall be happy
While in the world I stay,
For I will follow Jesus
All the way.

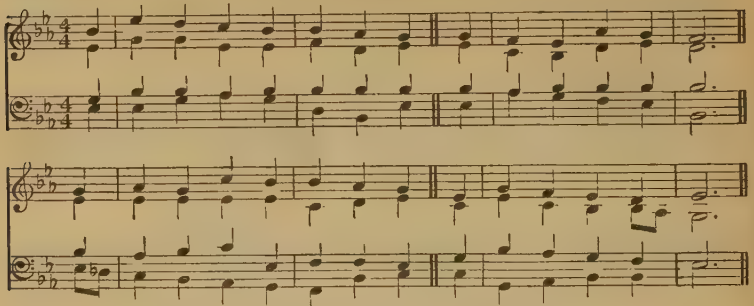
2 *mf* I'm but a youthful pilgrim;
My journey's just begun;
They say I shall meet sorrow
Before my journey's done.
p The world is full of trouble,
And trials too, they say;
cr. But I will follow Jesus
f All the way.

3 *mf* Then like a youthful pilgrim,
Whatever I may meet,
I'll take it—joy or sorrow—
And lay it at His feet.
cr. He'll comfort me in trouble,
He'll wipe my tears away;
f With joy I'll follow Jesus
All the way.

4 *f* Then trials shall not vex me,
And pain I need not fear,
For when I'm close to Jesus,
Grief will not come too near
mf Not even death can harm me,
When death I meet one day
cr. To heaven I'll follow Jesus
f All the way.

Hymn 345 (Tune 44.) St. Peter. C.M.

A. R. Reinagle.



And thou shalt call His name Jesus.—Matthew i. 21.

1 *mf* How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,
In a believer's ear! [wounds,
It soothes his sorrows, heals his
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
p And to the weary rest.

3 *mf* Dear name! the Rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace!

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End
Accept the praise I bring.

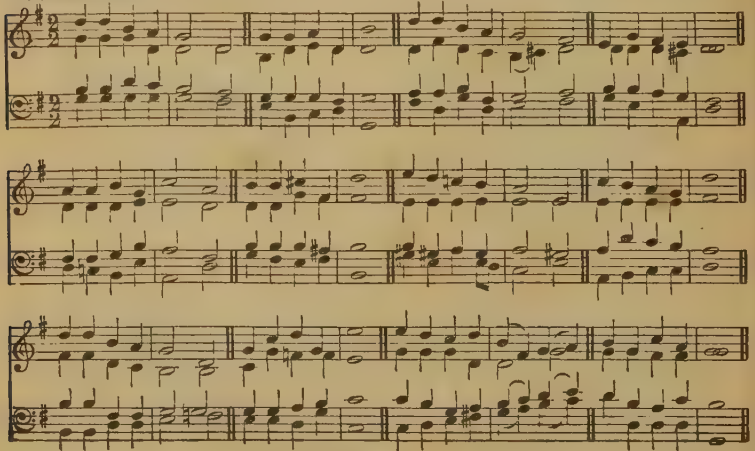
5 *p* Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
cr. But when I see Thee as Thou art
f I'll praise Thee as I ought.

6 *f* Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
dim. And may the music of Thy name
p Refresh my soul in death!

Hymn 346 (Tune 160.) Smart. 6.5. (12 lines.)

By permission from *The Hymnary*.

Henry Smart.



I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling.—Philippians iii. 14.

1 *f* FORWARD! be our watchword;
Steps and voices joined;
Seek the things before us,
Not a look behind;
Burns the fiery pillar
At our army's head;
Who shall dream of shrinking,
By our Captain led?
ff Forward, through the desert,
Through the toil and fight;
Canaan lies before us,
Sion beams with light.

2 *mf* Forward, flock of Jesus,
Salt of all the earth,
Till each yearning purpose
Spring to glorious birth;
p Sick, they ask for healing,
Blind, they grope for day,
cr. Pour upon the nations
Wisdom's loving ray:
f Forward, out of error,
Leave behind the night;
Forward, through the darkness,
Forward into light.

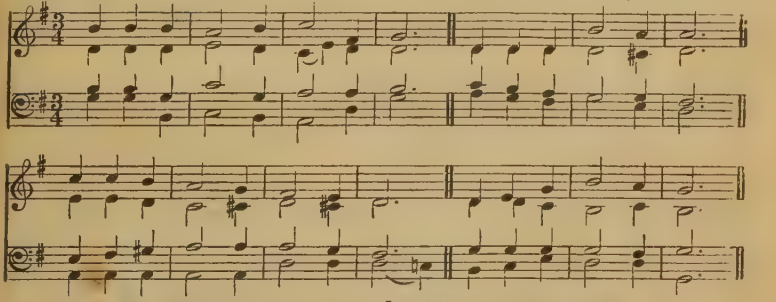
SECOND PART.

3 Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love Him
One day to be shared;
mf Eye hath not beheld them,
Ear hath never heard;
Nor of these hath uttered
Thought or speech a word.
f Forward, ever forward,
Clad in armour bright,
Till the veil be lifted,
Till our faith be sight.

4 *mf* Far o'er yon horizon
Rise the city towers,
Where our God abideth,
That fair home is ours;
cr. Flash the gates with jasper,
Shine the streets with gold;
Flows the gladdening river,
Shedding joys untold.
f Thither, onward thither,
In the Spirit's might;
ff Pilgrims to your country,
Forward into light!

Hymn 347 (Tune 41.) St. Agnes. C.M.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.



Our consolation also aboundeth by Christ.—2 Corinthians i. 5.

1 *mf* JESU, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

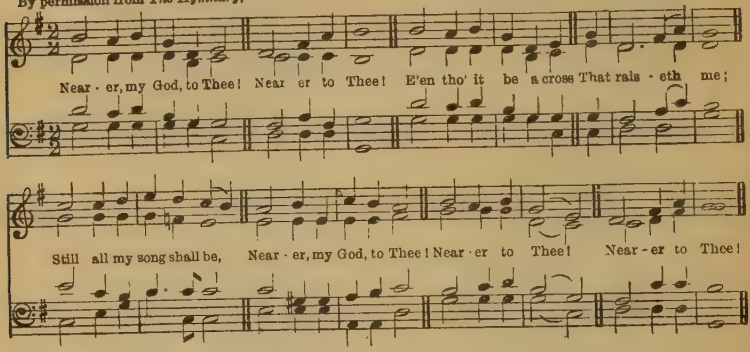
3 O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,
To those who fall how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.

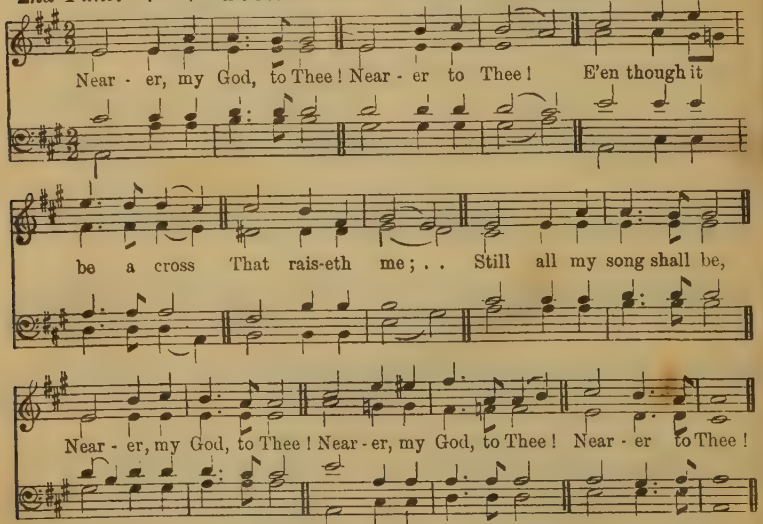
5 *f* **Jesu, our only joy be Thou,**
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesu, be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

Hymn 348 (Tune 116.) Nearer to Thee. 6.4.6.4.6.6.4.

By permission from *The Hymnary*. Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN, Mus. Doc.


Near - er, my God, to Thee! Near - er to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross That rais - eth me;
Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee! Near - er to Thee! Near - er to Thee!

2nd Tune. (117.) Nearer to Thee. 6.4.6.4.6.6.4.


Near - er, my God, to Thee! Near - er to Thee! E'en though it
be a cross That rais-eth me; . . Still all my song shall be,
Near - er, my God, to Thee! Near - er, my God, to Thee! Near - er to Thee!

A people near unto Him.—Psalm cxlviii. 14.

1 *mf* NEARER, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!
p E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
cr. Still all my song shall be,
dim. Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

2 *p* Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
cr. Yet in my dreams I'd be
dim. Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

3 *mf* There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven:
All that Thou send'st to me
In mercy given;
cr. Angels to beckon me
dim. Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

4 *f* Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
cr. Nearer, my God, to Thee!
dim. Nearer to Thee!

5 *f* Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
dim. Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

Hymn 349 (Tune 233.) Magdalena. 7.6.7.6. D.

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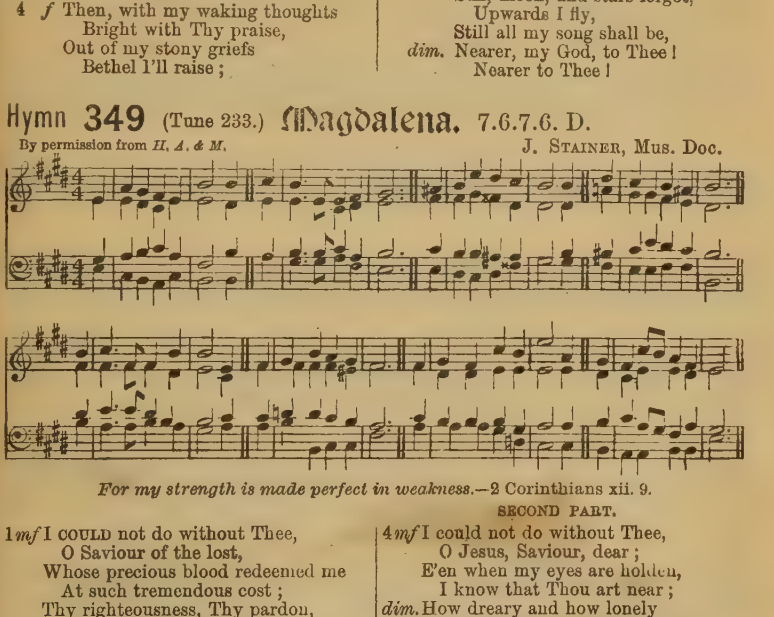


For my strength is made perfect in weakness.—2 Corinthians xii. 9.

1 *mf* I COULD not do without Thee,
O Saviour of the lost,
Whose precious blood redeemed me
At such tremendous cost;
Thy righteousness, Thy pardon,
Thy precious blood must be
My only hope and comfort,
My glory and my plea.

2 I could not do without Thee,
I cannot stand alone,
I have no strength or goodness,
No wisdom of my own;
cr. But Thou, beloved Saviour,
Art all in all to me,
And weakness will be power
If leaning hard on Thee.

3 *mf* I could not do without Thee,
For, O, the way is long,
p And I am often weary,
And sigh replaces song;
cr. How could I do without Thee!
I do not know the way;
Thou knowest, and Thou leadest,
f And wilt not let me stray.

SECOND PART.

4 *mf* I could not do without Thee,
O Jesus, Saviour, dear;
E'en when my eyes are holden,
I know that Thou art near;
dim. How dreary and how lonely
This changeful life would be
Without the sweet communion,
p The secret rest with Thee!

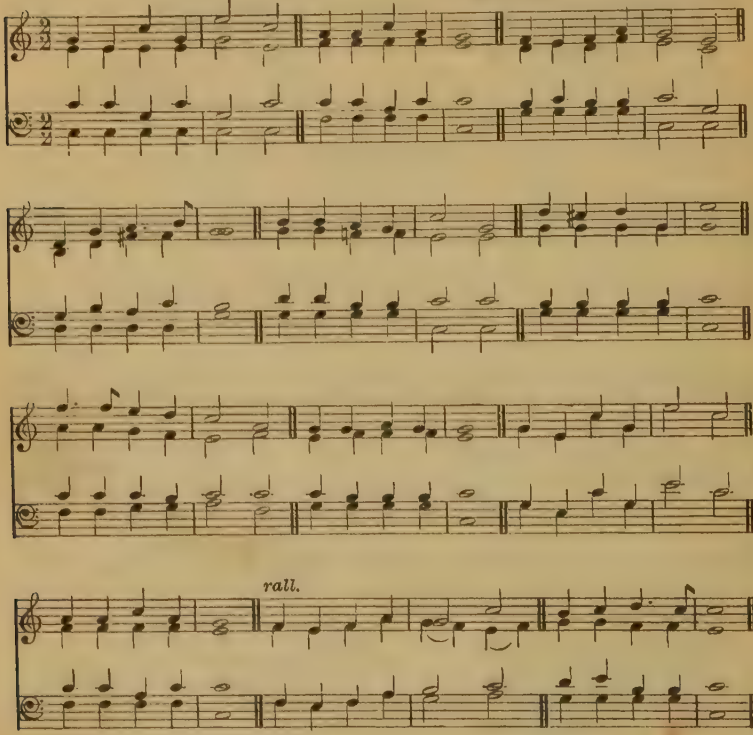
5 *mf* I could not do without Thee;
No other friend can read
The spirit's strange deep longings,
Interpreting its need;
No human heart could enter
Each dim recess of mine,
p And soothe, and hush, and calm it,
O blessèd Lord, but Thine.

6 *mf* I could not do without Thee,
For years are fleeting fast,
p And soon in solemn loneliness
pp The river must be passed:
cr. But Thou wilt never leave me,
And though the waves roll high
I know Thou wilt be near me,
pp And whisper, 'It is I.'

Hymn 350 (Tune 159.) Onward, Christian Soldiers.

6.5. (12 lines).

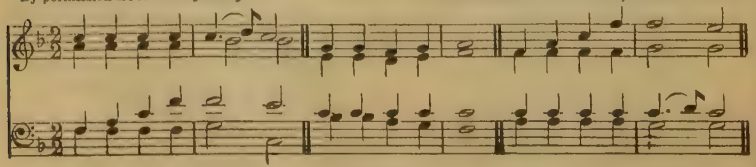
Rev. SIDNEY J. P. DUNMAN.

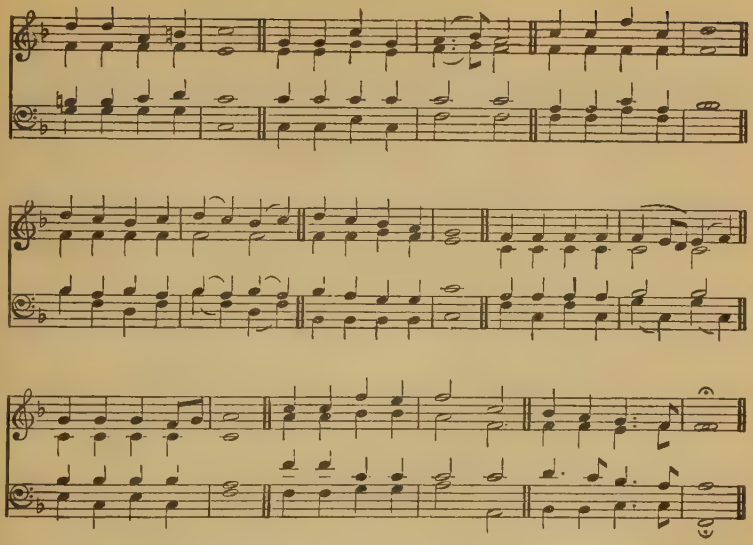


2nd Tune. (Tune 161.) **St. Gertrude.** 6.5. (12 lines).

By permission from *The Hymnary.*

Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN, Mus. Doc.





Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might.—Ephesians vi. 10.

1 *f* ONWARD, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before;
Christ the royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward, into battle,
See His banners go!
ff Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war;
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.

2 *f* At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee;
On then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.
ff Onward, &c.

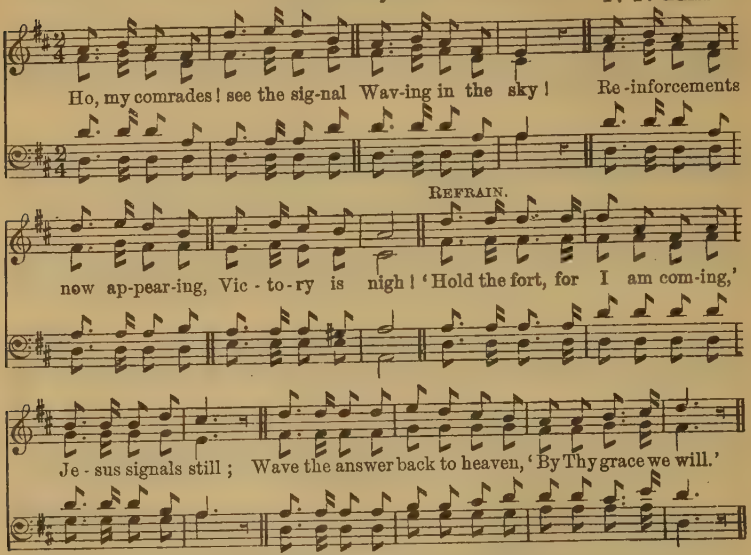
3 *f* Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
mf Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod:
We are not divided
All one body we,
cr. One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.
ff Onward, &c.

4 *p* Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
cr. But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
f Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
Which can never fail.
ff Onward, &c.

5 *f* Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song;
Glory, laud, and honour
Unto Christ the King;
This through countless ages
Saints and angels sing.
ff Onward, &c.

Hymn 351 (Tune 365.) Hold the Fort. 8.5.8.5.

With Refrain. P. P. BLISS.


Ho, my comrades! see the sig-nal Wav-ing in the sky! Re-inforcements
REFRAIN.
now ap-pear-ing, Vic-to-ry is nigh! 'Hold the fort, for I am com-ing,'
Je-sus signals still; Wave the answer back to heaven, 'By Thy grace we will.'

Hold fast till I come.—Revelation ii. 25.

1 *mf* Ho, my comrades! see the signal
Waving in the sky!
cr. Reinforcements now appearing,
f Victory is nigh!
'Hold the fort, for I am coming,
Jesus signals still;
Wave the answer back to heaven,
'By Thy grace we will.'

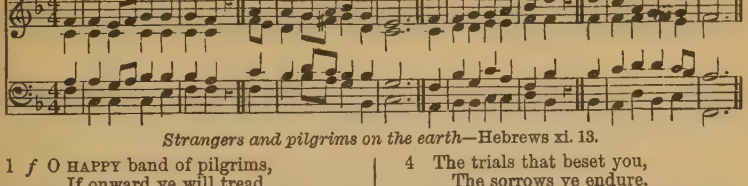
2 See the mighty host advancing,
Satan leading on:
mf Mighty men around us falling,
Courage almost gone!
'Hold the fort,' &c.

3 *f* See the glorious banner waving!
Hear the trumpet blow!
In our Leader's name we'll triumph
Over every foe!
'Hold the fort,' &c.

4 *mf* Fierce and long the battle rages,
cr. But our help is near:
f Onward comes our great Commander,
Cheer, my comrades, cheer!
ff 'Hold the fort,' &c.

Hymn 352 (Tune 212.) Rocker. 7.6.7.6.

German.



Strangers and pilgrims on the earth—Hebrews xi. 13.

1 *f* O HAPPY band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread,
With Jesus as your Leader,
To Jesus as your Head!

2 *mf* O happy, if ye labour
As Jesus did for men:
O happy, if ye hunger
As Jesus hungered then!

3 The faith by which ye see Him,
The hope in which ye yearn,
The love that through all troubles
To Him alone will turn,

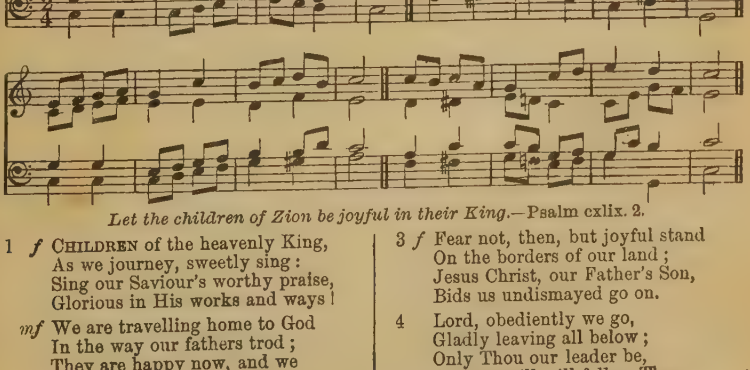
4 The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure,

5 What are they but His jewels,
Of right celestial worth!
What are they but the ladder
Set up to heaven on earth!

6 *f* O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win you such a prize.

Hymn 353 (Tune 305.) St. Agnes. 7.7.7.7.

Rev. S. J. P. DUNMAN.



Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King.—Psalm cxlix. 2.

1 *f* CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As we journey, sweetly sing:
Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways!

mf We are travelling home to God
In the way our fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

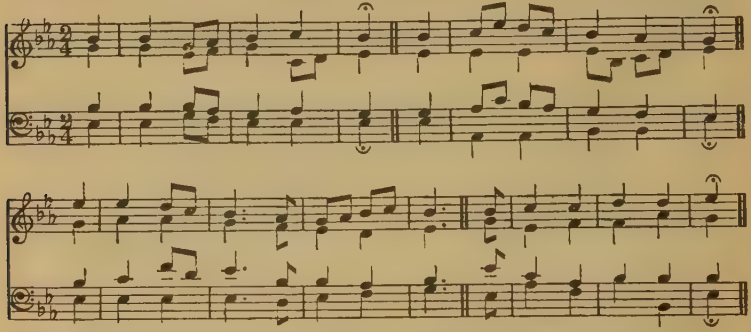
3 *f* Fear not, then, but joyful stand
On the borders of our land;
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismayed go on.

4 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

5 *ff* Hymns of glory and of praise,
Father, unto Thee we raise;
Praise to Thee, O Christ our King.
And the Holy Ghost, we sing.

Hymn 354 (Tune 7.) Silchester. S.M.

Rev. Dr. MALAN.



It is a good thing to give thanks unto the LORD.—Psalm xcii. 1.

1 *f* COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord
While we surround His throne:
mf Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
cr. But servants of the heavenly King
f May speak their joys abroad.

2 The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
p And calms the roaring seas;
mf This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our love;
cr. He will send down His heavenly powers,
To carry us above.

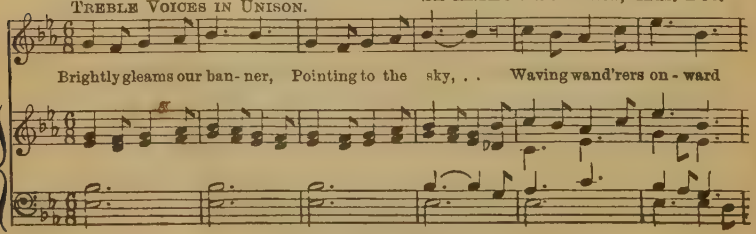
3 *mf* There we shall see His face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of His grace,
Drink endless pleasures in:
Yea, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
cr. The thoughts of such amazing bliss
f Should constant joys create.

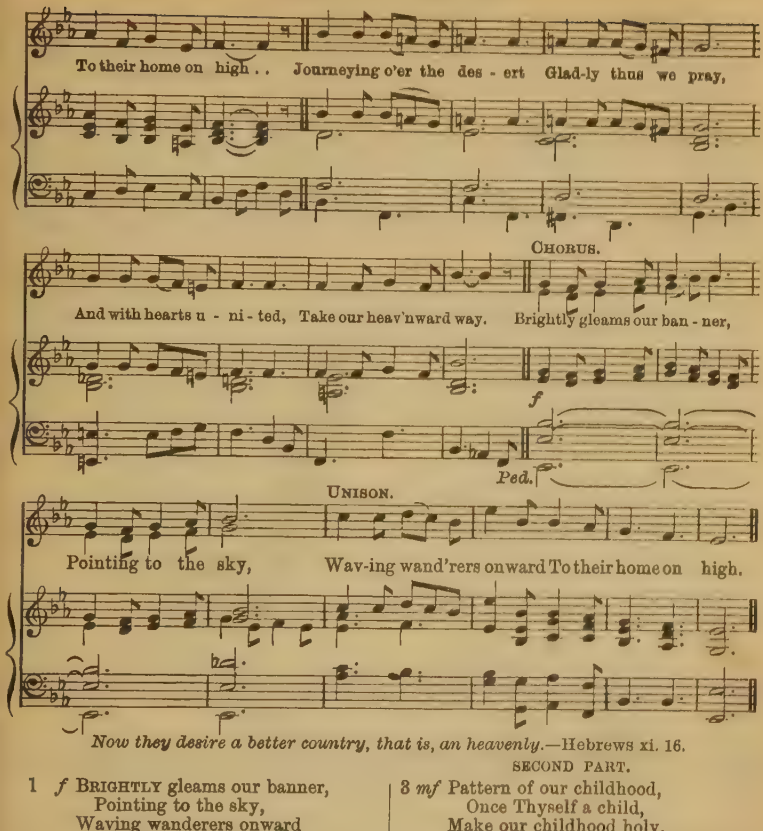
4 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow;
Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
ff We are marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer world's on high.

Hymn 355 (Tune 162.) St. Theresa. 6.5. (12 lines).

Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN, Mus. Doc.

TREBLE VOICES IN UNISON.




To their home on high . . Journeying o'er the des - ert Glad-ly thus we pray,
Chorus.
And with hearts u - ni - ted, Take our heav'nward way. Brightly gleams our ban - ner,
f
Ped.
Unison.
Pointing to the sky, Wav-ing wand'rers onward To their home on high.

Now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly.—Hebrews xi. 16.

1 *f* BRIGHTLY gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wanderers onward
To their home on high.
p Journeying o'er the desert
Gladly thus we pray,
cr. And with hearts united
Take our heavenward way.
f Brightly, &c.

2 *mf* Jesu, Lord and Master,
At Thy sacred feet,
Here, with hearts rejoicing,
See Thy children meet.
p Often have we left Thee,
Often gone astray;
cr. Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.
f Brightly, &c.

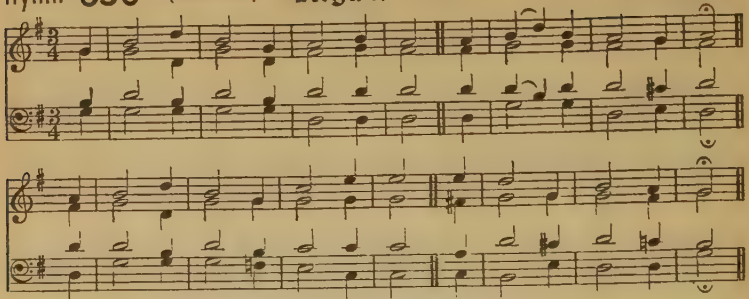
SECOND PART.

3 *mf* Pattern of our childhood,
Once Thyself a child,
Make our childhood holy,
p Pure, and meek, and mild.
cr. In the hour of danger
Whither can we flee
But to Thee, O Saviour?
Only unto Thee.
f Brightly, &c.

4 *mf* All our days direct us
In the way we go;
f Lead us on victorious
Over every foe;
Bid Thine angels shield us
When the storm clouds lour,
Pardon, Lord, and save us
p In the last dread hour.
ff Brightly, &c.

Hymn 356 (Tune 37.) Right. C.M.

B. Probst.



Lo, I am with you alway.—Matthew xxviii. 20.

1 *mf* Dear Jesus, ever at my side,
How loving must Thou be,
To leave Thy home in heaven to guard
A little child like me!

2 Thy beautiful and shining face
I see not, though so near;
The sweetness of Thy soft, low voice
I am too deaf to hear;

3 *p* I cannot feel Thee touch my hand,
With pressure light and mild,
To check me, as my mother did
When I was but a child:

4 *mf* But I have felt Thee in my thought,
Fighting with sin for me;
And when my heart loves God, I know
The sweetness is from Thee.

5 And when, dear Saviour, I kneel down,
Morning and night, to prayer,
Something there is within my heart
Which tells me Thou art there.

6 Yes; when I pray Thou prayest too,
The prayer is all for me;
But when I sleep Thou sleepest not,
But watchest patiently.

Hymn 357 (Tune 378.) Bartholomew. 8.7.8.7.

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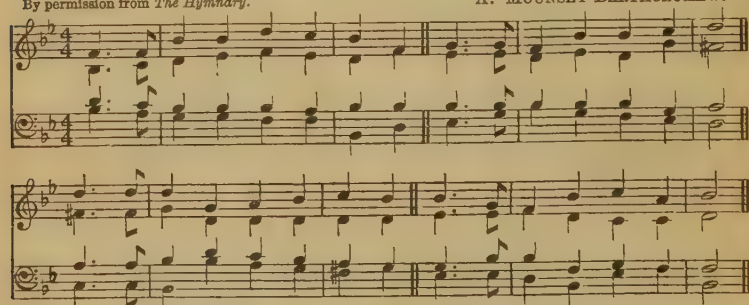
A. Mounsey-Bartholomew.



His ears are open unto their prayers.—1 Peter iii. 12.

1 *mf* God Almighty heareth ever
When His little children pray:
He is faint and weary never,
And He turneth none away.

2 More than we deserve He sends us,
More than we can ask bestows;
Every moment He befriends us,
And supports us in our woes.

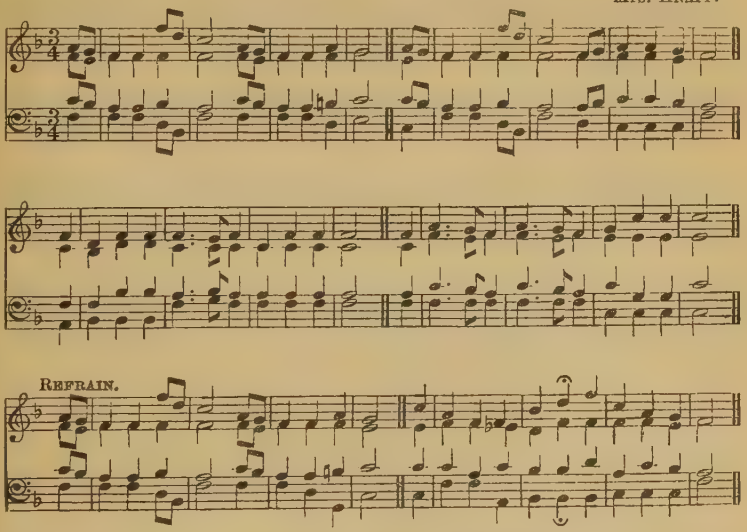
3 Let us then, in Him confiding,
Tell Him all we think and feel,
Never one dark secret hiding,
Seeking nothing to conceal.

4 Through His Son, our precious Saviour
God will pardon all our sin,
or. Will forgive our past behaviour,
Open heaven and take us in.

Hymn 358 (Tune 495.) The Lord will provide.

10.10.11.11. *With Refrain.*

Mrs. Knapp.



The Lord *is my Shepherd; I shall not want.*—Psalm xxiii. 1.

1 *mf* Though troubles assail And dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail, And foes all unite,
Yet one thing secures us Whatever betide,
The Scripture assures us The Lord will provide.
f So happy am I; yes, happy am I,
The Lord is my Shepherd, and He will provide.

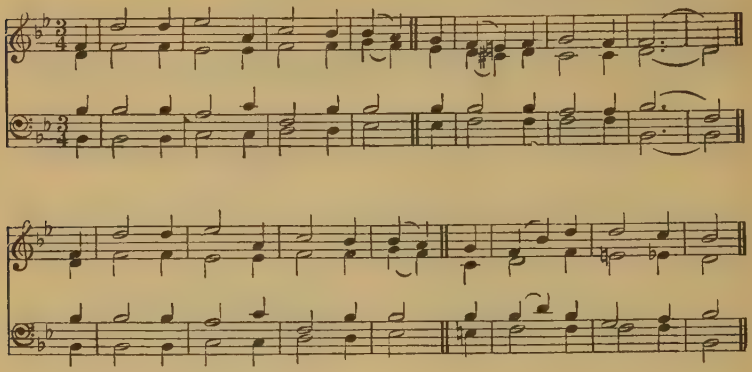
2 *mf* The birds without barn Or storehouse are fed;
From them let us learn To trust for our bread;
His saints what is fitting Shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written, The Lord will provide.
f So happy am I, &c.

3 *mf* His call we obey Like Abram of old,
Not knowing our way, (*f*) But faith makes us bold;
For though we are strangers We have a sure Guide,
And trust in all dangers The Lord will provide.
So happy am I, &c.

4 *mf* No strength of our own Or goodness we claim,
Yet since we have known The Saviour's great name,
f In this our strong tower For safety we hide,
Almighty His power: The Lord will provide.
So happy am I, &c.

Hymn 359 (Tune 36.) Paradise. C.M.

St. Alban's Tune-Book.



Thou, God, seest me.—Genesis xvi. 13.

1 *mf* GOD is in heaven! Can He hear
A little prayer like mine?
Yes, that He can; I need not fear:
He'll listen unto mine.

2 God is in heaven! Can He see
When I am doing wrong?
Yes, that He can; He looks at me
All day and all night long.

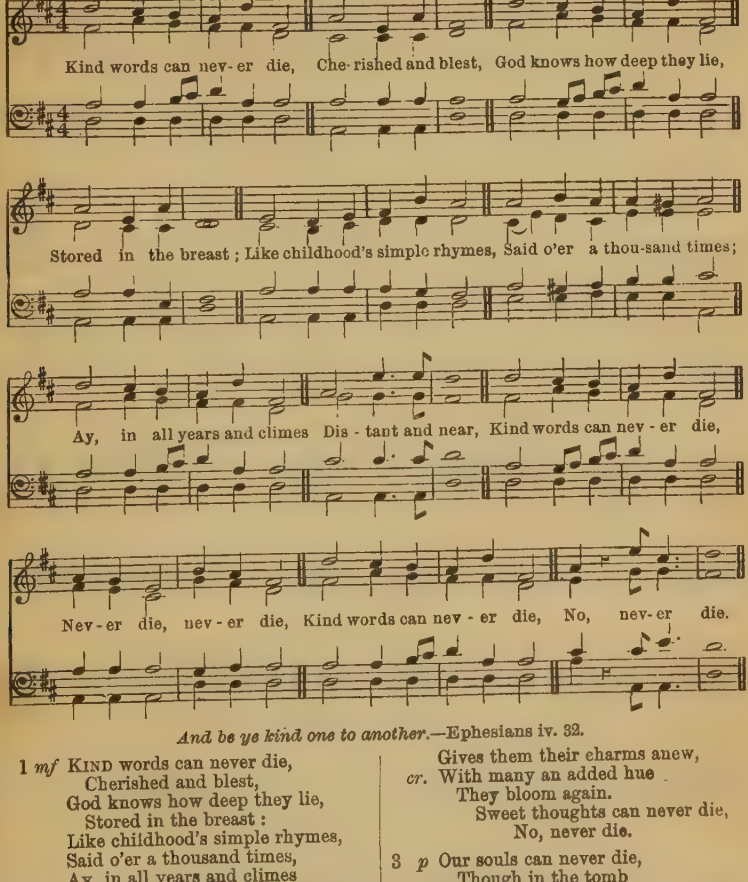
3 God is in heaven! Would He know
If I should tell a lie?
p Yes; though I said it very low.
He'd hear it in the sky.

4 *mf* God is in heaven! Does He care,
Or is He good to me?
Yes! all I have to eat or wear,
'Tis God that gives it me.

5 *p* God is in heaven! May I pray
To go there when I die?
cr. Yes; love Him, seek Him, and one day
f He'll call me to the sky.

Hymn 360 (Tune 124.) Clifton. 6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4.6.4.

ABBY HUTCHINSON.


Kind words can nev- er die, Che- rished and blest, God knows how deep they lie,
Stored in the breast ; Like childhood's simple rhymes, Said o'er a thou-sand times;
Ay, in all years and climes Dis - tant and near, Kind words can nev - er die,
Nev - er die, nev - er die, Kind words can nev - er die, No, nev- er die.

And be ye kind one to another.—Ephesians iv. 32.

1 *mf* KIND words can never die,
Cherished and blest,
God knows how deep they lie,
Stored in the breast :
Like childhood's simple rhymes,
Said o'er a thousand times,
Ay, in all years and climes
Distant and near.
Kind words can never die,
No, never die.

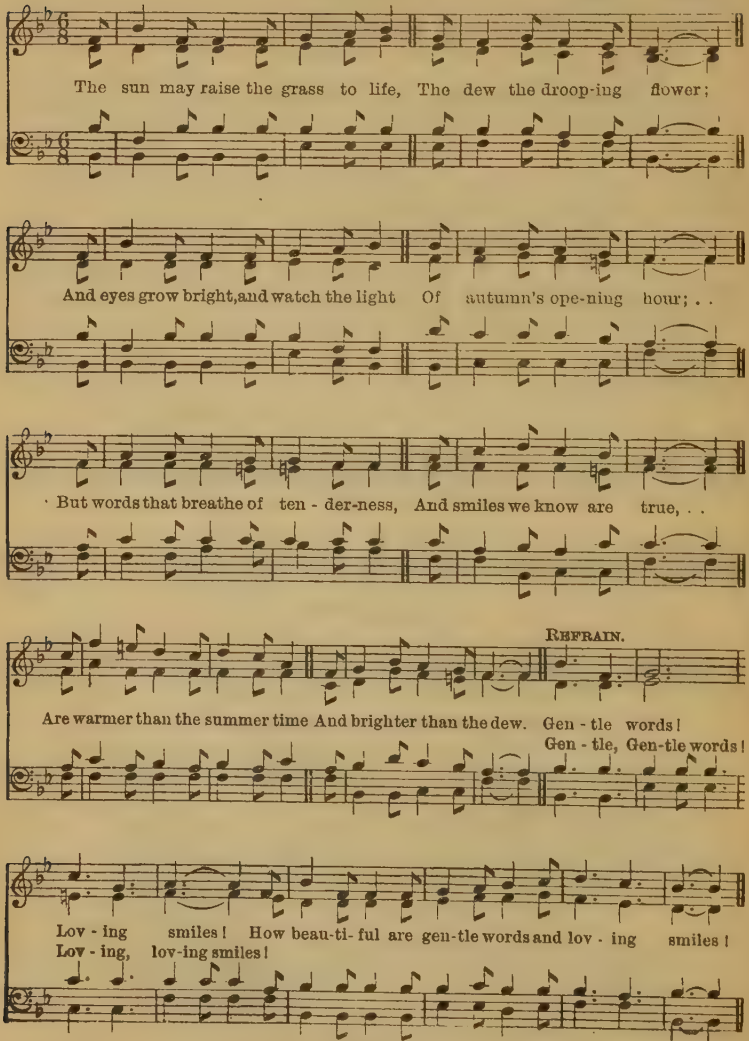
Sweet thoughts can never die,
Though, like the flowers,
Their brightest hues may fly
In wintry hours.
p But when the gentle dew
Gives them their charms anew,
cr. With many an added hue
They bloom again.
Sweet thoughts can never die,
No, never die.

3 *p* Our souls can never die,
Though in the tomb
We may all have to lie,
pp Wrapped in its gloom.
What though the flesh decay,
Souls pass in peace away,
cr. Live through eternal day
With Christ above.
Our souls can never die,
f No, never die.

Hymn 361 (Tune 67.) Gentle words. D.C.M.

With Refrain.

Rev. R. Lowry.


The sun may raise the grass to life, The dew the droop-ing flower;
And eyes grow bright, and watch the light Of autumn's ope-ning hour; . .
But words that breathe of ten - der-ness, And smiles we know are true, . .
REFRAIN.
Are warmer than the summer time And brighter than the dew. Gen - tle words!
Gen - tle, Gen-tle words!
Lov - ing smiles! How beau-ti- ful are gen-tle words and lov - ing smiles!
Lov - ing, lov-ing smiles!

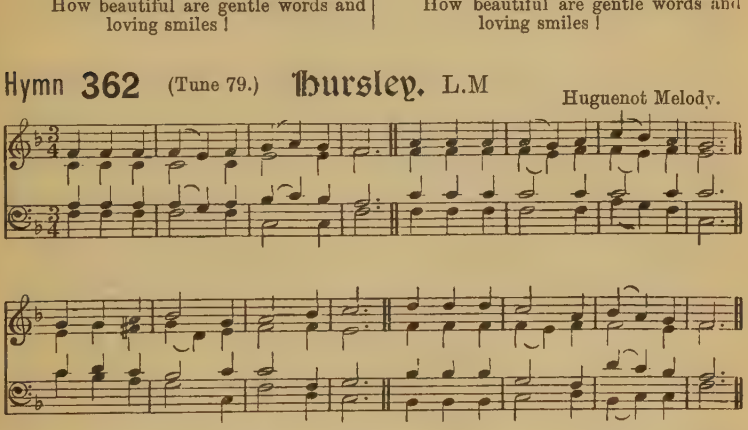
The servant of the Lord must . . . be gentle unto all men.—2 Timothy ii. 24.

1 *mf* The sun may raise the grass to life,
The dew the drooping flower;
And eyes grow bright, and watch the
Of autumn's opening hour; [light
But words that breathe of tenderness
And smiles we know are true,
cr. Are warmer than the summer-time
And brighter than the dew.
p Gentle words! Loving smiles!
How beautiful are gentle words and
loving smiles!

2 *mf* It is not much the world can give,
With all its subtle art;
And gold and gems are not the thing
To satisfy the heart;
cr. But O! if those who cluster round
The altar and the hearth
Have gentle words and loving smiles,
How beautiful is earth!
p Gentle words! Loving smiles!
How beautiful are gentle words and
loving smiles!

Hymn 362 (Tune 79.) Bursley. L.M

Huguenot Melody.



LORD, *who shall abide . . . ? He that . . . speaketh the truth in his heart*—Psalm xv. 1, 2

1 *mf* HAPPY the well-instructed youth,
Who, in his earliest infancy,
Loves from his heart to speak the truth
And, like his God, abhors a lie.

2 He that hath practised no deceit
With false, equivocating tongue;
Nor ever durst o'erreach or cheat,
Or slanderously his neighbour wrong.

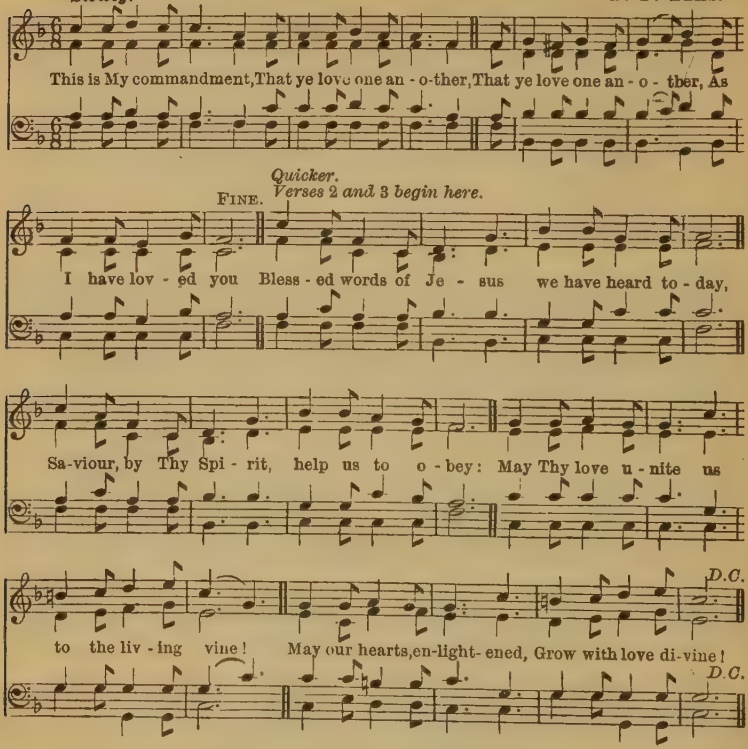
3 He in the house of God shall dwell,
He on His holy hill shall rest,
The comforts of religion feel,
p And then be numbered with the blest;

4 *mf* But who or guile, or falsehood use,
Or take God's name in vain, or swear,
Or ever lie, themselves to excuse,
p They shall their dreadful sentence bear.

5 *mf* The Lord, the true and faithful Lord,
Himself hath said that every liar
Shall surely meet his just reward
pp Assigned him in eternal fire.

Hymn 363 (Tune 516.) Love one another. 11.11.11.11.**

Slowly. P. P. Bliss.


This is My commandment, That ye love one an - o-ther, That ye love one an - o - ther, As
Quicker.
Verses 2 and 3 begin here.
FINE.
I have lov - ed you Bless - ed words of Je - sus we have heard to - day,
Sa-viour, by Thy Spi - rit, help us to o - bey: May Thy love u - nite us
D.C.
to the liv - ing vine! May our hearts, en-light- ened, Grow with love di-vine!
D.C.

This is my commandment, &c.—John xv. 12.

mf This is My commandment, That ye love one another,
That ye love one another, As I have lovèd you.

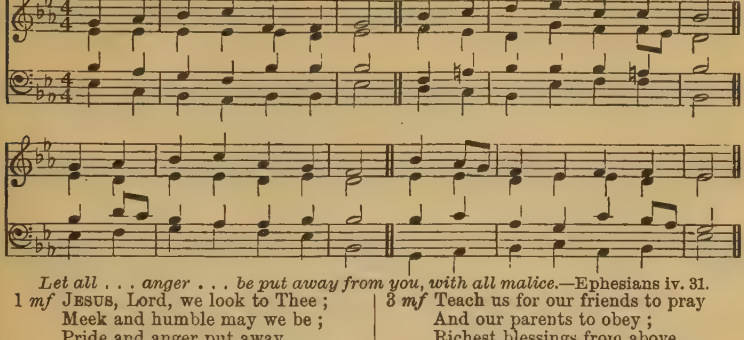
1 Blessèd words of Jesus we have heard to-day,
Saviour, by Thy Spirit, help us to obey:
cr. May Thy love unite us to the living Vine!
May our hearts, enlightened, glow with love divine!

2 *mf* May we seek Thy glory, strife and envy flee;
By our love to others prove our love to Thee.
Evermore as brethren in sweet union live;
As we wish forgiveness, may we each forgive.

3 Grant us Thy salvation, fill us with Thy love;
Give us each a foretaste of the joys above:
Ever meek and lowly, ever kind and true,
Ever pure and holy, paths of peace pursue.

Hymn 364 (Tune 296.) Gibbons. 7.7.7.7.

ORLANDO GIBBONS, Mus. Doc.



Let all . . . anger . . . be put away from you, with all malice.—Ephesians iv. 31.

1 *mf* JESUS, Lord, we look to Thee ;
Meek and humble may we be ;
Pride and anger put away,
Love Thee better day by day.

2 May we hate a lying tongue ;
Never seek another's wrong ;
From all paths of sin abstain,
p Paths that lead to endless pain.

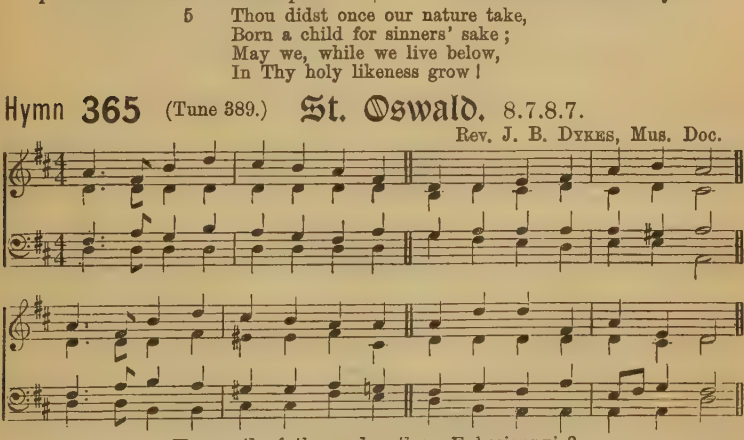
3 *mf* Teach us for our friends to pray
And our parents to obey ;
Richest blessings from above
Give them for their tender love.

4 May we find the times of prayer
Sweeter than our pastimes are ;
Love the Sabbath and the place
Where we learn to seek Thy face.

5 Thou didst once our nature take,
Born a child for sinners' sake ;
May we, while we live below,
In Thy holy likeness grow !

Hymn 365 (Tune 389.) St. Oswald. 8.7.8.7.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.



Honour thy father and mother.—Ephesians vi. 2.

1 *mf* To thy father and thy mother
Honour, love, and reverence pay ;
This command, before all other,
Must a Christian child obey.

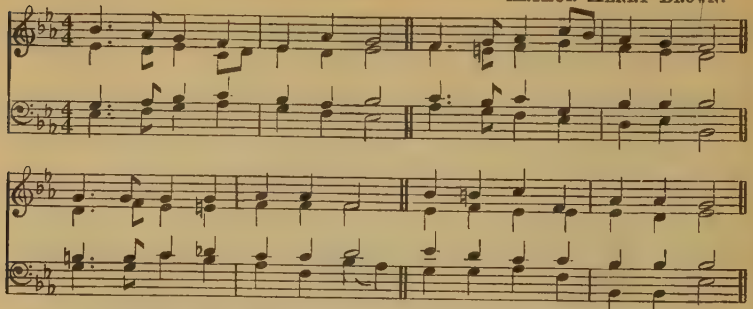
2 Help me, Lord, in this sweet duty ;
Guide me in Thy steps divine ;
Show me all the joy and beauty
Of obedience such as Thine.

3 Teach me how to please and gladden
Those who toil and care for me !
Many a grief their heart must sadden,
Let me still their comfort be !

4 *dim.* Then when years are gathering o'er them,
When they're sleeping in the [grave,
mf Sweet will seem the love I bore them,
Right the reverence I gave.

Hymn 366 (Tune 290.) Bayford. 7.7.7.7.

ARTHUR HENRY BROWN.



Learn of Me: for I am meek and lowly in heart.—Matthew xi 29.

1 *mf* LAMB of God, I look to Thee,
Thou shalt my example be;
Thou art gentle, meek, and mild:
Thou wast once a little child.

2 Fain I would be as Thou art,
Give me Thy obedient heart;
Thou art pitiful and kind;
Let me have Thy loving mind.

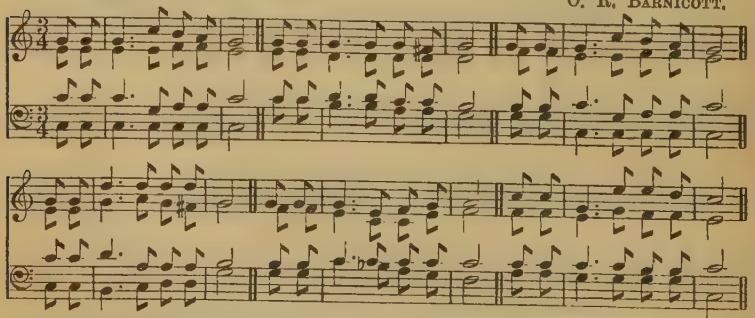
3 Let me above all fulfil
God my heavenly Father's will;
Never His good Spirit grieve,
Only to His glory live.

4 *p* Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In Thy gracious hands I am:
Make me, Saviour, what Thou art;
Live Thyself within my heart.

5 I shall then show forth Thy praise,
cr. Serve Thee all my happy days;
f Then the world shall always see
Christ, the holy child, in me.

Hymn 367 (Tune 325.) Edgecumbe. 7.7.7.7.7.7.

O. R. BARNICOTT.



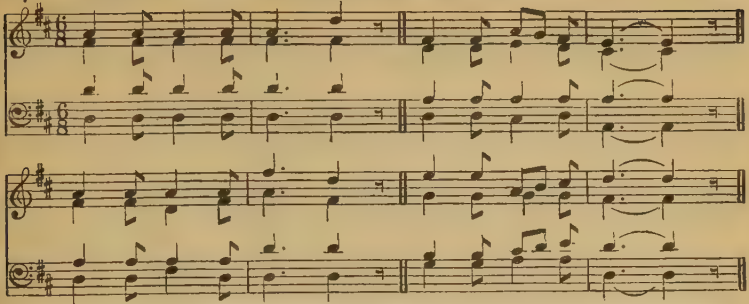
Set a watch, O LORD, before my mouth: keep the door of my lips.—Psalm cxli. 3.

1 *mf* WORDS are things of little cost,
Quickly spoken, quickly lost;
We forget them, but they stand
Witnesses at God's right hand,
And a testimony bear
For us, or against us, there.

2 O how often ours have been
Idle words and words of sin;
Words of anger, scorn, or pride,
Or deceit, our faults to hide;
Envious tales, or strife unkind,
Leaving bitter thoughts behind!

3 Grant us, Lord, from day to day
Strength to watch and grace to pray
cr. May our lips, from sin set free,
Love to speak and sing of Thee;
f Till in heaven we learn to raise
Hymns of everlasting praise.

Hymn 368 (Tune 133.) Little Drops. 6.5.6.5.



Because thou hast been faithful in a very little, have thou authority.—Luke xix. 17.

1 *p* LITTLE drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
f Make the mighty ocean
And the beauteous land.

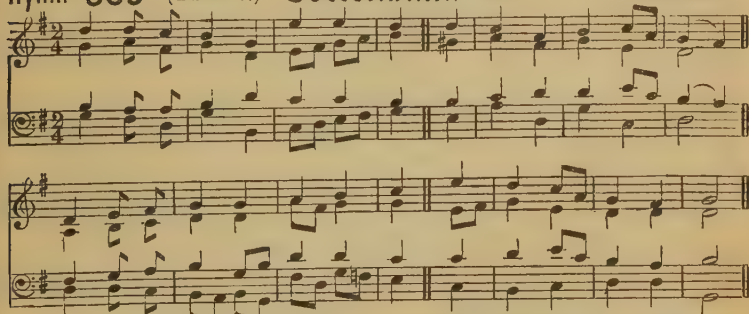
2 *mf* And the little moments,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

3 And our little errors
Lead the soul away
From the paths of virtue,
p Far in sin to stray.

4 Little deeds of mercy
Sown by youthful hands
cr. Grow to bless the nations,
Far in heathen lands.

5 *mf* Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
f Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above.

Hymn 369 (Tune 47.) Tottenham. C.M. T. GREATOREX.



I will put My laws into their mind, and write them in their hearts.—Hebrews viii. 10.

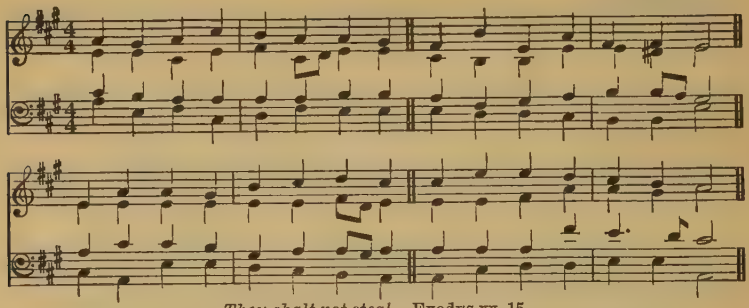
1 *mf* O THAT the Lord would guide my ways
To keep His statutes still!
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do His will!

2 O send Thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart;
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

3 Order my footsteps by Thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
And keep my conscience clear.

Hymn 370 (Tune 385.) Redhead (46). 8.7.8.7.

R. REDHEAD.



Thou shalt not steal.—Exodus xx. 15.

1 *mf* WHY should I deprive my neighbour
Of his goods against his will?
Hands were made for honest labour,
Not to plunder or to steal.

2 'Tis a foolish self-deceiving
By such tricks to hope for gain:
All that's ever got by thieving
p Turns to sorrow, shame, and pain.

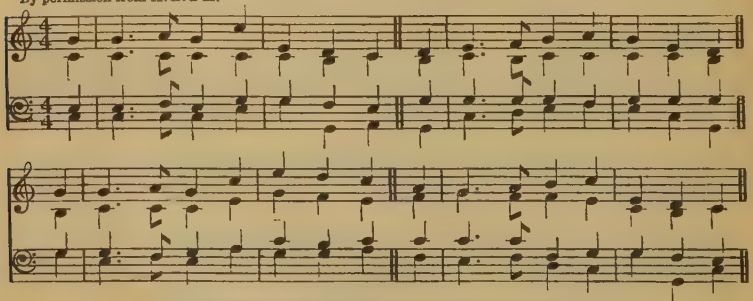
3 *mf* Theft will not be always hidden!
Though we fancy none can spy,
When we take a thing forbidden,
God beholds it with His eye

4 Guard my heart, O God of heaven!
Lest I covet what's not mine;
Lest I steal what is not given,
Guard my heart and hands from sin.

Hymn 371 (Tune 69.) Alstone. L.M.

By permission from *H. A. & M.*

C. E. WILLING.



Even a child is known by his doings.—Proverbs xx. 11.

1 *mf* WE are but little children weak,
Nor born in any high estate;
What can we do for Jesu's sake,
cr. Who is so high and good and great?

2 *mf* O, day by day, each Christian child
Has much to do, without, within;
A death to die for Jesu's sake,
A weary war to wage with sin.

3 *p* When deep within our swelling hearts
The thoughts of pride and anger rise,
When bitter words are on our tongues,
And tears of passion in our eyes;

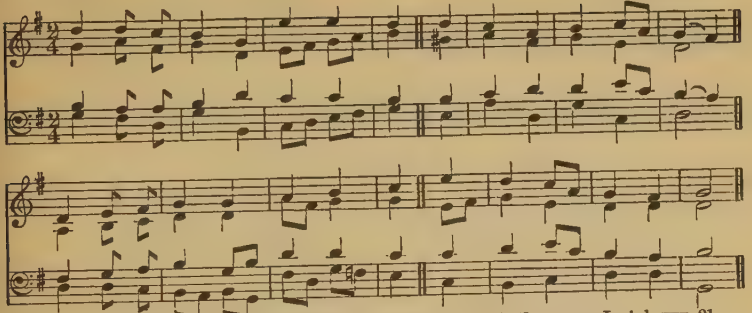
4 *cr.* Then we may stay the angry blow,
Then we may check the hasty word,
p Give gentle answers back again,
f And fight a battle for our Lord.

5 *mf* With smiles of peace and looks of love
Light in our dwellings we may make,
Bid kind good humour brighten there,
And still do all for Jesu's sake.

6 There's not a child so small and weak
But has his little cross to take,
His little work of love and praise
f That he may do for Jesu's sake.

Hymn 372 (Tune 47.) Tottenham. C.M.

T. Greatorex.



Thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way.—Isaiah xxx. 21.

1 *mf* There is a still, small, holy voice,
The voice of God most high,
p That whispers always in our heart,
And says that He is nigh.

2 *mf* This voice will blame us when we're wrong,
And praise us when we're right;
We hear it in the light of day,
p And in the quiet night.

3 *mf* And even they whose ears are deaf
To every other sound,
When they have listened, in their hearts
p The still small voice have found.

4 *mf* And they have felt that God is good,
And thanked Him for the voice
cr. That told them what was right and true,
f And made their hearts rejoice.

Hymn 373 (Tune 86.) St. Sepulchre. L.M.

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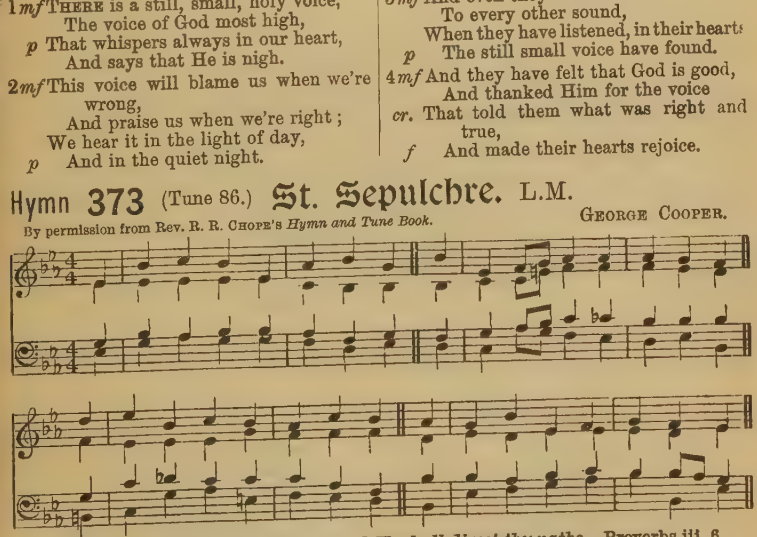
George Cooper.



In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths.—Proverbs iii. 6.

1 *mf* Let children to their God draw near,
With reverence and holy fear;
p Let every knee before Him bend,
Our Judge, our Saviour, and our Friend.

2 *mf* Lord, may Thy mercies, great and free,
Fill us with gratitude to Thee;
And still as through the world we go,
More of these mercies may we know.

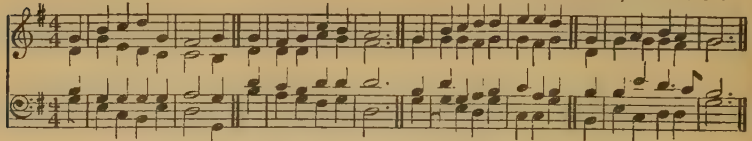
3 *f* Far from our hearts, O Lord, remove
The evil thoughts that sinners love;
And give us wisdom day by day,
To choose the straight and narrow way.

4 *dim.* In times of sickness or of health,
In times of poverty or wealth,
p And in our last and dying hour,
cr. Save us by Thine almighty power.

5 *f* Then may we join the happy band,
That in Thy heavenly temple stand;
And as Thy goodness we adore,
ff Sing glory, glory, evermore.

Hymn 374 (Tune 263.) St. Alphege. 7.6.8.6.

H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. Doc.



Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus.—Philippians ii. 5.

1 *mf* I want to be like Jesus,
So lowly and so meek;
For no one marked an angry word
That ever heard Him speak.

2 I want to be like Jesus,
So frequently in prayer;
p Alone upon the mountain top,
He met His Father there.

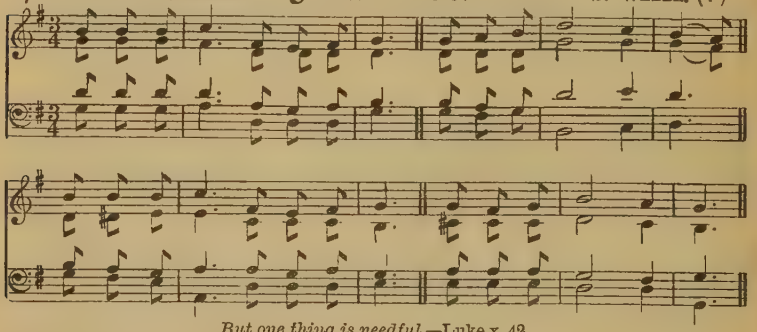
3 *mf* I want to be like Jesus;
I never, never find
That He, though persecuted, was
To any one unkind.

4 I want to be like Jesus,
Engaged in doing good;
cr. So that of me it may be said,
'She hath done what she could.'

5 *mf* Alas! I'm not like Jesus,
p As any one may see:
O gentle Saviour, send Thy grace,
cr. And make me like to Thee!

Hymn 375 (Tune 29.) Ilfracombe. C.M.

S. Webbe. (?)



But one thing is needful.—Luke x. 42.

mf Lord, grant us at Thy feet to sit,
Like Mary, day by day;
And teach us that good part to choose
Which none shall take away:

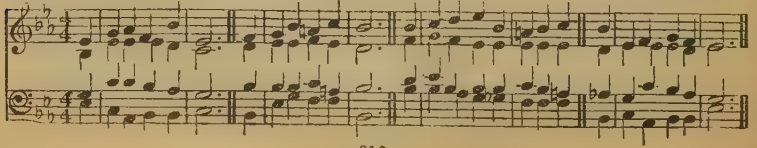
2 *p* In quietness and lowliness
To listen to Thy voice,
cr. To know that all Thy will is love,
To have no selfish choice.

3 *mf* We cannot do great things for Thee;
Thou dost not such require:
To walk in wisdom's holy ways,
Be this our chief desire.

4 The one thing needful is to have
Our souls prepared for heaven;
Such grace e'en little ones may crave,
Such grace to us be given.

Hymn 376 (Tune 3.) Clifton. S.M.

J. Brabham.



Behold, Thou desirest truth in the inward parts.—Psalm li 6.

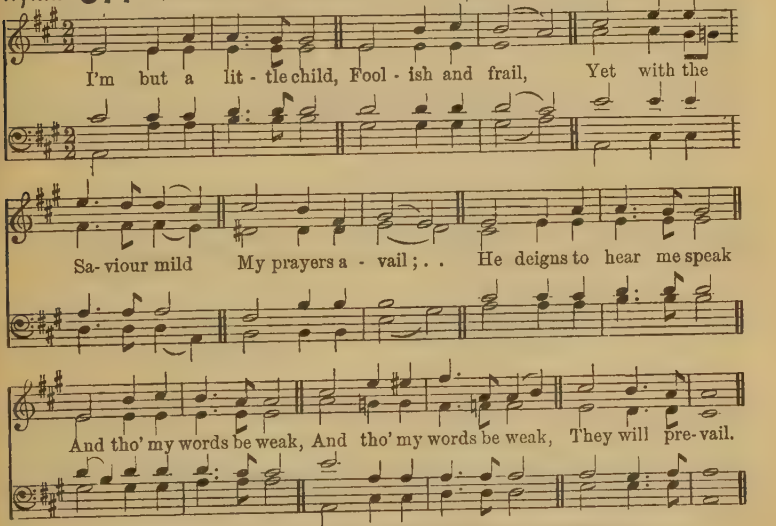
1 *mf* HELP me, my God, to speak
True words to Thee each day,
True let my heart be when I praise,
And truthful when I pray.

2 Thy words are true to me,
Let mine to Thee be true,
The words of my whole heart and soul,
However low and few:

3 True words of grief for sin,
Of longing to be free,
Of groaning for deliverance,
And likeness, Lord, to Thee!

4 True words of faith and hope,
Of godly joy and grief,
cr. Lord, I believe, O hear my cry;
Help Thou mine unbelief.

Hymn 377 (Tune 117.) Nearer to Thee. 6.4.6.4.6.6.4.


I'm but a lit - tle child, Fool - ish and frail, Yet with the
Sa- viour mild My prayers a - vail; . . He deigns to hear me speak
And tho' my words be weak, And tho' my words be weak, They will pre-vail.

And all thy children shall be taught of the LORD.—Isaiah liv. 13.

1 *mf* I'M but a little child,
Foolish and frail,
Yet with the Saviour mild
My prayers avail;
He deigns to hear me speak
And though my words be weak
They will prevail.

2 O Thou benignant Lord,
Loving and true!
Write on my heart Thy word,
Help me to do
All Thou ordainest me,
cr. While Thou sustainest me,
All my life through.

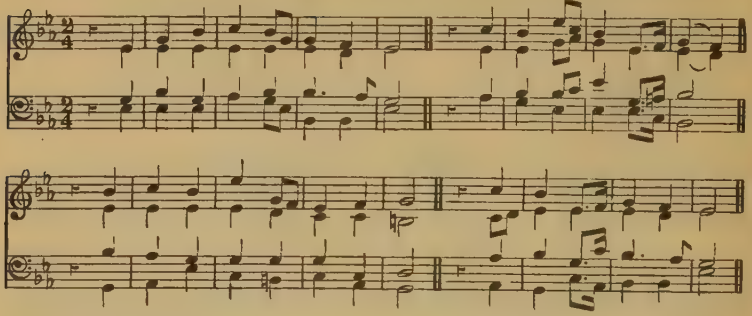
3 *mf* Jesus, Thy Spirit give,
In me to dwell;
That I to Thee may live
Wisely and well;
As the years gather, still
Working Thy gentle will,
Nor e'er rebel.

4 If to maturer age
I should e'er grow,
'Mid all life's pilgrimage,
Help me to show
Still the child-spirit, free,
True, pure, and good like Thee
When here below.

5 So, as Thine own dear child,
When years shall end,
Where saints dwell undefiled,
I shall ascend;
cr. There near Thy throne to be,
f There Thy loved face to see,
Saviour and Friend!

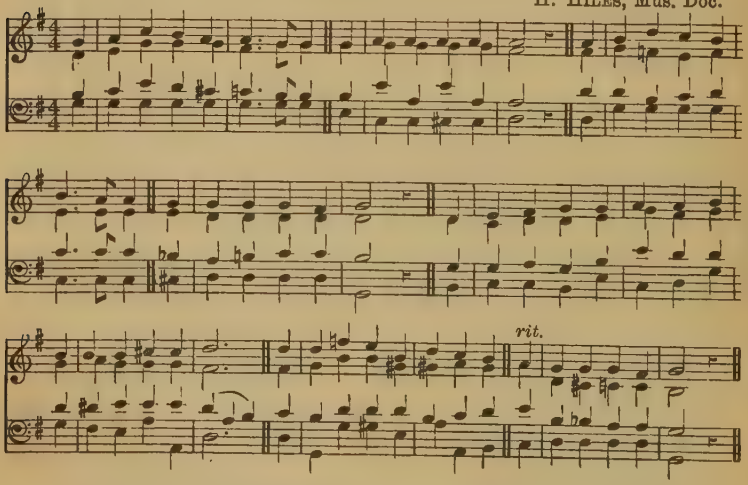
Hymn 378 (Tune 30.) Kilmarnock. C.M.

NEIL DOUGALL.



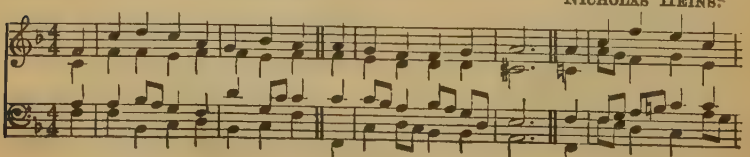
2nd Tune. (61.) St. Leonard's. D.C.M.

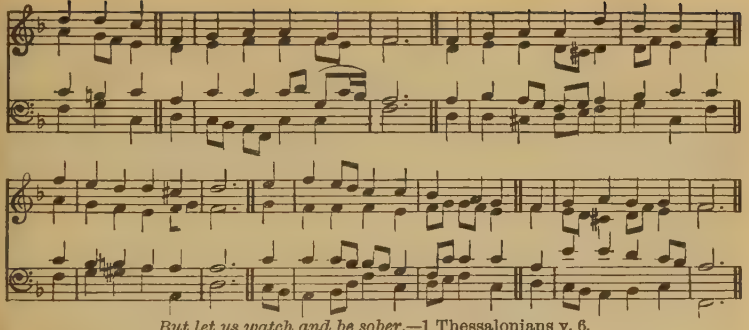
H. HILES, Mus. Doc.



3rd Tune. (62.) St. Nicholas. D.C.M.

NICHOLAS HEINS.





But let us watch and be sober.—1 Thessalonians v. 6.

1 *mf* I WANT a principle within
Of jealous, godly fear,
A sensibility of sin,
A pain to feel it near:
I want the first approach to feel
Of pride or fond desire,
To catch the wandering of my will,
And quench the kindling fire.

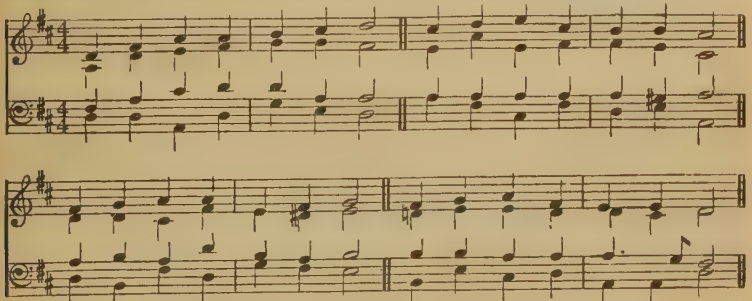
2 That I from Thee no more may part,
No more Thy goodness grieve,
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
p The tender conscience, give.

mf Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God, my conscience make!
cr. Awake my soul when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.

3 *mf* If to the right or left I stray,
That moment, Lord, reprove;
p And let me weep my life away,
For having grieved Thy love:
O may the least omission pain
My well-instructed soul,
And drive me to the blood again
Which makes the wounded whole!

Hymn 379 (Tune 301.) Lubeck. 7.7.7.7.

German Chorale.



I will guide thee with Mine eye.—Psalm xxxii. 8.

1 *mf* IN our work and in our play,
Jesus, be Thou ever near,
Guarding, guiding all the day,
Keeping in Thy holy fear,

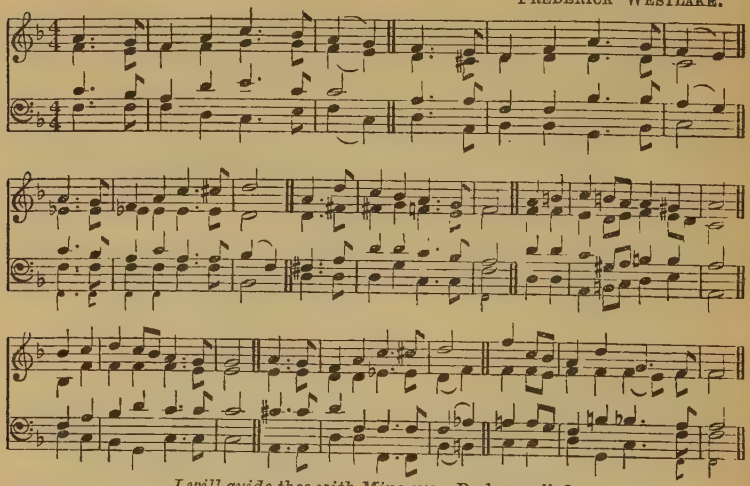
2 Thou didst toil, a lowly child,
In the far-off Holy Land,
Blessing labour undefiled,
Pure and honest, of the hand.

3 Thou wilt bless our play-time too,
If we ask Thy succour strong;
Watch o'er all we say and do,
Hold us back from guilt and wrong.

4 *f* O! how happy thus to spend
Work and play-time in His sight,
Till the rest which shall not end,
Till the day which knows not night.

Hymn 379 *2nd Tune.* (341.) Nazareth. 7.7.7.7. D.

FREDERICK WESTLAKE.



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1 *mf* IN our work and in our play,
Jesus, be Thou ever near,
Guarding, guiding all the day,
Keeping in Thy holy fear,

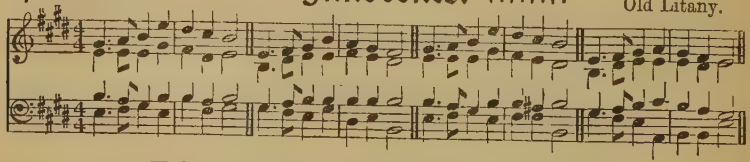
2 Thou didst toil, a lowly child,
In the far-off Holy Land,
Blessing labour undefiled,
Pure and honest, of the hand.

3 Thou wilt bless our play-time too,
If we ask Thy succour strong;
Watch o'er all we say and do,
Hold us back from guilt and wrong.

4 *f* O! how happy thus to spend
Work and play-time in His sight,
Till the rest which shall not end,
Till the day which knows not night.

Hymn 380 (Tune 298.) Innocents. 7.7.7.7.

Old Litany.



We love Him, because He first loved us.—1 John iv. 19.

1 *mf* SAVIOUR! teach me, day by day,
Love's sweet lesson to obey;
Sweeter lesson cannot be,
Loving Him who first loved me.

2 With a childlike heart of love,
At Thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

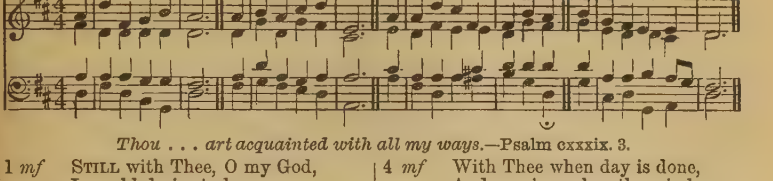
3 *tr.* Teach me all Thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in Thy [illegible];
Learning how to love from Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

4 *mf* Love in loving finds employ,
In obedience all her joy;
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving Him who first loved me.

5 *f* Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe;
Singing, till Thy face I see,
Of His love who first loved me

Hymn 381 (Tune 1.) Bethlehem. S.M.

S. WESLEY.



Thou . . . art acquainted with all my ways.—Psalm cxxxix. 3.

1 *mf* STILL with Thee, O my God,
I would desire to be,
By day, by night, at home, abroad,
I would be still with Thee.

2 With Thee when dawn comes in,
And calls me back to care,
Each day returning, to begin
p With Thee, my God, in prayer:

3 With Thee amid the crowd
That throngs the busy mart;
cr. To hear Thy voice 'mid clamour loud
p Speak softly to my heart:

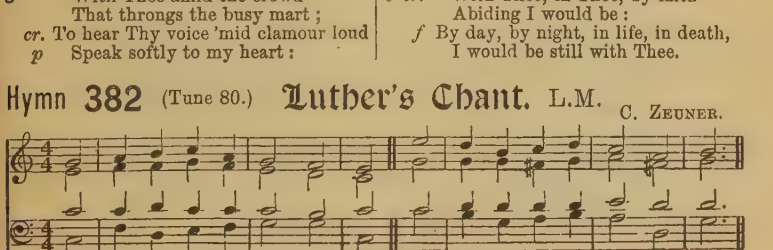
4 *mf* With Thee when day is done,
p And evening calms the mind,
The setting as the rising sun,
cr. With Thee my heart would find.

5 *p* With Thee when darkness brings
The signal of repose;
Calm, in the shadow of Thy wings,
pp Mine eyelids I would close:

6 *cr.* With Thee, in Thee, by faith
Abiding I would be:
f By day, by night, in life, in death,
I would be still with Thee.

Hymn 382 (Tune 80.) Luther's Chant. L.M.

C. ZEUNER.



For I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ.—Romans i. 16.

1 *mf* JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days!

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon:
'Tis midnight with my soul, till He,
cr Bright Morning Star! bid darkness flee.

4 *mf* Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend;
No; when I blush be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.

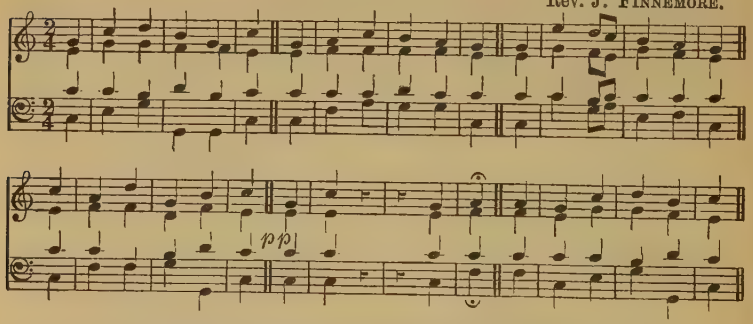
5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain,
Till then I boast a Saviour slain!
f And O, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

Hymn 383 (Tune 174.) Not my will, Lord, but Thine.

6.6.6.6.4.6.

Rev. J. FINNEMORE.



Nevertheless, not My will, but Thine, be done.—Luke xxii. 42.

1 *mf* In sorrow, care, and strife
I would not, Lord, repine ;
But say, through all my life,
Not my will, Lord, but Thine.
Not mine, but Thine,
p Not my will, Lord, but Thine.

2 *mf* My life I would this day
To Thee alone resign,
And with my heart would say,
Not my will, Lord, but Thine.
Not mine, &c.

3 Choose Thou my lot, I pray,
And give my heart the sign,
And teach me now to say,
Not my will, Lord, but Thine.
Not mine, &c.

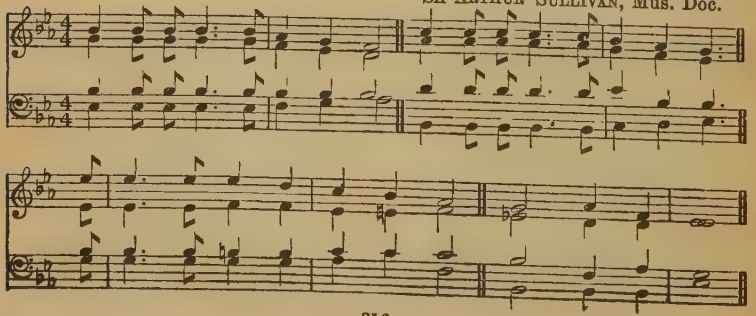
4 And choose my place for me,
cr. Where light for Thee may shine,
My word still ever be,
Not my will, Lord, but Thine.
Not mine, &c.

5 *mf* My times are in Thy hand,
Let life or death be mine !
I'll say, if Thou command,
Not my will, Lord, but Thine.
Not mine, &c.

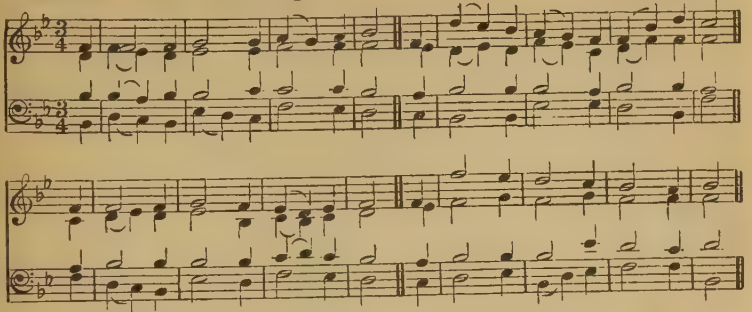
6 Thy way is always best,
O let that way be mine !
In this my soul shall rest,
Not my will, Lord, but Thine
Not mine, &c.

Hymn 384 (Tune 451.) Hanford. 8.8.8.4.

Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN, Mus. Doc.



2nd Tune. (452.) Resignation. 8.8.8.4. Lady E. Osborne.



Thy will be done.—Matthew vi. 10.

1 *mf* My God, and Father! while I stray
Far from my home, in life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
p Thy will be done!

2 *mf* Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
p Thy will be done.

3 *mf* If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize—it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what was Thine;
p Thy will be done.

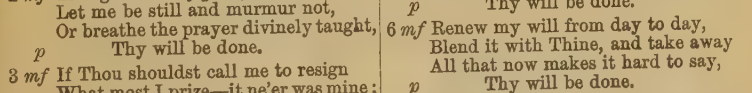
4 *p* Should pining sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
My Father, still I strive to say,
Thy will be done.

5 *mf* If but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest;
p Thy will be done.

6 *mf* Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
p Thy will be done.

7 *cr.* Then when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
f I'll sing upon a happier shore,
Thy will be done.

Hymn 385 (Tune 304.) Redhead (47). 7.7.7.7. R. Redhead.



My Father, Thou art the guide of my youth.—Jeremiah iii. 4.

1 *mf* God of mercy, throned on high,
Listen from Thy lofty seat;
Hear, O hear our feeble cry;
Guide, O guide our wandering feet.

2 *p* Young and erring travellers, we
All our dangers do not know;
Scarcely fear the stormy sea,
Hardly feel the tempest blow.

3 *p* Jesu, Lover of the young,
Cleanse us with Thy blood divine;
cr. Ere the tide of sin grow strong,
Save us, Lord, and keep us Thine.

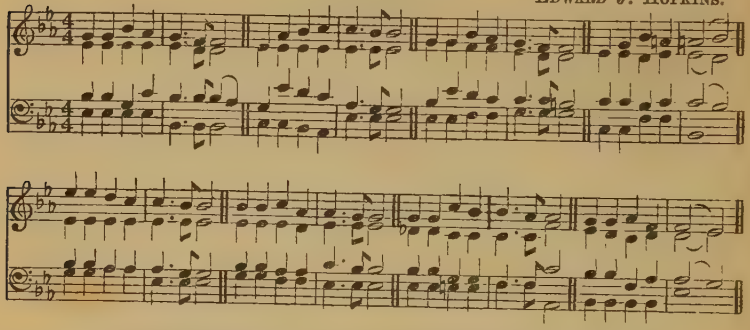
4 *mf* When perplexed in danger's snare,
Thou alone our Guide canst be;
When oppressed with woe and care,
Whom have we to trust but Thee?

5 *mf* Let us ever hear Thy voice,
Ask Thy counsel every day;
Saints and angels will rejoice,
If we walk in wisdom's way.

6 Saviour, give us faith, and pour
Hope and love on every soul!
Hope, till time shall be no more!
Love, while endless ages roll!

Hymn 386 (Tune 284.) Children of the pious dead.

7.7.7.5. D. EDWARD J. HOPKINS.



Who through faith . . . wrought righteousness.—Hebrews xi. 33.

1 *mf* CHILDREN of the pious dead,
Who for conscience nobly bled,
p By the blood those martyrs shed
Guard their holy cause:
cr. Theirs the cause of truth and right,
Theirs the fight of faith to fight,
f Theirs the soul of earnest might,
And the great applause.

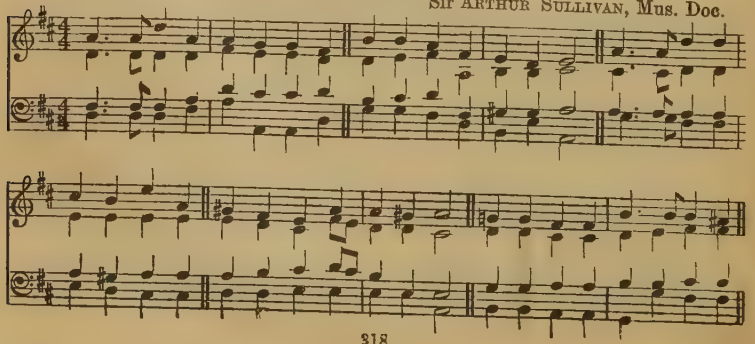
2 *mf* Thorny was their path below,
Path of torture, fire, and foe;
p Sighs of grief and tears of woe
Were their common lot:
cr. Yet undaunted on they went,
Up to heaven their prayer was sent,
They, on crowns of glory bent,
All their pains forgot.

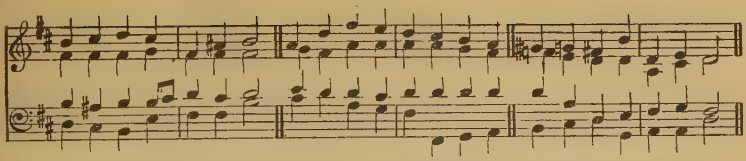
3 *mf* Shall the fathers stand alone?
Is their noble spirit gone?
Is their mantle fallen on none?
Are such men no more?
cr. No! the truth shall yet prevail,
f Strong in souls that never quail.
Sons, arise! you will not fail
In the trying hour.

4 *mf* From the lofty courts above
Sires are bending eyes of love,
They your fight of faith approve,
And on you look down.
See the martyrs, prophets there,
cr. There apostles, angels are,
f See the King of kings prepare
Your immortal crown.

Hymn 387 (Tune 429.) Lux Eoi. 8.7.8.7. D.

Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN, Mus. Doc.





He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom.—Isaiah xl. 11.

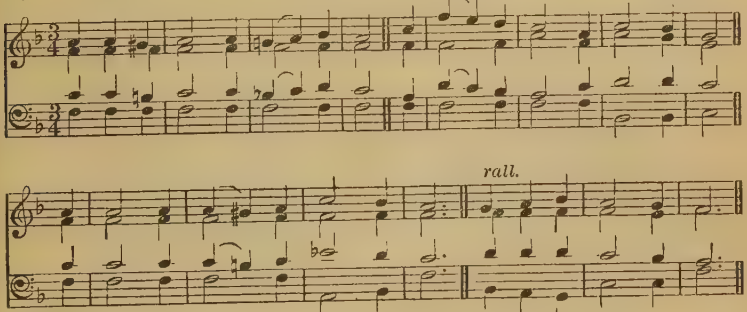
1 *mf* HEAVENLY Father, send Thy blessing
On Thy children gathered here ;
May they all, Thy name confessing,
Be to Thee for ever dear ;
May they be, like Joseph, loving,
Dutiful, and chaste, and pure ;
cr. And their faith, like David, proving,
f Steadfast unto death endure.

2 *mf* Holy Saviour, who in meekness
Didst vouchsafe a child to be, [ness,
Guide their steps, and help their weak-
Bless, and make them like to Thee ;
Bear Thy lambs, when they are weary,
In Thine arms and at Thy breast ;
Through life's desert, dry and dreary,
p Bring them to Thy heavenly rest.

3 *mf* Spread Thy golden pinions o'er them,
Holy Spirit, from above ;
Guide them, lead them, go before them,
Give them peace and joy and love :
Thy true temples, Holy Spirit,
May they with Thy glory shine,
f And immortal bliss inherit,
And for evermore be Thine.

Hymn 388 (Tune 455.) Humility. 8.8.8.6.

W. BEST.



If any man serve Me, let Him follow Me.—John xii. 26.

1 *mf* ACCEPTING, Lord, Thy gracious call,
Low at Thy feet I humbly fall ;
cr. Now set me free from Satan's thrall,
And let me follow Thee.

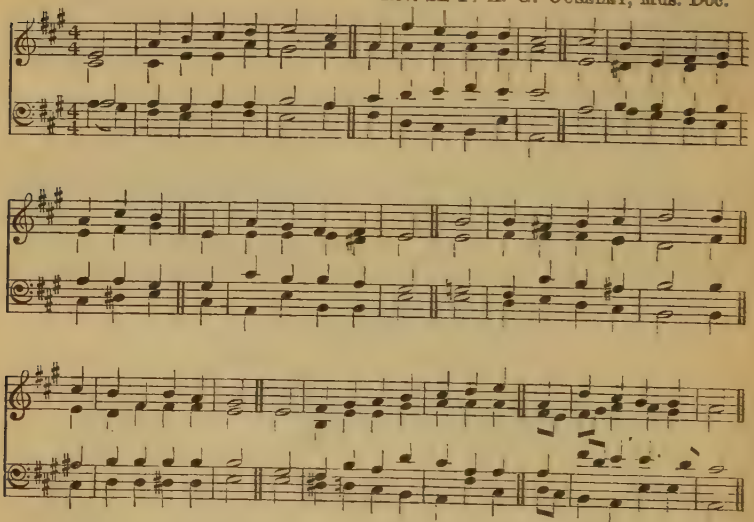
2 *mf* My Teacher, Ruler, Pattern, Guide,
Ne'er let me wander from Thy side,
Nor from the narrow pathway slide,
But closely follow Thee.

3 *p* By meekness, patience, kindness, pray-
By works of love and friendly care, [er,
By holy conduct everywhere,
Help me to follow Thee.

4 *mf* When fears and foes beset my way,
p When darkest clouds obscure my day,
And easier paths tempt me to stray,
cr. Help me to follow Thee.

Hymn 389 (Tune 266.) Eastham. 7.6.8.6. D.

Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, Mus. Doc.



And to godliness brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness charity.—2 Peter i. 7.

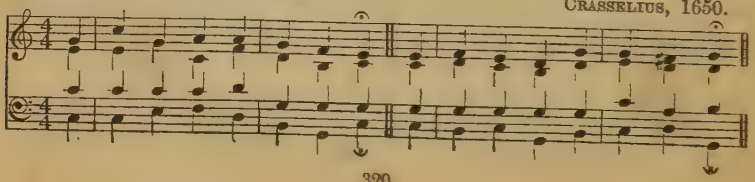
1 *mf* Be kind to one another:
This is a world of care,
And there's enough of needful woe
For everyone to bear;
But if you ease the burden
That weighs another down,
That work of Christian charity
Will lighten half your own.

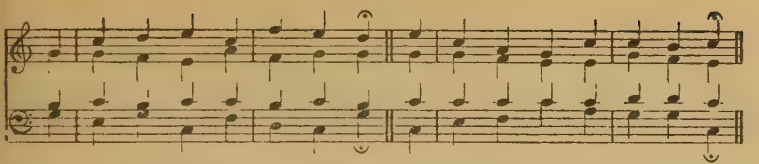
2 Be kind to one another:
Scatter the seeds of love
cr. Wide o'er the fields of hearts, and rich
The harvest wealth will prove:
f A wealth more truly precious
Than aught beneath the sun,
Which India's diamonds could not buy;
dim. And yet how lightly won!

3 *mf* Be kind to one another:
Not to the good alone;
E'en to the cold and selfish heart
Let deeds of love be shown:
f So shall ye be His children
Who rains His gifts on all,
And even on the thankless ones
Bids His bright sunbeams fall.

Hymn 390 (Tune 93.) Winchester. L.M.

Crasselius, 1650.





Children, obey your parents in the Lord.—Ephesians vi. 1.

1 *mf* CHILDREN, your parents' will obey ;
The Lord commands it to be done ;
And those that from the precept stray
To misery and ruin run.

2 *p* Your parents honour and revere,
Be tender, generous, and kind ;
Let filial love wipe every tear,
And chase the sorrows from their mind.

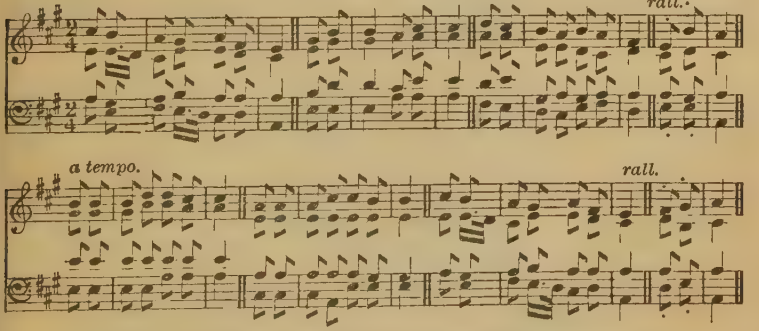
3 *mf* The disobedient children meet [high ;
The vengeance of the Lord most
dim. His curse pursues their wandering feet ; [die.
p Oft ere they reach their prime they

4 *cr.* But those who pay the honour due,
Serve with respect and filial fear,
In all their doings just and true,
And in obedience persevere :

5 *f* With length of days and mercies crowned,
Their peaceful hours shall glide away ;
In blessings multiplied abound,
Which never wither nor decay !

Hymn 391 (Tune 204.) Let it pass. 7.3.7.3.7.7.7.3.

S. J. VAIL.



Forbearing one another, and forgiving one another.—Colossians iii. 13.

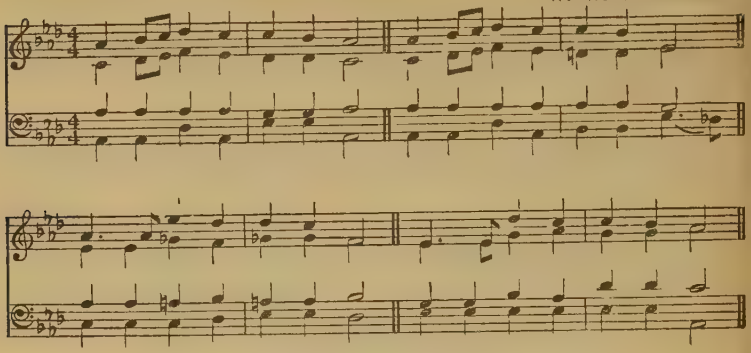
1 *mf* BE not swift to take offence,
Let it pass !
Anger is a foe to sense,
Let it pass !
Brood not darkly o'er a wrong,
Which will disappear ere long ;
cr. Rather sing this cheery song,
Let it pass !

2 *mf* Echo not an angry word,
Let it pass !
Think how often you have erred,
Let it pass !
Since our joys must pass away,
p Like the dewdrops on the spray,
Wherefore should our sorrow stay ?
Let it pass !

3 *mf* If for good you suffer ill,
Let it pass !
O, be kind and gentle still,
Let it pass !
Time at last makes all things straight
Let us not resent but wait,
And our triumph shall be great :
Let it pass !

Hymn 392 (Tune 300.) Litany. 7.7.7.7.

W. W. WOODWARD.



Lead me in the way everlasting.—Psalm cxxxix. 24.

1 *mf* FATHER, lead me day by day
Ever in Thine own sweet way;
Teach me to be pure and true,
Show me what I ought to do.

2 *f* When in danger, make me brave;
Make me know that Thou canst save;
Keep me safe by Thy dear side;
mf Let me in Thy love abide.

3 When I'm tempted to do wrong,
f Make me steadfast, wise, and strong:
And when all alone I stand
ff Shield me with Thy mighty hand.

4 *f* When my heart is full of glee,
Help me to remember Thee,
Happy most of all to know
That my Father loves me so.

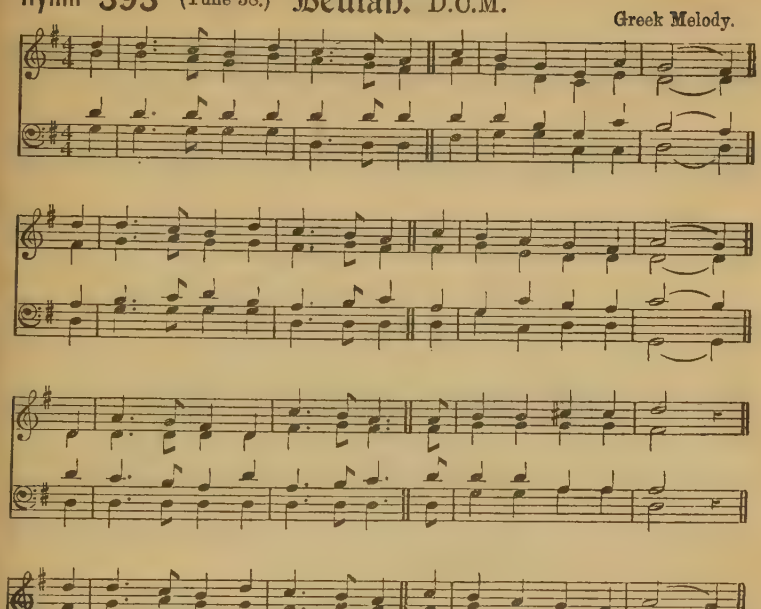
5 *mf* When my work seems hard and dry,
May I press on cheerily;
Help me patiently to bear
Pain and hardship, toil and care.

6 May I see the good and bright
When they pass before my sight;
May I hear the heavenly voice
When the pure and wise rejoice.

7 May I do the good I know,
Be Thy loving child below,
or. Then at last go home to Thee,
Evermore Thy child to be.

Hymn 393 (Tune 58.) Beulah. D.C.M.

Greek Melody.



Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another.—1 John iv. 11.

1 *mf* DEAR Saviour, to Thy little lambs
A lamb-like temper give,
And daily, hourly grace bestow,
In joy and peace to live.
It was Thine own command that we
Should one another love,
And ever give Thee thanks, as do
Thine holy ones above.

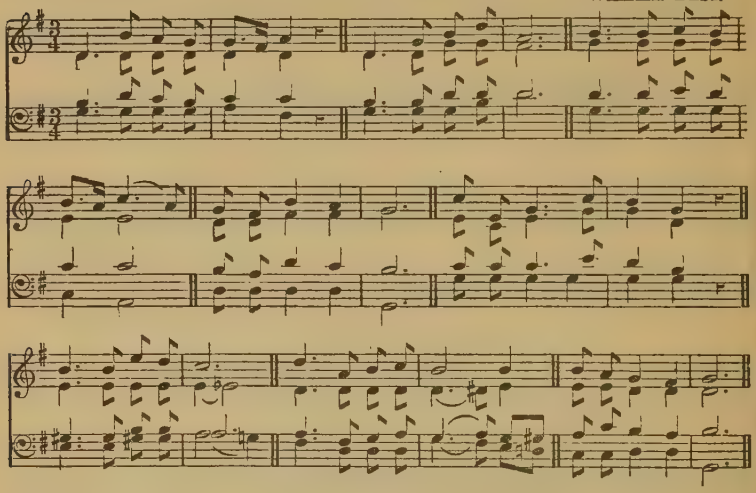
2 *p* Our hearts, by nature full of sin,
Do Thou, O Lord, renew;
And take each evil thought away,
And all self-will subdue:
Thine own meek, lowly mind impart,
The spirit like a dove;
And daily may we learn of Thee,
To love as Thou dost love.

3 *mf* As Thou forgivest all our sins,
So teach us to forgive;
As freely we receive from Thee
So may we freely give.
O teach us to forbear like Thee,
Not answering again,
Remembering how our Saviour bore
The scoffs of wicked men.

4 When we are for our faults reproved
May we the fault confess,
And humbly seek Thy grace, that we
May not again transgress:
Make us affectionate and kind,
p Gentle and meek and good,
Mindful how dearly we were bought
pp With Thy most precious blood.

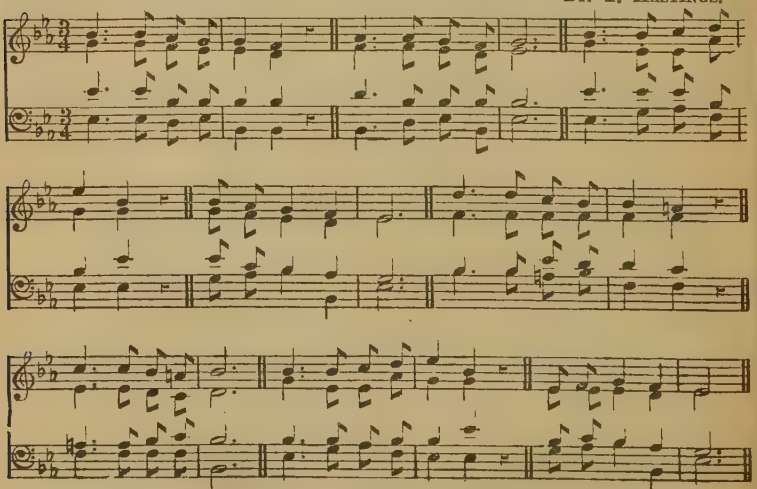
Hymn 394 (Tune 145.) Endurance. 6.5.6.5. D.

WILLIAM BEST.



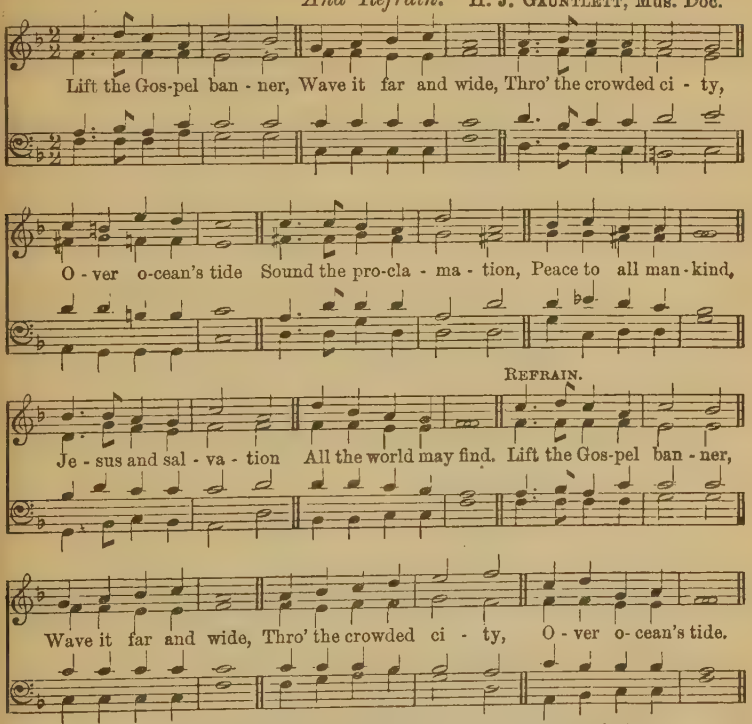
2nd Tune. (146.) **Franconia.** 6.5.6.5. D.

Dr. T. HASTINGS.



3rd *Tune.* (147.) Golden Harps. 6.5.6.5. D.

And Refrain. H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. Doc.


Lift the Gos-pel ban - ner, Wave it far and wide, Thro' the crowded ci - ty,
O - ver o-cean's tide Sound the pro-cla - ma - tion, Peace to all man-kind,
Refrain.
Je - sus and sal - va - tion All the world may find. Lift the Gos-pel ban - ner,
Wave it far and wide, Thro' the crowded ci - ty, O - ver o- cean's tide.

Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel.—Mark xvi. 15.

1 *f* Lift the Gospel banner,
Wave it far and wide,
Through the crowded city,
Over ocean's tide:
Sound the proclamation,
Peace to all mankind,
Jesus and salvation
All the world may find.

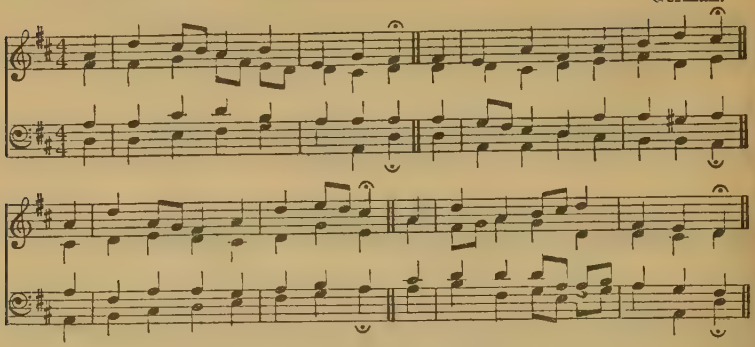
2 Let us raise the fallen,
Lend the oppressed a hand,
Teach the Christly lesson
All may understand;
Go, where hardening vices
Have their strongest hold,
p Like a sweet dove, gentle,
f Like a lion, bold.

3 *f* Lift the Gospel standard,
Spread the Gospel light,
Let the blessèd radiance
Flame o'er heathen night;
mf Love is God's own sunshine,
Such as angels prove:
Conquer men by kindness,
p God Himself is love.

4 *f* Let us rise to action,
Work with one design,
Work with Christ, and triumph
In the work divine;
cr. Victory's palm awaits us,
Let us then work on
ff Till we hear the welcome,
'Faithful ones, well done!'

Hymn 395 (Tune 75.) Festus. L.M.

German.



Go ye also into the vineyard.—Matthew xx. 4.

1 *mf* Go labour on; spend, and be spent,
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went,
Should not the servant tread it still?

2 Go labour on; 'tis not for nought;
Thy earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises; what are men?

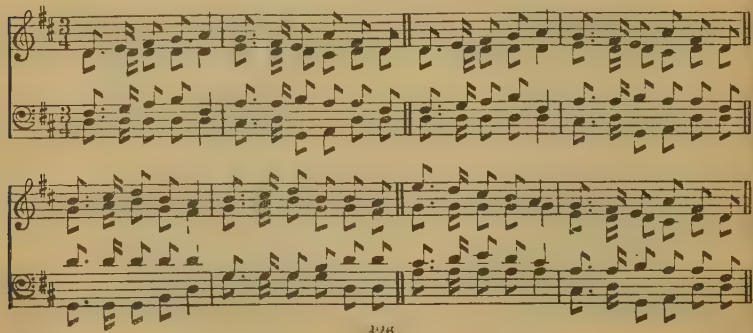
3 Go labour on while it is day,
The world's dark night is hastening on;
Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away;
It is not thus that souls are won.

4 *p* Men die in darkness at your side
Without a hope to cheer the tomb;
cr. Take up the torch, and wave it wide,
The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.

5 *mf* Toil on, faint not, keep watch, and pray;
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway,
Compel the wanderer to come in.

6 *f* Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
p The midnight peal, Behold, I come.

Hymn 396 (Tune 112.) Trust. 5.6.5.6.5.6.5.6.



And unto one he gave five talents, to another two, and to another one.—Matthew xxv. 15

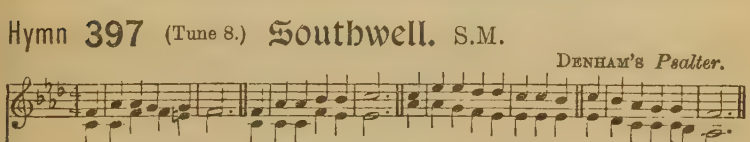
1 *mf* God entrusts to all
Talents few or many;
None so young or small
That they have not any.
Though the great and wise
Have a greater number,
Yet my one I prize,
And it must not slumber.

2 *p* Little drops of rain
cr. Bring the springing flowers;
And I may attain
Much by little powers.
p Every little mite,
Every little measure
cr. Helps to spread the light,
Helps to swell the treasure.

3 *mf* God will surely ask,
Ere I enter heaven,
Have I done the task
Which to me was given.
God entrusts to all
Talents few or many;
None so young or small
That they have not any.

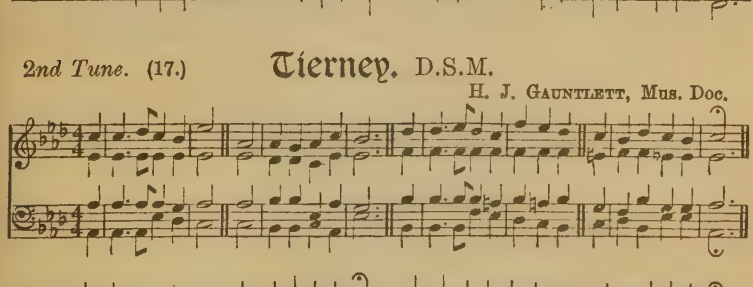
Hymn 397 (Tune 8.) Southwell. S.M.

DENHAM'S *Psalter.*



2nd Tune. (17.) Tierney. D.S.M.

H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus. Doc.



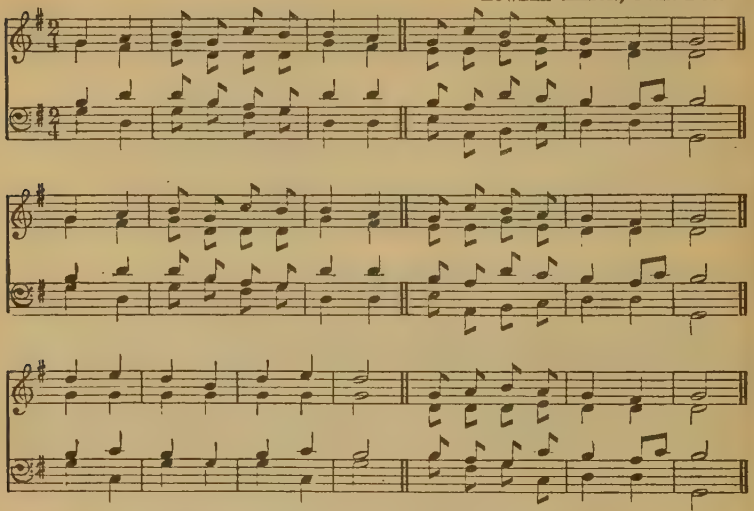
Keep that which is committed to thy trust.—1 Timothy vi. 20.

1 *mf* A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky;
To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil:
cr. O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will!

2 *mf* Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And O Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give!
Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
dim. Assured, if I my trust betray,
p I shall for ever die.

Hymn 398 (Tune 407.) Evening Prayer. 8.7.8.7.7.7.

LOWELL MASON, Mus. Doc.



Speak, LORD; *for Thy servant heareth.*—1 Samuel iii. 9.

1 *mf* MASTER, speak! Thy servant heareth,
Waiting for Thy gracious word,
Longing for Thy voice that cheereth;
Master! let it now be heard.
p I am listening, Lord, for Thee;
What hast Thou to say to me?

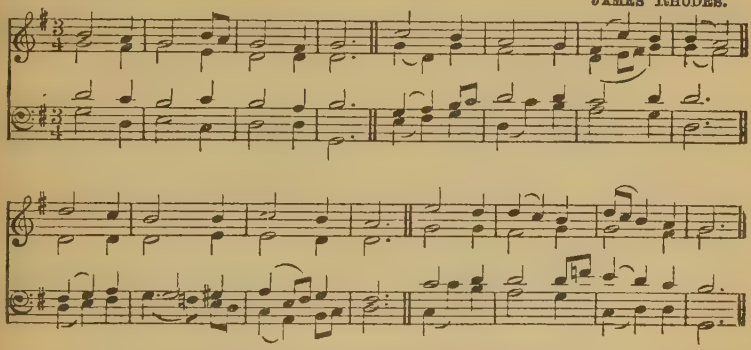
2 *mf* Speak to me by name, O Master,
Let me know it is to me;
cr. Speak, that I may follow faster,
With a step more firm and free,
Where the Shepherd leads the flock,
In the shadow of the Rock.

3 *mf* Master, speak! though least and lowest,
Let me not unheard depart;
Master, speak! for O, Thou knowest
All the yearning of my heart;
Knowest all its truest need;
cr. Speak! and make me blest indeed.

4 *mf* Master, speak! and make me ready,
When Thy voice is truly heard,
cr. With obedience glad and steady
Still to follow every word.
p I am listening, Lord, for Thee;
Master, speak, O, speak to me!

Hymn 399 (Tune 307.) Supplication. 7.7.7.7.

JAMES RHODES.



Present your bodies a living sacrifice.—Romans xii. 1.

1 *mf* TAKE my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;
Take my moments and my days,
f Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

2 *mf* Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love;
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

3 *cr.* Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only for my King;
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

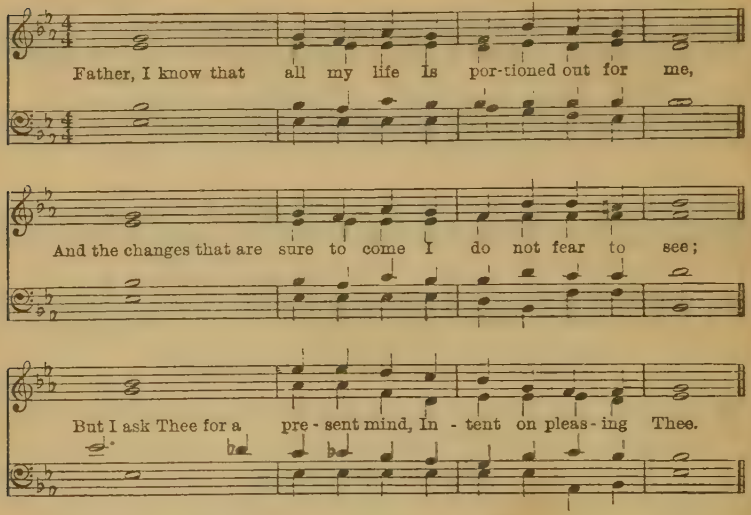
4 *mf* Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold;
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

5 Take my will, and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine:
cr. Take my heart, it is Thine own;
f It shall be Thy royal throne.

6 *mf* Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store:
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

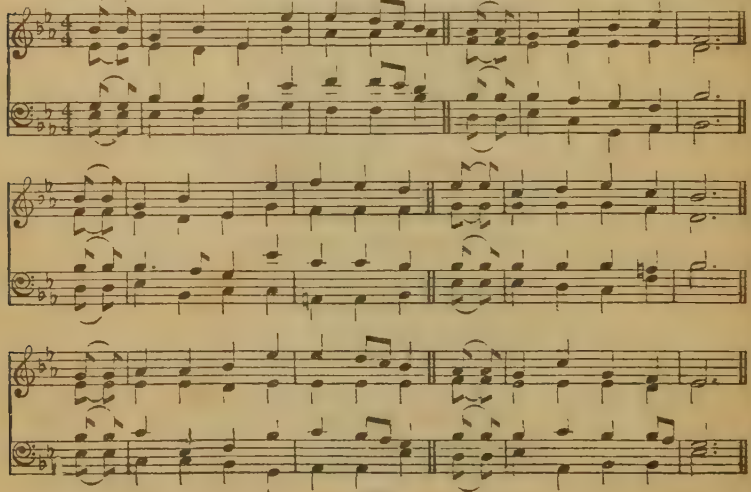
Hymn 400 (Tune 527.) Kempston. Irregular.

P. H. Diemer, R.A.M.


Father, I know that all my life Is por-tioned out for me,
And the changes that are sure to come I do not fear to see;
But I ask Thee for a pre-sent mind, In-tent on pleas-ing Thee.

2nd Tune. (528.) Lebanon. Irregular.

From Spohr.



My times are in Thy hand.—Psalm xxxi. 15.

THE LIFE OF LOVE.

1 *mf* FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me,
And the changes that are sure to come
I do not fear to see;
But I ask Thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing Thee.

2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes;
And a heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathise.

3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do
Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

4 Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate;
And a work of lowly love to do
For the Lord on whom I wait.

SECOND PART.

5 *mf* So I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
And a mind to blend with outward life
Still keeping at Thy side;
Content to fill a little space
If Thou be glorified.

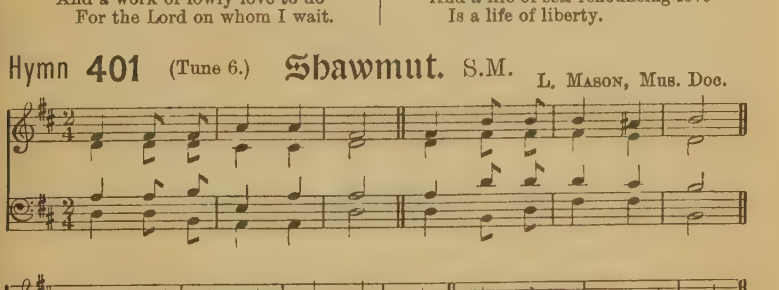
6 And if some things I do not ask
In my cup of blessing be;
I would have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to Thee,
And careful less to serve Thee much
Than to please Thee perfectly.

7 *p* There are briars besetting every path,
That call for patient care;
There is a cross in every lot,
And a constant need for prayer;
cr. Yet a lowly heart, that leans on Thee,
f Is happy anywhere.

8 *f* In a service which Thy will appoints
There are no bonds for me;
For my inmost soul is taught the truth
That makes Thy children free;
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty.

Hymn 401 (Tune 6.) Shawmut. S.M.

L. MASON, Mus. Doc.



All Thy works shall praise Thee, O LORD.—Psalm cxlv. 10.

1 *mf* MAKE use of me, my God,
Let me not be forgot;
A broken vessel cast aside,
One whom Thou needest not.

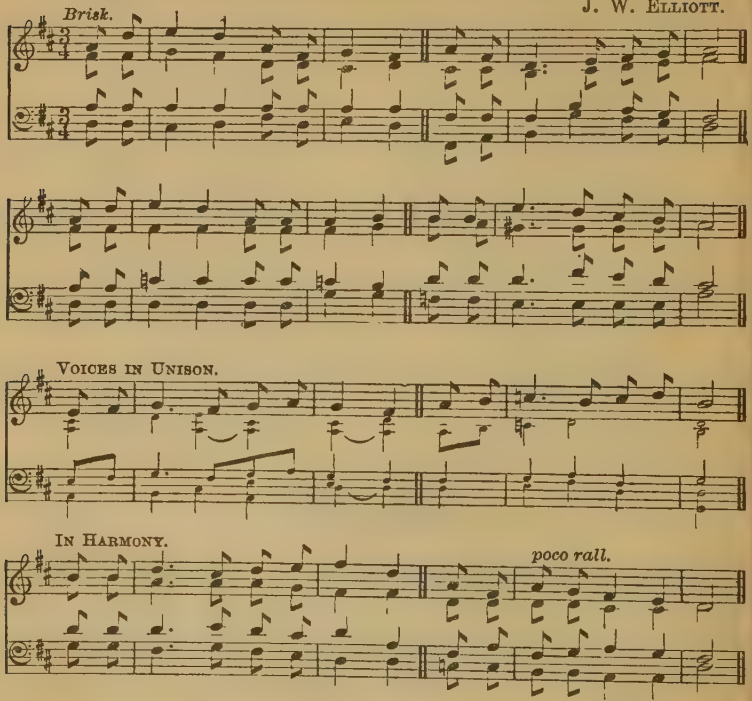
2 Thou usest all Thy works,
The weakest things that be;
Each has a service of its own,
For all things wait on Thee.

3 Thou usest the high stars,
The tiny drops of dew,
The giant peak, the little hill;
My God, O use me too.

4 All things do serve Thee here:
All creatures, great and small;
Make use of me, of me, my God,
The weakest of them all.

Hymn 402 (Tune 425.) Eucharistica. 8.7.8.7. D.

J. W. ELLIOTT.



She hath done what she could.—Mark xiv. 8.

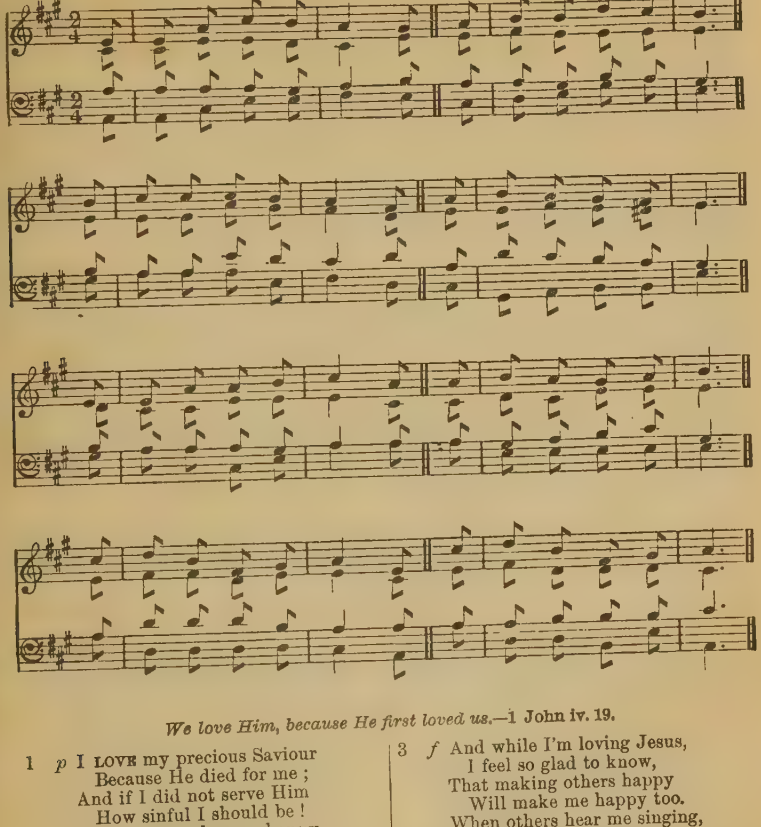
1 *mf* IF you cannot on the ocean
Sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the highest billows,
Laughing at the storms you meet:
You can stand among the sailors,
Anchored yet within the bay,
You can lend a hand to help them,
As they launch their boats away.

2 *mf* If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountain steep and high,
You can stand within the valley,
While the multitudes go by;
cr. You can chant in happy measure,
As they slowly pass along;
Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song.

3 *mf* If you cannot in the conflict
Prove yourself a soldier true,
If where fire and smoke are thickest
There's no work for you to do;
p When the battle-field is silent,
You can go with careful tread,
dim. You can bear away the wounded,
pp You can cover up the dead.

4 *mf* Do not, then, stand idly waiting
For some greater work to do;
O! improve each passing moment,
For these moments may be few;
cr. Go, and toil in any vineyard,
f Do not fear to do or dare;
If you want a field of labour
You can find it anywhere

Hymn 403 (Tune 240.) Precious Saviour. 7.6.7.6. D.



We love Him, because He first loved us.—1 John iv. 19.

1 *p* I LOVE my precious Saviour
Because He died for me ;
And if I did not serve Him
How sinful I should be !
cr. I know He makes me happy,
And hears me when I pray :
I'll keep my hold on Jesus,
The Bible says I may.

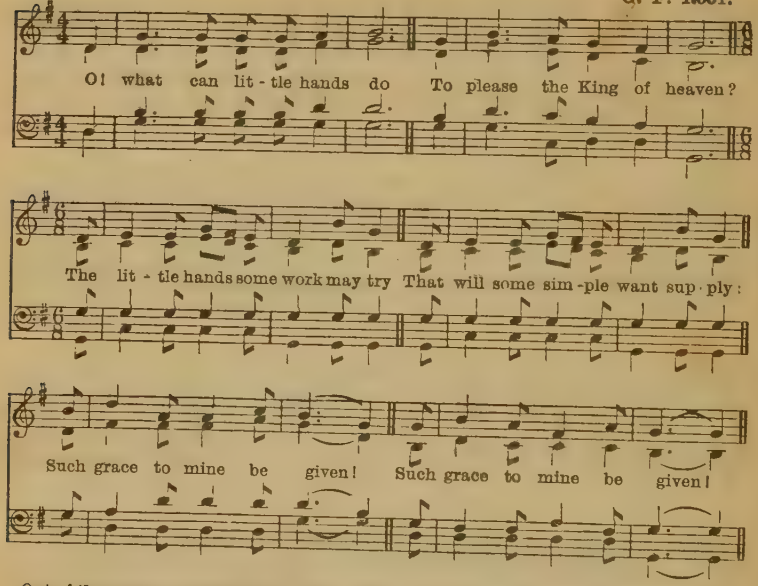
2 *mf* Though I can do but little,
Yet I will always try
To tell some little children
How Jesus came to die.
God help me to be useful
In all I do or say !
I mean to work for Jesus,
The Bible says I may.

3 *f* And while I'm loving Jesus,
I feel so glad to know,
That making others happy
Will make me happy too.
When others hear me singing,
I'll not forget to say ;
You too can be as happy,
The Bible says you may.

4 *mf* And since I've found my Saviour,
The first link in the chain,
cr. I'll trust in Him for ever,
f Till heaven at last I gain.
I love that blessèd country
Where tears are wiped away ;
I want to live with Jesus,
The Bible says I may.

Hymn 404 (Tune 270.) Little Hands. 7.6.8.8.6.

G. F. Root.


O! what can lit - tle hands do To please the King of heaven?
The lit - tle hands some work may try That will some sim - ple want sup - ply:
Such grace to mine be given! Such grace to mine be given!

Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise.—Matthew xxi. 16.

1 *mf* O! WHAT can little hands do
To please the King of heaven?
The little hands some work may try
That will some simple want supply:
Such grace to mine be given!

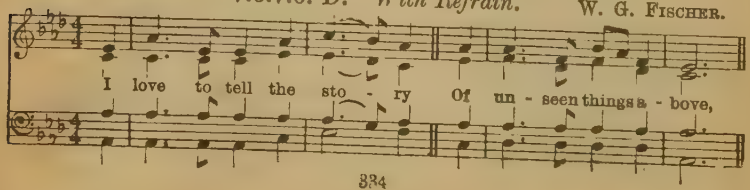
2 O! what can little lips do
To please the King of heaven?
The little lips can praise and pray,
And gentle words of kindness say:
Such grace to mine be given!

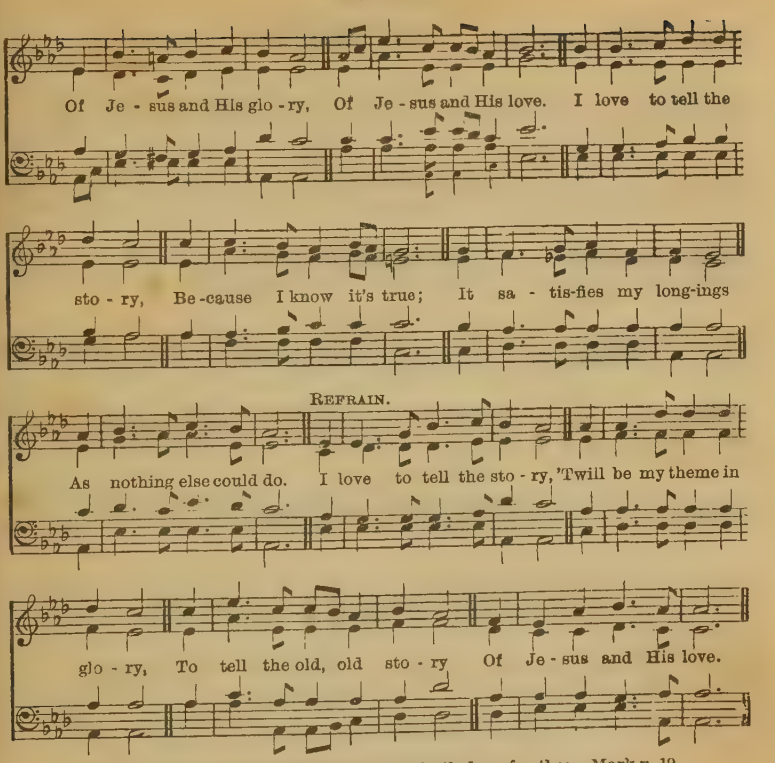
3 O! what can little eyes do
To please the King of heaven?
The little eyes can upward look,
Can learn to read God's holy Book:
Such grace to mine be given!

4 O! what can little hearts do
To please the King of heaven?
Young hearts, if He His Spirit send,
Can love their Maker, Saviour, Friend:
Such grace to mine be given!

Hymn 405 (Tune 251.) I love to tell the story.

7.6.7.6. D. *With Refrain.* W. G. Fischer.




Of Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the
sto - ry, Be - cause I know it's true; It sa - tis-fies my long-ings
REFRAIN.
As nothing else could do. I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in
glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

Go, . . . tell how great things the Lord hath done for thee.—Mark v. 19.

1 I LOVE to tell the story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.
I love to tell the story,
Because I know it's true;
It satisfies my longings
As nothing else could do.
I love to tell the story, &c.

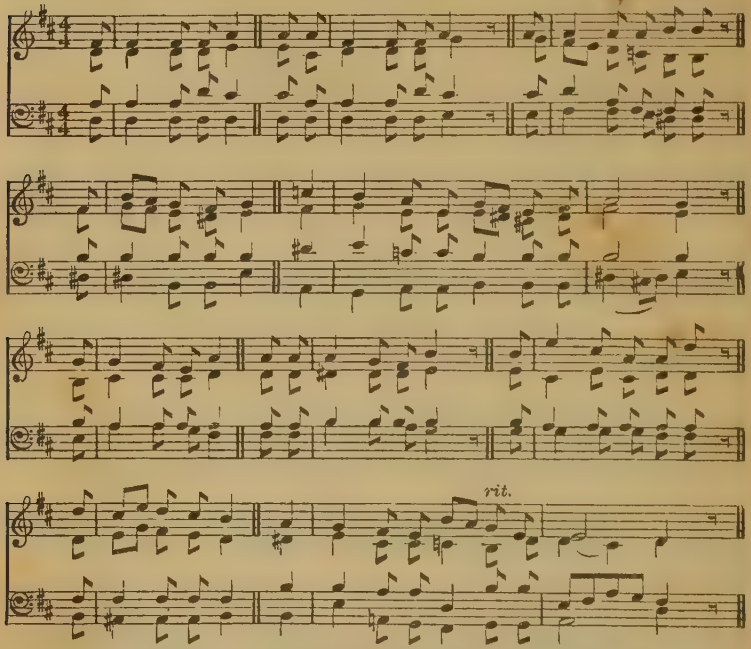
2 *mf* I love to tell the story:
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the story,
It did so much for me;
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.
f I love to tell the story, &c.

3 *mf* I love to tell the story;
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems each time I tell it
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story,
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy word.
f I love to tell the story, &c.

4 I love to tell the story,
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it, like the rest.
cr. And when in scenes of glory,
I sing the new, new song,
'Twill be the old, old story,
That I have loved so long.
ff I love to tell the story, &c.

Hymn 406 (Tune 114.) The Reapers. 5.6.6.5.9. D.

J. Baptiste Calkin.



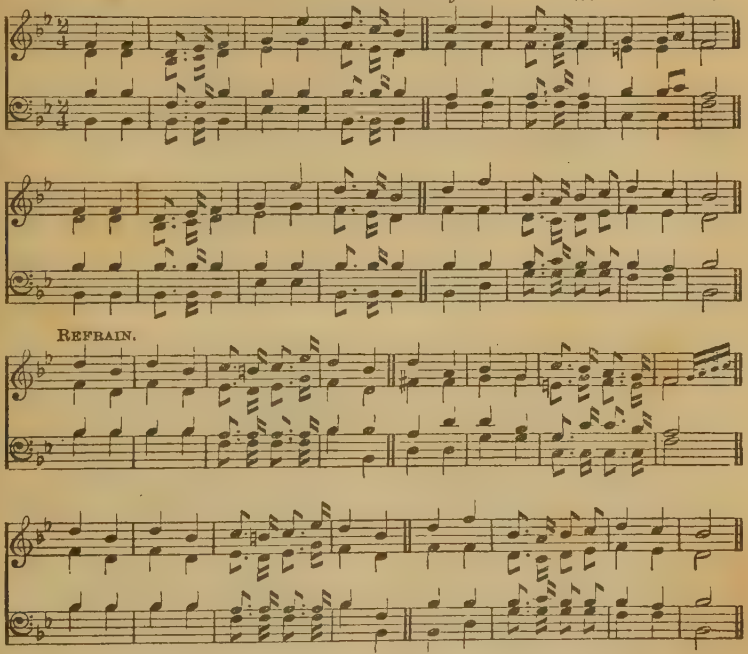
The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few.—Matthew ix. 37.

1 *mf* The fields are all white,
And the reapers are few;
We children are willing,
But what can we do
To work for our Lord in His harvest?
p Our hands are so small,
cr. And our words are so weak,
mf We cannot teach others;
How then shall we seek
To work for our Lord in His harvest?

2 *mf* We'll work by our prayers,
By the pennies we bring,
By small self-denials;
The least little thing
May work for our Lord in His harvest.
cr. Until, by-and-by,
As the years pass at length,
f We too may be reapers,
And go forth in strength
To work for our Lord in His harvest.

Hymn 407 (Tune 477.) Sound the Battle-cry.

10.8.10.9. *With Refrain.* W. F. SHERWIN.



In the name of our God we will set up our banners.—Psalm xx. 5.

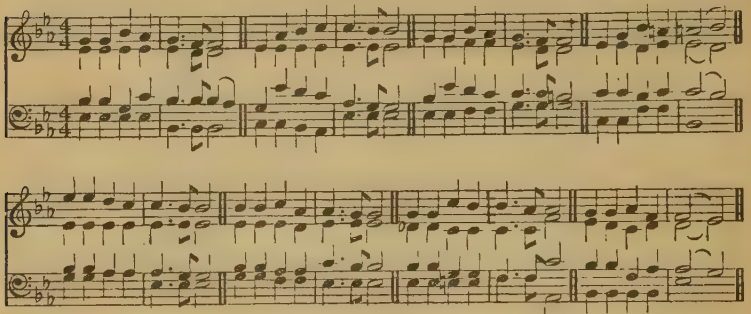
1 *f* SOUND the battle-cry! See! the foe is nigh;
Raise the standard high for the Lord;
Gird your armour on; Stand firm, every one;
Rest your cause upon His holy word.
ff Rouse, then, soldiers! rally round the banner!
Ready! steady! pass the word along;
Onward! forward! shout a loud hosanna!
Christ is Captain of the mighty throng.

2 *f* Strong to meet the foe, Marching on we go,
While our cause, we know, must prevail;
Shield and banner bright Gleaming in the light;
Battling for the right, we ne'er can fail.
ff Rouse, then, soldiers! &c.

3 *mf* O Thou God of all! Hear us when we call;
Help us, one and all, by Thy grace;
cr. When the battle's done, And the victory won,
May we wear the crown before Thy face!
ff Rouse, then, soldiers! &c.

Hymn 408 (284.) Children of the pious dead.

7.7.7.5. D. E. J. HOPKINS, Mus. Doc.



Fear not: for they that be with us are more than they that be with them.—2 Kings vi. 16.

1 *mf* LORD, before Thy throne we bow,
And with one united vow
p To Thy sacred service now
All our lives resign.
mf Only, to each youthful heart,
Courage, patience, help impart;
Then, if Thou our Leader art,
f Glory shall be Thine.

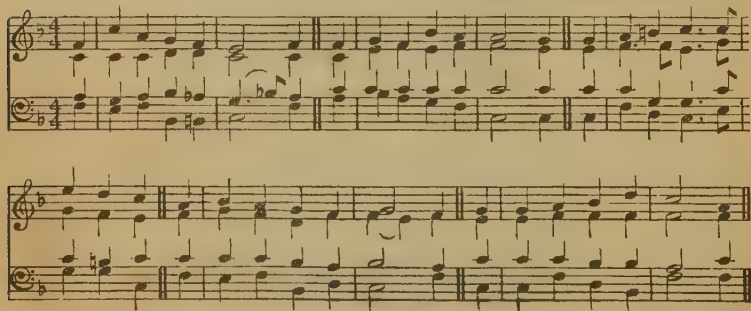
2 *mf* But can such a feeble band
Satan's gathered host withstand,
And resist with dauntless hand
All their mighty powers?
Saviour, in Thy name we go,
Thou hast conquered every foe;
f And if Thou Thy strength bestow,
Saving help is ours.

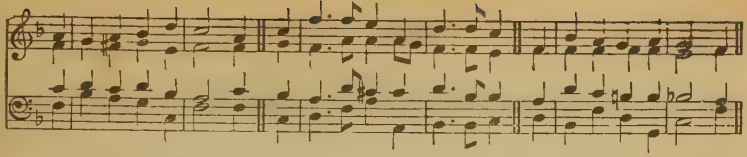
3 *mf* Far above our mortal sight,
Near Thy throne in shining light,
Happy spirits clothed in white
Strike their harps and cry:
f Jesus triumphed when He rose,
Jesus conquered all our foes;
Now His faithful hand bestows
Palms of victory.

4 *p* Saviour, if Thy cross we bear,
cr. We are sure Thy joy to share,
And with ransomed hosts to wear
f Crowns of light on high:
mf Hear us, then, we humbly pray,
Take us in our early day;
Let us by Thy banner stay
p Faithful till we die.

Hymn 409 (Tune 348.) Lucretia. 7.7.8.7.7.7.8.7.

Rev. J. CONDER NATTRASS.





If God be for us, who can be against us?—Romans viii. 31.

1 *f* BEHOLD Thy youthful army;
At Thy command we gather,
And thankful stand, a sacred band,
To serve our heavenly Father.
dim. Our lives and powers are hallowed,
To Thy high service given:
We bear that sign, and seal of Thine,
p Devoting us to heaven.

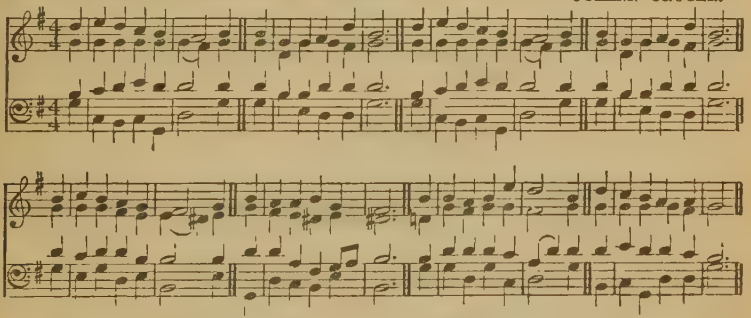
2 *mf* There stand arrayed against us
The world, the flesh, the devil;
f Great foes and strong to do us wrong,
mf And drive us to all evil.

cr. But though our foes be mighty,
If Thou, O Lord, be o'er us,
f Strong in Thy might, we'll boldly
And evil drive before us. [fight,

3 *mf* Out of the mouth of sucklings
And babes, Thou strength ordainest:
cr. In us, O Lord, fulfil this word,
Thou who all victory gainest.
When the good fight is finished,
Where sin can reach us never,
ff Crowned shall we stand, palms in our
To sing Thy love for ever. [hand,

Hymn 410 (Tune 222.) Crüger. 7.6.7.6. D.

JOHANN CRÜGER.



Go ye also into the vineyard.—Matthew xx. 4.

1 *mf* LORD of the living harvest,
That whitens o'er the plain,
Where angels soon shall gather
Their sheaves of golden grain:
Accept these hands to labour,
These hearts to trust and love,
cr. And deign with them to hasten
Thy kingdom from above.

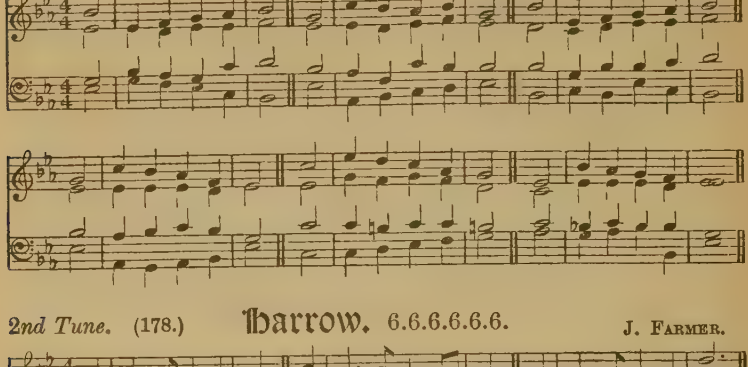
2 *mf* As labourers in Thy vineyard,
Send us out, Christ, to be
Content to bear the burden
p Of weary days for Thee;
mf We ask no other wages,
When Thou shalt call us home,
p But to have shared the travail
cr. Which makes Thy kingdom come.

3 *mf* Come down, O holy Spirit,
And fill our souls with light;
Clothe us in spotless raiment,
In linen clean and white;
Within Thy sacred temple
Be with us where we stand,
And sanctify Thy people
Throughout this happy land.

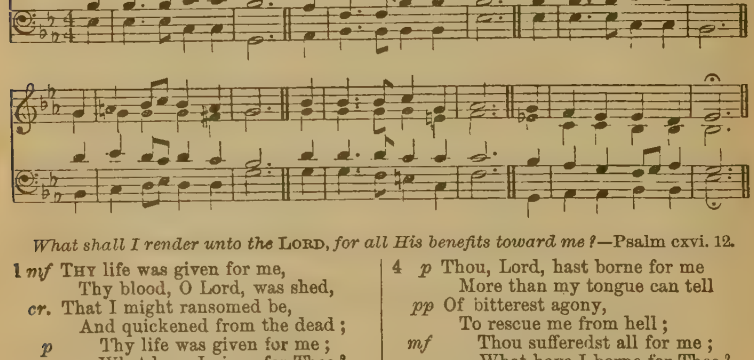
4 Be with us, God the Father!
Be with us, God the Son!
And God the Holy Spirit!
O blessèd Three in One!
cr. Make us a royal priesthood,
Thee rightly to adore,
f And fill us with Thy fulness,
Now and for evermore.

Hymn 411 (Tune 177.) Baca. 6.6.6.6.6.6.

Rev. W. H. Havergal.



2nd Tune. (178.) **Barrow.** 6.6.6.6.6.6. J. Farmer.



What shall I render unto the Lord, *for all His benefits toward me?*—Psalm cxvi. 12.

1 *mf* Thy life was given for me,
Thy blood, O Lord, was shed,
cr. That I might ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead;
p Thy life was given for me;
What have I given for Thee?

2 *p* Long years were spent for me
In weariness and woe,
That through eternity
cr. Thy glory I might know;
p Long years were spent for me;
Have I spent one for Thee?

3 *mf* The Father's home of light,
Thy rainbow-circled throne,
Were left for earthly night,
p For wanderings sad and lone;
pp Yea, all was left for me;
Have I left aught for Thee?

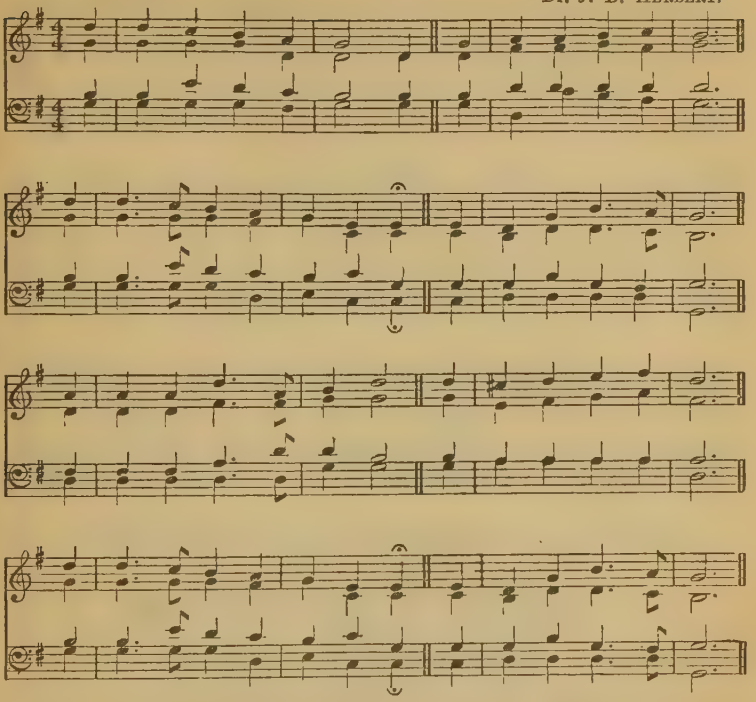
4 *p* Thou, Lord, hast borne for me
More than my tongue can tell
pp Of bitterest agony,
To rescue me from hell;
mf Thou sufferedst all for me;
What have I borne for Thee?

5 And Thou hast brought to me
Down from Thy home above
f Salvation full and free,
Thy pardon and Thy love;
mf Great gifts Thou broughtest me,
p What have I brought to Thee?

6 *mf* O let my life be given,
My years for Thee be spent;
World-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent;
cr. Thou gav'st Thyself for me,
I give myself to Thee.

Hymn 412 (Tune 267.) Herbert. 7.6.8.6.7.6.8.6.

Dr. J. B. Herbert.



To serve the Lord *thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul.*—Deuteronomy x. 12.

1 *mf* What can I give to Jesus,
Who gave Himself for me?
How can I show my love to Him
p Who died on Calvary?
mf Myself I give to Jesus,
Who gave Himself for me:
Thus will I show my love to Him
pp Who died on Calvary.

2 *mf* I give my mind to Jesus,
To think upon His word;
That I may learn His holy will,
And truly love the Lord.
This will I give to Jesus, &c.

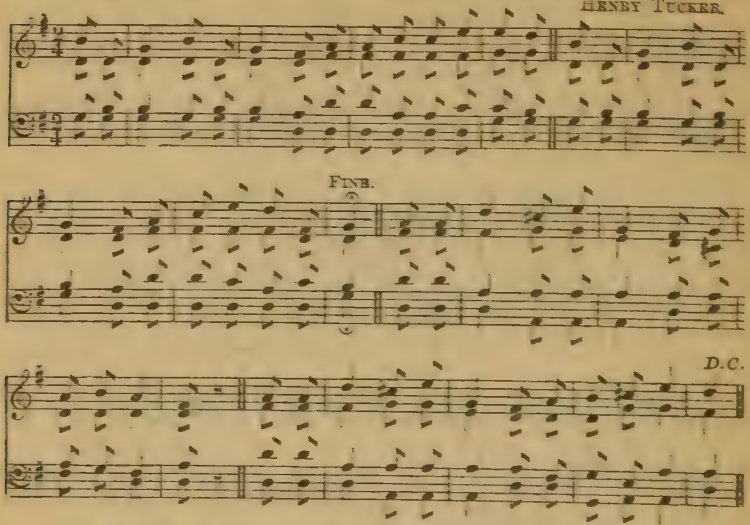
3 *mf* I give my heart to Jesus,
To love Him ever best;
And trusting in His dying love,
Hope to be ever blest.
This will I give to Jesus, &c.

4 I give my life to Jesus,
cr. My strength and health and all;
f Assured He'll be my constant Friend,
Whatever may befall.
This will I give to Jesus, &c.

5 *mf* Thy Spirit give, Lord Jesus,
To strengthen me for this;
That I may have Thy loving smile,
And share Thine endless bliss.
cr. Then shall I give to Jesus
f A song more sweet, more free;
dim. And ever show my love to Him
Who died on Calvary.

Hymn 413 (Tune 523.) To and fro. 14.13.12.12.14.13.

HENRY TUCKER.



And children: let them praise the name of the LORD.—Psalm cxlviii. 12, 13.

1 *mf* To and fro, to and fro, hear the tread of little children,
As they go, as they go; busy march of busy feet!
cr. Here and there, everywhere, joyous song we're singing;
Loud and clear, full of cheer, happy tones are ringing.
To and fro, to and fro, &c.

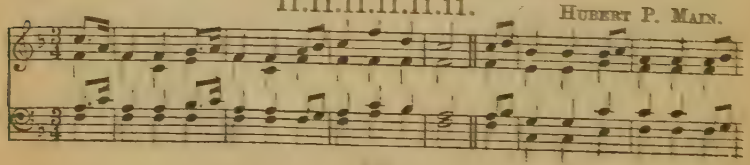
2 *mf* To and fro, to and fro, hear the tread of little children,
As they go, as they go; busy march of busy feet!
cr. We will tell, we will tell of the wondrous story,
f While we raise songs of praise to our Lord in glory.
To and fro, to and fro, &c.

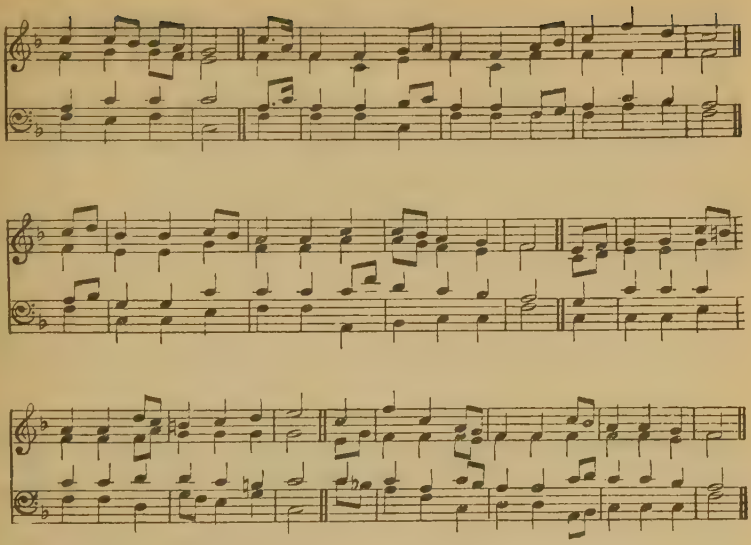
3 *mf* To and fro, to and fro, hear the tread of little children
As they go, as they go; busy march of busy feet!
Through the world, through the world, doing angels' duty
Bright and fair, bright and fair, clothed in angel beauty.
To and fro, to and fro, &c.

Hymn 414 (Tune 518.) Go, work to-day.

11.11.11.11.11.11.

HUBERT P. MAIN.





Son, go work to-day in my vineyard.—Matthew xxi. 28.

1 *mf* Go work in My vineyard, the Master saith, Go!
The fruitage is ripening with rich, ruddy glow;
The sun of the morning is now in the west,
The day's early gleaners are fainting for rest;
cr. With holy compassion and hearts all aglow,
Go work in My vineyard, the Master saith, Go!

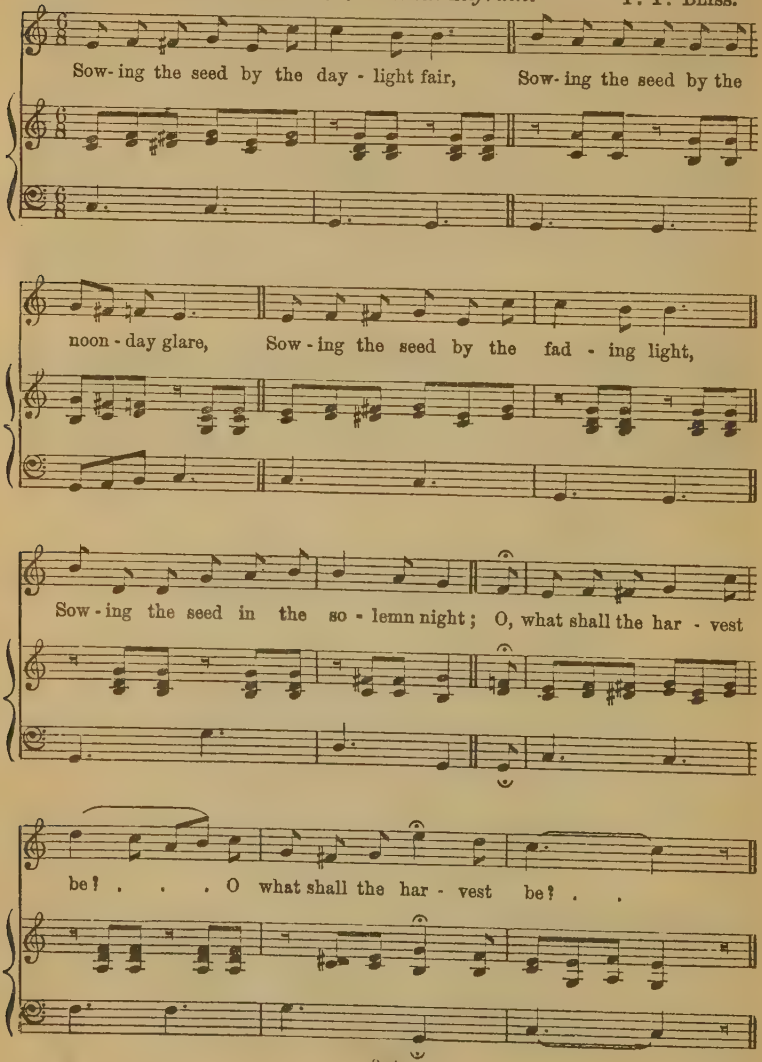
2 *mf* O, heed now the calling; up, while it is day;
dim. Perhaps in life's dawning thy strength may decay;
mf Then give unto Jesus the dew of thy youth,
And seek through His mercy the sunlight of truth;
cr. With holy compassion and hearts all aglow,
Go work in My vineyard, the Master saith, Go!

3 *f* O, haste to the vineyard; the Master's own voice
Has called you to duty; He'll bid you rejoice
When, safe in His kingdom, on heaven's bright shore,
The fruitage is gathered, and labour is o'er;
mf With holy compassion, and hearts all aglow,
O, haste to the vineyard, the Master saith, Go!

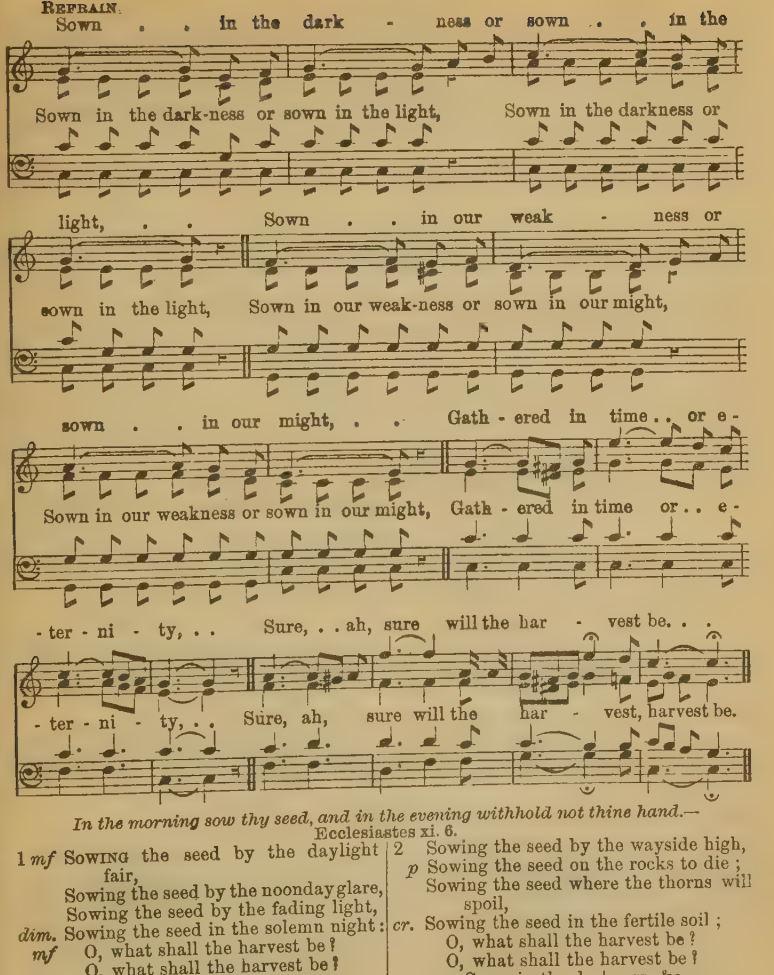
4 *f* For ever in glory the faithful shall sing
'Our day's work was given to Jesus our King;
And, through the rich fulness of faith in His love
The vintage is gathered, and garnered above;
We entered the vineyard with hearts all aglow,
And toiled for our Master, when Jesus said, Go!

Hymn 415 (Tune 467.) What shall the harvest be?

9.9.9.9.7.7. *With Refrain.* P. P. BLISS.


Sow-ing the seed by the day-light fair, Sow-ing the seed by the
noon-day glare, Sow-ing the seed by the fad-ing light,
Sow-ing the seed in the so-lemn night; O, what shall the har-vest
be? . . . O what shall the har-vest be? . .

REFRAIN.


Sown . . in the dark - ness or sown . . in the
Sown in the dark-ness or sown in the light, Sown in the darkness or
light, . . Sown . . in our weak - ness or
sown in the light, Sown in our weak-ness or sown in our might,
sown . . in our might, . . Gath - ered in time . . or e -
Sown in our weakness or sown in our might, Gath - ered in time or . . e -
- ter - ni - ty, . . Sure, . . ah, sure will the har - vest be. . .
- ter - ni - ty, . . Sure, ah, sure will the har - vest, harvest be.

In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand.—
Ecclesiastes xi. 6.

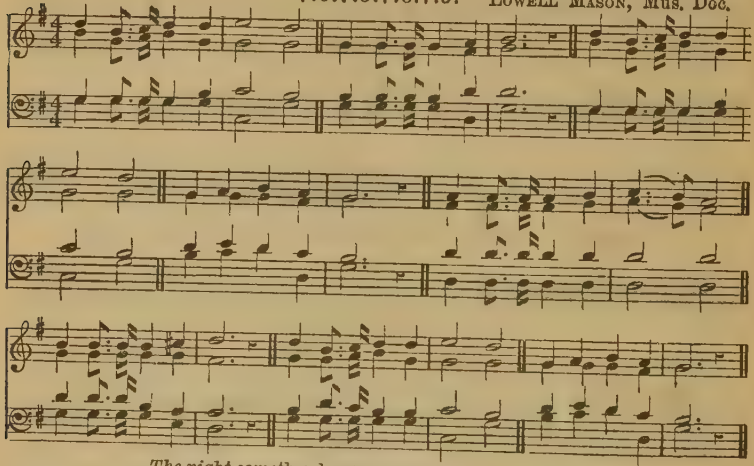
1 *mf* SOWING the seed by the daylight fair,
Sowing the seed by the noonday glare,
Sowing the seed by the fading light,
dim. Sowing the seed in the solemn night:
mf O, what shall the harvest be?
O, what shall the harvest be?
Sown in the darkness, &c.

2 *p* Sowing the seed by the wayside high,
Sowing the seed on the rocks to die;
Sowing the seed where the thorns will spoil,
cr. Sowing the seed in the fertile soil;
O, what shall the harvest be?
O, what shall the harvest be?
Sown in the darkness, &c.

3 *p* Sowing the seed with aching heart,
Sowing the seed while the tear-drops start,
cr. Sowing the seed till the reapers come,
Gladly to gather the harvest home:
O, what shall the harvest be?
O, what shall the harvest be?
Sown in the darkness, &c.

Hymn 416 (Tune 209.) Work, for the night is coming.

7.6.7.5.7.6.7.5. LOWELL MASON, Mus. Doc.



The night cometh, when no man can work.—John ix. 4.

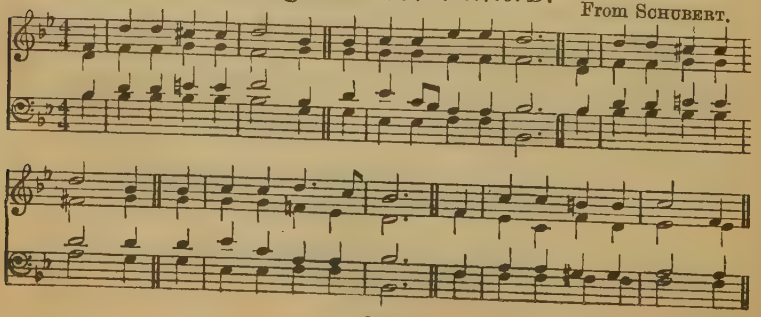
1 *mf* WORK, for the night is coming!
Work through the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers;
cr. Work when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
dim. Work, for the night is coming,
p When man's work is done.

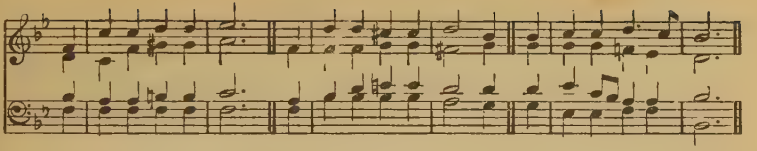
2 *mf* Work, for the night is coming;
Work through the sunny noon,
Fill brightest hours with labour.
Rest comes sure and soon;
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
dim. Work, for the night is coming,
p When man works no more.

3 *mf* Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
dim. Work, till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth, to shine no more;
dim. Work, while the night is darkening,
pp When man's work is o'er.

Hymn 417 (Tune 226.) Fairford. 7.6.7.6. D.

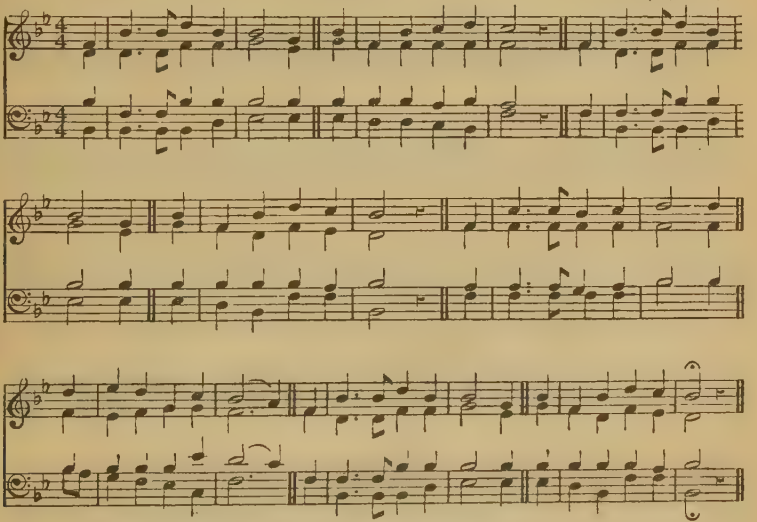
From SCHUBERT.





2nd Tune. (242.) **Stand up! Stand up for Jesus!**

7.6.7.6. D. J. G. WEBB.



He that overcometh shall inherit all things.—Revelation xxi. 7.

1 *f* STAND up! stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

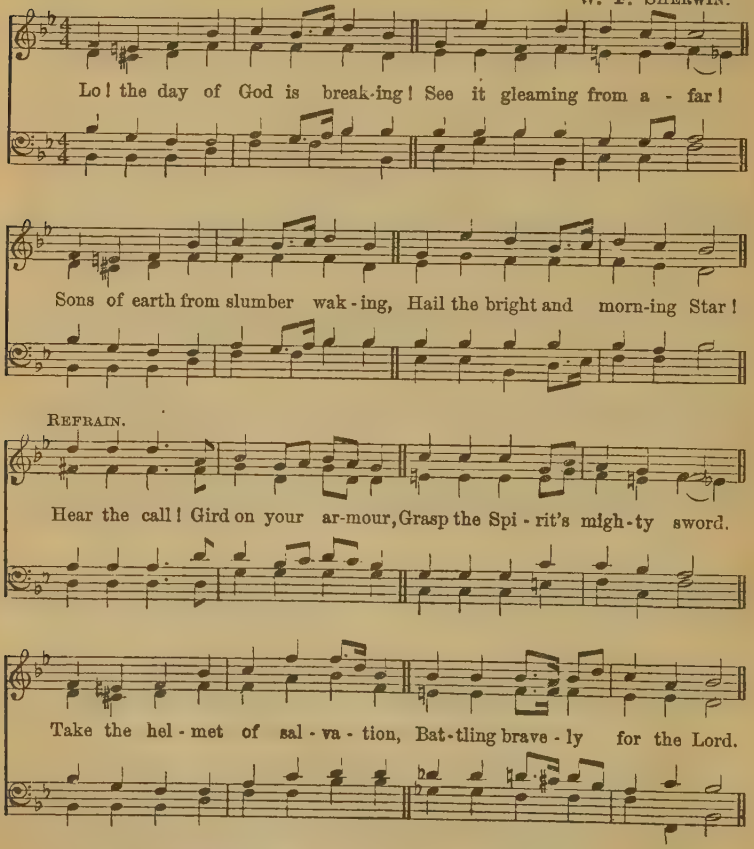
2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet-call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day:
Ye that are men now serve Him
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 *mf* Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
dim. The arm of flesh will fail you;
p Ye dare not trust your own:
cr. Put on the Christian's armour,
And watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 *f* Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song;
To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be:
ff He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

Hymn 418 (Tune 427.) Hear the call. 8.7.8.7. D.

W. F. SHERWIN.


Lo! the day of God is break-ing! See it gleaming from a - far!
Sons of earth from slumber wak-ing, Hail the bright and morn-ing Star!
REFRAIN.
Hear the call! Gird on your ar-mour, Grasp the Spi - rit's migh-ty sword.
Take the hel - met of sal - va - tion, Bat-tling brave - ly for the Lord.

And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit.—Ephesians vi. 17.

1 *mf* Lo! the day of God is breaking;
See it gleaming from afar;
cr. Sons of earth, from slumber waking,
Hail the bright and morning Star!
f Hear the call! &c.

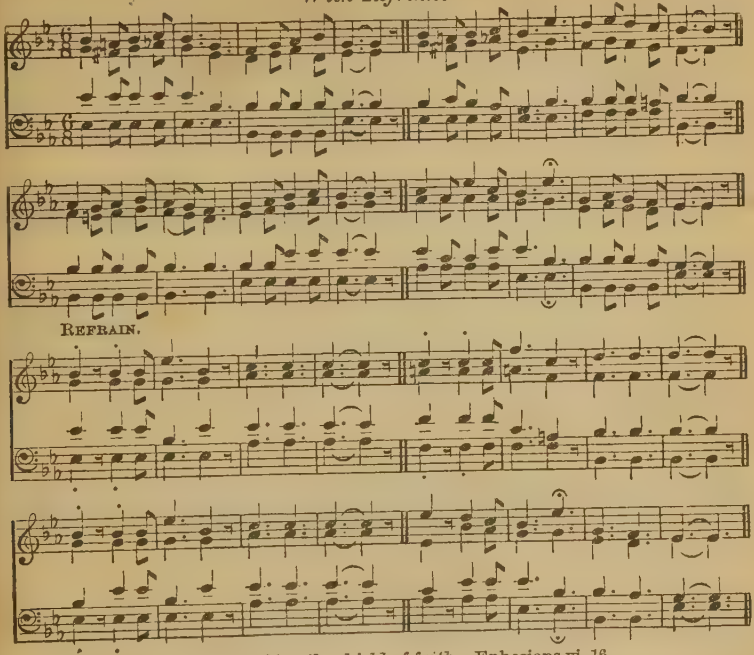
2 *f* Trust in Him who is your Captain;
Let no heart in terror quail;
Jesus leads the gathering legions,
In His name we shall prevail.
Hear the call! &c.

3 *f* Onward marching, firm and steady,
Faint not, fear not Satan's frown;
For the Lord is with you alway,
Till you wear the victor's crown.
Hear the call! &c.

4 *mf* Conquering hosts with banners waving,
Sweeping on o'er hill and plain,
cr. Ne'er shall halt till swells the anthem,
f Christ o'er all the world doth reign!
ff Hear the call! &c.

Hymn 419 (Tune 517.) Strike for victory. 11.11.11.11.

With Refrain. W. H. DOANE.



Above all, taking the shield of faith.—Ephesians vi. 16.

1 *mf* STRIKE! O strike for victory, Soldiers of the Lord,
Hoping in His mercy, Trusting in His word;
Lift the Gospel banner High above the world;
Let its folds of beauty Ever be unfurled.
f Strike! strike for victory, heroes bold;
Strike! till the victory you behold,
Strike! strike for victory, ne'er give o'er;
Rest then in glory evermore!

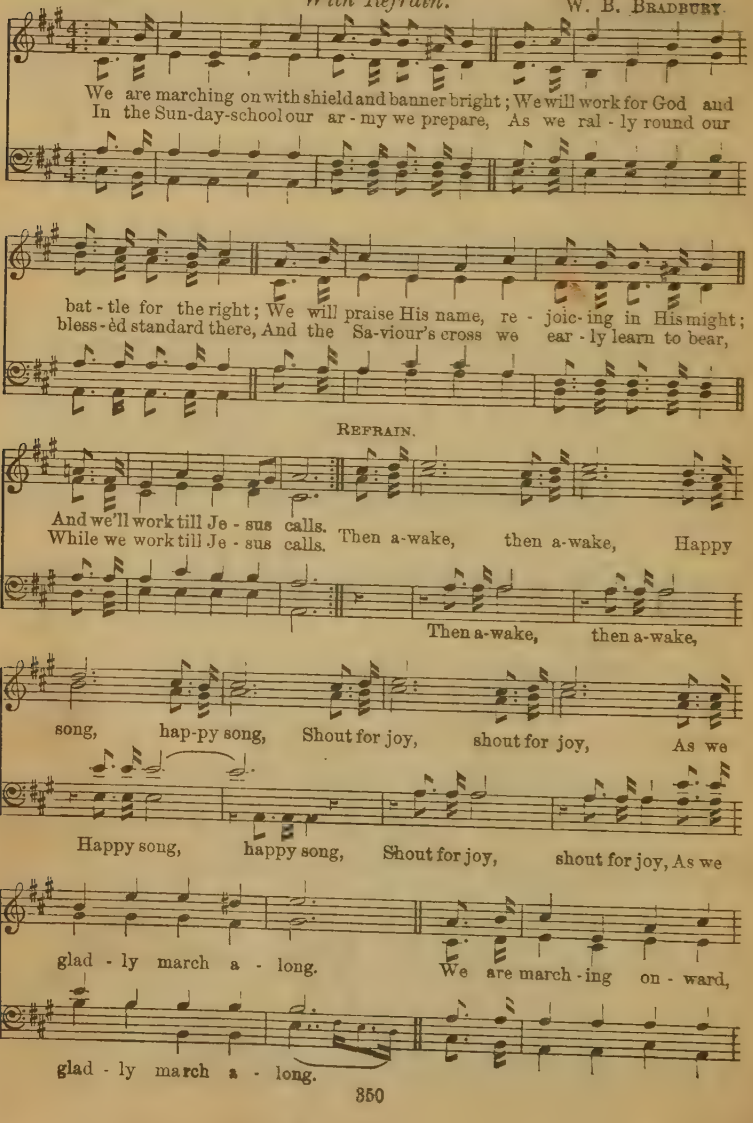
2 What, though raging lions Meet us on the way,
Zionward we're marching, Toward the gates of day;
Ever pressing onward, Onward to the light,
Till we reach the Jordan With our home in sight.
Strike! strike for victory, &c.

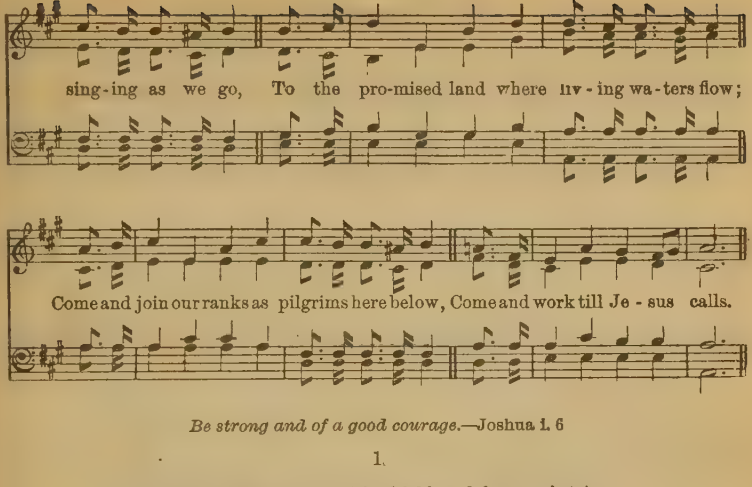
3 *mf* Strike! O strike for victory, Heroes of the cross,
Sacrificing pleasure, Glorying in loss;
cr. Bind the helmet stronger, Tighter grasp the sword;
f Conquering and to conquer, Battle for the Lord.
Strike! strike for victory, &c.

4 Hand to hand united, Heart to heart as one,
Let us still keep marching Till our journey's done,
Till we see the angels Come in glory down,
With the shining garments And the victor's crown.
ff Strike! strike for victory, &c.

Hymn 420 (Tune 512.) Marching on. 11.11.11.7. D.

With Refrain. W. B. BRADBURY.


We are marching on with shield and banner bright; We will work for God and
In the Sun-day-school our ar - my we prepare, As we ral - ly round our
bat - tle for the right; We will praise His name, re - joic - ing in His might;
bless - èd standard there, And the Sa-viour's cross we ear - ly learn to bear,
REFRAIN.
And we'll work till Je - sus calls.
While we work till Je - sus calls. Then a-wake, then a-wake, Happy
Then a-wake, then a-wake,
song, hap-py song, Shout for joy, shout for joy, As we
Happy song, happy song, Shout for joy, shout for joy, As we
glad - ly march a - long. We are march - ing on - ward,
glad - ly march a - long.


sing-ing as we go, To the pro-mised land where liv-ing wa-ters flow;
Come and join our ranks as pilgrims here below, Come and work till Je-sus calls.

Be strong and of a good courage.—Joshua i. 6

1.

mf We are marching on with shield and banner bright;
We will work for God and battle for the right;
f We will praise His name, rejoicing in His might;
And we'll work till Jesus calls.
In the Sunday-school our army we prepare,
As we rally round our blessèd standard there,
p And the Saviour's cross we early learn to bear,
or. While we work till Jesus calls.
f Then awake, &c.

2.

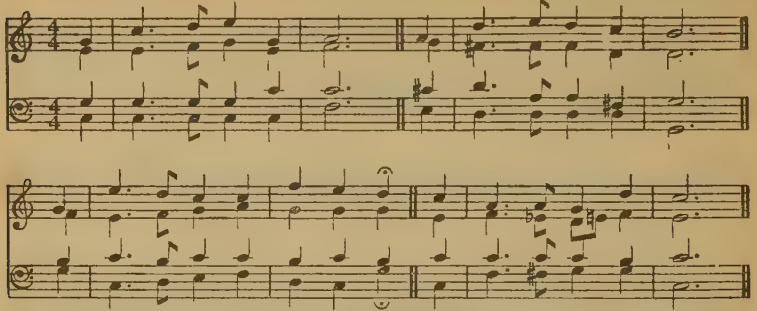
mf We are marching on; our Captain, ever near,
Will protect us still; His cheering voice we hear;
f Let the foe advance, we'll never, never fear,
For we'll work till Jesus calls.
Then awake, awake, our happy, happy song;
We will shout for joy, and gladly march along;
ff In the Lord of hosts let every heart be strong,
While we work till Jesus calls.
Then awake, &c.

3.

mf We are marching on the strait and narrow way.
That will lead to life and everlasting day,
To the smiling fields that never will decay;
But we'll work till Jesus calls.
f We are marching on and pressing toward the prize,
To a glorious crown beyond the glowing skies;
To the radiant fields where pleasure never dies,
And we'll work till Jesus calls.
ff Then awake, &c.

Hymn 421 (Tune 9.) St. Margaret. D.8.M.

Rev. S. J. P. Dunman.



Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God.—Ephesians vi. 13.

1 *f* Soldiers of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His eternal Son;
Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in His mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

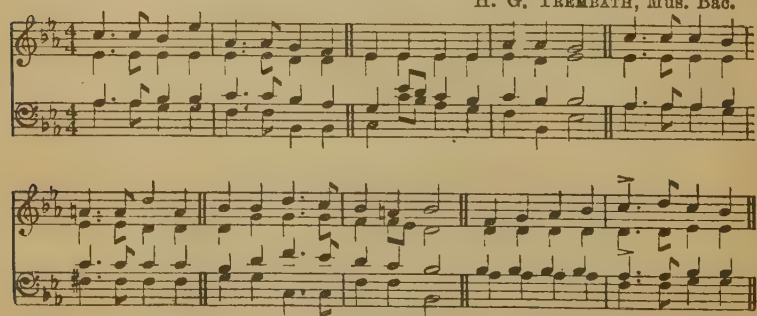
2 Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued:
mf But take, to arm you for the fight
The panoply of God:
Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul,
Take every virtue, every grace,
f And fortify the whole.

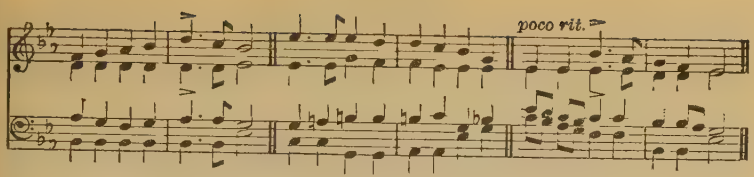
3 *mf* To keep your armour bright,
Attend with constant care,
Still walking in your Captain's sight,
p And watching unto prayer.
To God your every want
mf In instant prayer display:
Pray always; pray, and never faint;
Pray, without ceasing pray!

4 *f* From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle and fight and pray,
Tread all the powers of darkness down
And win the well-fought day;
Still let the Spirit cry
In all His soldiers, 'Come,'
Till Christ the Lord descend from high,
And take the conquerors home.

Hymn 422 (Tune 434.) Woodlands. 8.7.8.7. D.

H. G. Trembath, Mus. Bac.





They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.—Psalm cxxvi. 5.

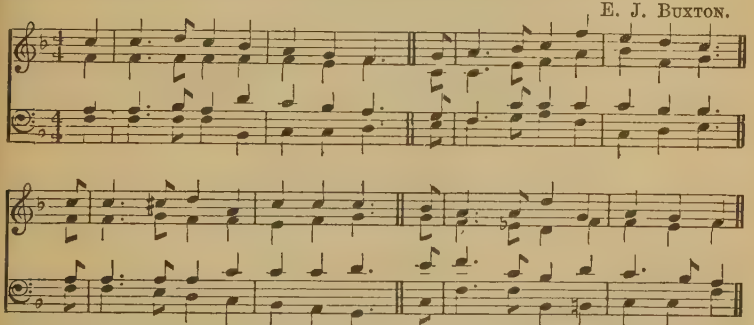
1 *mf* FATHER, from Thy throne in glory,
Where Thou reign'st the God of love,
See us worshipping before Thee,
Now our reverent act approve:
Joined in bonds of holy union,
Knit by living faith to Thee,
p Sanctify our sweet communion,
Ever-blessèd Trinity.

2 *mf* By Thy hallowing inspiration
Every teacher's heart illume;
cr. By Thy brightest revelation
Scatter all our mental gloom:
Give to each the signs attesting
Work accepted of the Lord;
mf Give the faith of spirits resting
On Thine own eternal word.

3 *p* Often have we gone forth weeping,
Bearing precious gospel seed;
cr. Hasten, Lord, the time of reaping,
Days of plenteous gathering speed,
When, the fruits of labour sharing,
f Joyfully again we come,
Sheaves of souls immortal bearing,
ff Sweetly singing, 'Harvest home!'

Hymn 423 (Tune 71.) Anthems sweet. L.M.

E. J. BUXTON.



For by one Spirit are we all baptized into one body.—1 Corinthians xii. 13.

FOR TEACHERS.

1 *mf* LOVE is the theme of saints above;
Love be the theme of saints below;
Love is of God, for God is love;
With love let every bosom glow:

2 Love, stronger than the grasp of death;
Love that rejoices o'er the grave;
Love to the Author of our breath;
Love to the Son, who came to save;

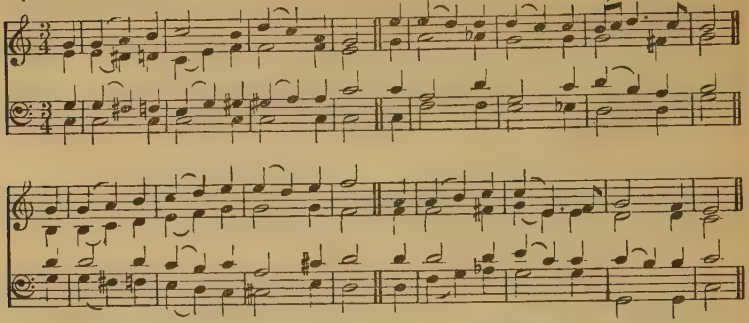
3 Love to the Spirit of all grace;
Love to the Scriptures of all truth;
Love to our whole apostate race,
Love to the aged, love to youth;

4 Love to each other: soul and mind,
And heart and hand, with full accord,
In one sweet covenant combined
p To live and die unto the Lord.

5 *p* Christ's little flock we then shall feed;
The lambs we in our arms shall bear,
Reclaim the lost, the feeble lead,
And watch o'er all in faith and prayer.

6 *cr.* Thus through our isle, on all our bands
The beauty of the Lord shall be;
f And Britain, glory of all lands,
Plant Sabbath-schools from sea to sea.

Hymn 424 (Tune 90.) Trinity. L.M. PIERACCINI.



The fire shall ever be burning upon the altar; it shall never go out.—Leviticus vi. 13.

1 *p* O THOU who camest from above
The pure celestial fire to impart,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
On the mean altar of my heart!

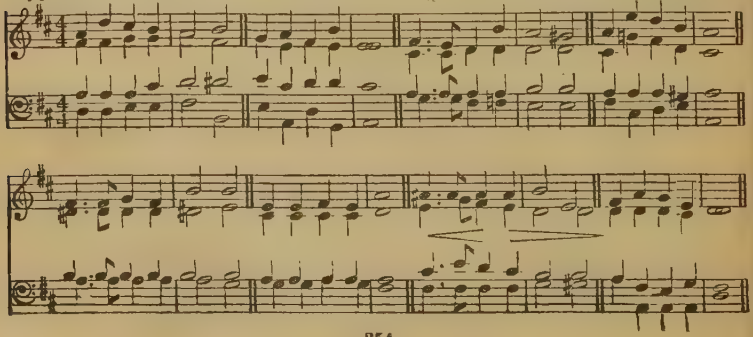
2 *mf* There let it for Thy glory burn
With inextinguishable blaze;
And trembling to its source return,
p In humble prayer and fervent praise.

3 *cr.* Jesus, confirm my heart's desire
To work, and speak, and think for Thee;
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up Thy gift in me;

4 *mf* Ready for all Thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat,
p Till death Thine endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifice complete.

Hymn 425 (Tune 142.) Day-Spring. 6.5.6.5. D.

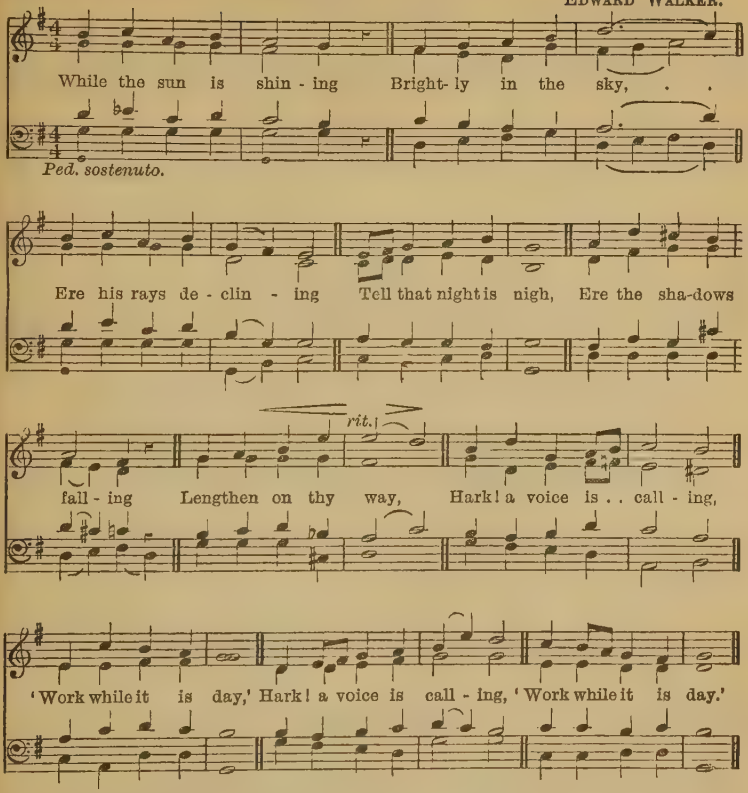
By permission from *The Hymnary*. J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.



2nd Tune. (154.)

Sunshine. 6.5.6.5. D.

EDWARD WALKER.


While the sun is shin - ing Bright- ly in the sky, . .
Ped. sostenuto.
Ere his rays de - clin - ing Tell that night is nigh, Ere the sha-dows
rit.
fall - ing Lengthen on thy way, Hark! a voice is . . call - ing,
'Work while it is day,' Hark! a voice is call - ing, 'Work while it is day.'

And ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their lord.—Luke xii. 36.

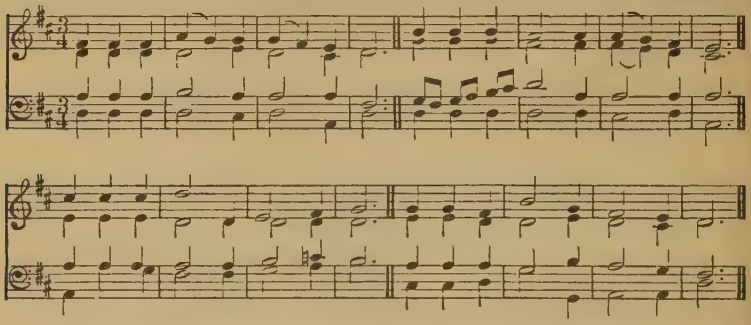
1 *mf* WHILE the sun is shining
Brightly in the sky,
Ere its rays declining
Tell that night is nigh;
Ere the shadows falling
Lengthen on thy way,
p Hark! a voice is calling,
'Work while it is day.'

2 *mf* Work, but not in sadness,
For your Lord above;
cr. He will make it gladness
With His smile of love:
When that Lord returning
Knocketh at the gate,
mf Let your lights be burning,
Be like men who wait.

3 *f* Happy then the meeting
When you see His face;
Welcome then the greeting
From the throne of grace:
'Good and faithful servants,
Of my Father blest,
Now your work is ended,
Enter into rest.'

Hymn 426 (Tune 91.) Wavertree. L.M.

W. SHORE.



The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away.—1 Peter i. 24.

1 *mf* THE morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noontide heats,
As fearless of the evening cold.

2 *p* Nipt by the wind's unkindly blast,
Parched by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
pp The short-lived beauties die away.

3 *mf* So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows;
Fairer than spring the colours shine,
And sweeter than the virgin rose.

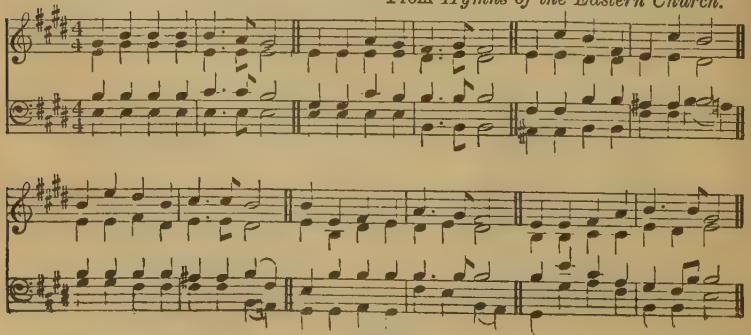
4 Or worn by slowly rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,
dim. The fading glory disappears,
pp The short-lived beauties die away.

5 *mf* Yet these, new rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine;
cr. Revive with ever-during bloom,
f Safe from diseases and decline.

6 Let sickness blast, let death devour,
If heaven must recompense our pains:
Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
If firm the word of God remains.

Hymn 427 (Tune 331.) Paraclete. 7.7.7.7.7.7.

From *Hymns of the Eastern Church.*



Then shall I know even as also I am known.—1 Corinthians xiii. 12.

1 *mf* WHEN this passing world is done,
When has sunk yon radiant sun,
When I stand with Christ on high,
Looking o'er life's history:
cr. Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then, how much I owe.

2 *mf* When I stand before the throne,
Clad in beauty not my own;
When I see Thee as Thou art,
Love Thee with unsinning heart:
cr. Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then, how much I owe.

3 When the praise of heaven I hear,
f Loud as thunder to the ear,
Loud as many waters' noise,
mf Sweet as harp's melodious voice:
cr. Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then, how much I owe.

4 *mf* E'en on earth, as through a glass
Darkly let Thy glory pass;
Make forgiveness feel so sweet,
Make Thy Spirit's help so meet:
cr. E'en on earth, Lord, let me know
Something of the debt I owe.

5 *mf* Chosen not for good in me,
Wakened up from wrath to flee;
p Hidden in the Saviour's side,
mf By the Spirit sanctified;
Teach me, Lord, on earth to show
p By my love how much I owe.

Hymn 428 (Tune 390.) St. Sylvester. 8.7.8.7.

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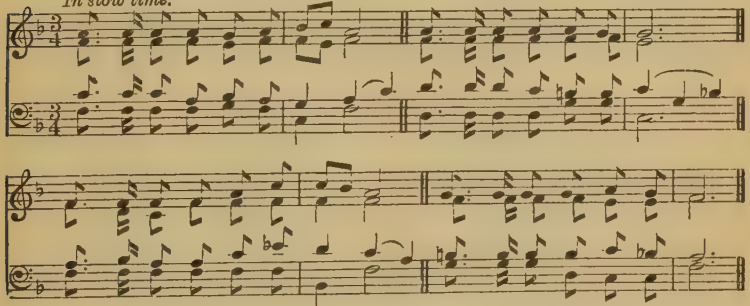
In slow time.



We spend our years as a tale that is told.—Psalm xc. 9.

1 *mf* DAYS and moments quickly flying
Blend the living with the dead;
Soon will you and I be lying
p Each within his narrow bed.

2 Soon our souls to God, who gave them,
Will have sped their rapid flight:
cr. Able now by grace to save them,
O, that while we can we might!

3 *mf* Jesu, infinite Redeemer,
Maker of this wondrous frame,
Teach, O teach us to remember
What we are and whence we came;

4 Whence we came, and whither wending:
p Soon we must through darkness go,
cr. To inherit bliss unending,
p Or eternity of woe.

Hymn 429 (Tune 13.) Chalvey. D.S.M.

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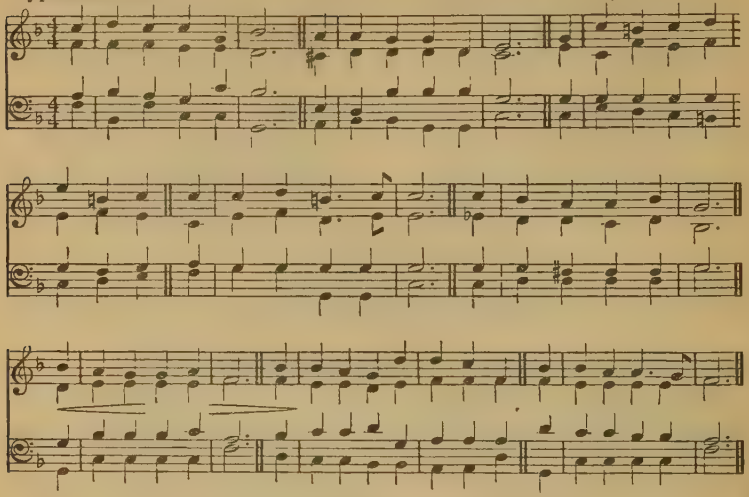


Teach us to number our days.—Psalm xc. 12.

1 *mf* A few more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
dim. And we shall be with those that rest
p Asleep within the tomb.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
cr. O! wash me in Thy precious blood,
p And take my sins away!

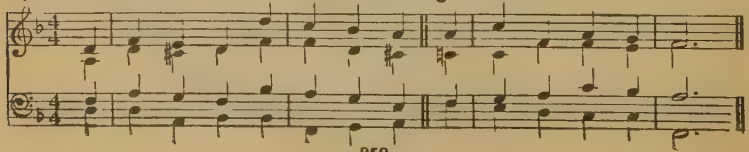
2 *mf* A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time;
And we shall be where suns are not,
p A far serener clime!
Then, O my Lord, prepare, &c.

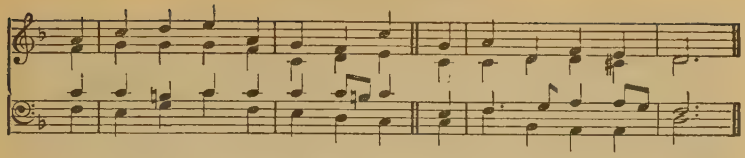
3 *mf* A few more storms shall beat
On this wild, rocky shore;
cr. And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more.
Then, O my Lord, prepare, &c.

4 *p* A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
cr. And we shall weep no more.
Then, O my Lord, prepare, &c.

5 *mf* A few more Sabbaths here
cr. Shall cheer us on our way;
And we shall reach the endless rest,
The eternal Sabbath-day.
p Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
O! wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away!

Hymn 430 (Tune 43.) St. Mary. C.M.





Prepare to meet thy God.—Amos iv. 12.

1 *p* DEATH has been here, and borne away
A scholar from our side!
Just in the morning of life's day,
pp One young as we has died.

2 *p* Perhaps our time may be as short,
Our days may fly as fast;
dim. O Lord, impress the solemn thought,
pp This day may be our last.

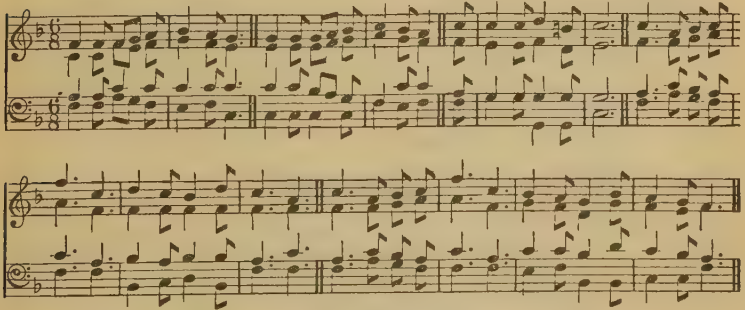
3 *mf* May we come up with willing feet
To meet our Saviour here,
And wait around the mercy-seat
cr. With hope as well as fear.

4 *mf* All needful strength is Thine to give;
To Thee our souls apply
For grace to teach us how to live,
p And make us fit to die.

5 *mf* Lord, to Thy wisdom and Thy care
May we resign our days;
cr. Content to live and serve Thee here,
Or die, and sing Thy praise.

Hymn 431 (Tune 274.) Joyful. 7.7.6. *With Refrain.*

REFRAIN.



Our light affliction . . . is but for a moment.—2 Corinthians iv. 17.

1 *mf* HERE we suffer grief and pain,
Here we meet to part again,
In heaven we part no more.
f O! that will be joyful,
Joyful, joyful, joyful,
O! that will be joyful,
When we meet to part no more.

2 *mf* All who love the Lord below,
When they die to heaven will go,
And sing with saints above.
f O! that will be joyful, &c.

3 *mf* Little children will be there,
Who have sought the Lord by prayer,
From every land below.
f O! that will be joyful, &c.

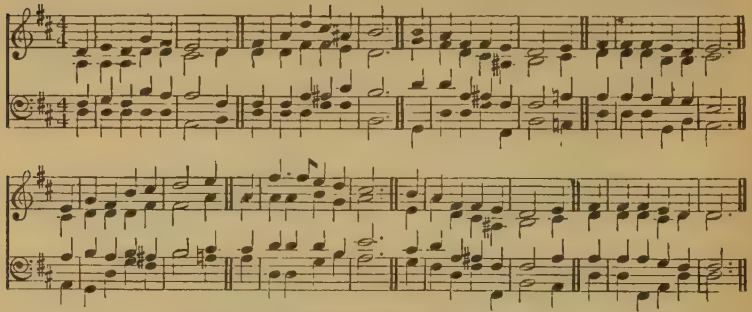
4 *mf* Teachers, too, will meet above,
Pastors, parents, whom we love,
Will meet to part no more.
f O! that will be joyful, &c.

5 *f* O! how happy we shall be,
For our Saviour we shall see,
Exalted on His throne.
O! that will be joyful, &c.

6 *f* There we all shall sing with joy,
And eternity employ
In praising Christ the Lord.
cr. O! that will be joyful,
Joyful, joyful, joyful,
O! that will be joyful,
When we meet to part no more.

Hymn 432 (Tune 225.) Ewing. 7.6.7.6. D.

ALEXANDER EWING.



The holy city, new Jerusalem.—Revelation xxi. 2.

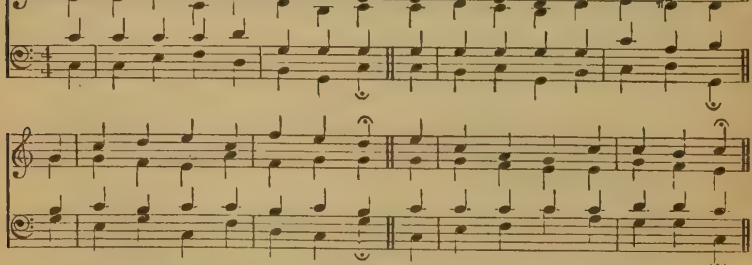
1 *mf* JERUSALEM the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath Thy contemplation
dim. Sink heart and voice oppressed.
cr. I know not, O I know not
What social joys are there,
What radiancy of glory,
mf What bliss beyond compare!

2 *f* They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
dim And all the martyr throng;
cr. The Prince is ever in them;
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessèd
mf Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 *mf* There is the throne of David,
And there, from care released,
f The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast;
And they who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

Hymn 433 (Tune 93.) Winchester. L.M.

CRASSELIUS, 1650.



That where I am, there ye may be also.—John xiv. 3.

1 *mf* I SHALL be with Thee where Thou art,
Jesus, my Saviour and my Lord;
For never wilt Thou say, Depart!
To those who love and keep Thy word.

2 I shall be with Thee where Thou art,
To praise Thee for Thy love divine;
p When Thou hast made my sinful heart [Thine.
cr. Perfect and pure and good, like

3 *mf* I shall be with Thee where Thou art,
To dwell within Thy blessed abode;
cr. Where nothing shall Thy ransomed part [God.
f From Thee, and from their Father,

4 *mf* I shall be with Thee where Thou art,
My Father's house within the skies;
And with those dearest to my heart
Walk in Thy promised paradise.

5 I shall be with Thee to behold
The glory God to Thee hath given;
Not gems, not perishable gold,
But the eternal throne of heaven.

6 I shall be with Thee to adore,
Worship, and serve, like those above,
cr. And with more knowledge love Thee more,
p Through an eternity of love.

Hymn 434 (Tune 264.) Alford. 7.6.8.6.7.6.8.6.

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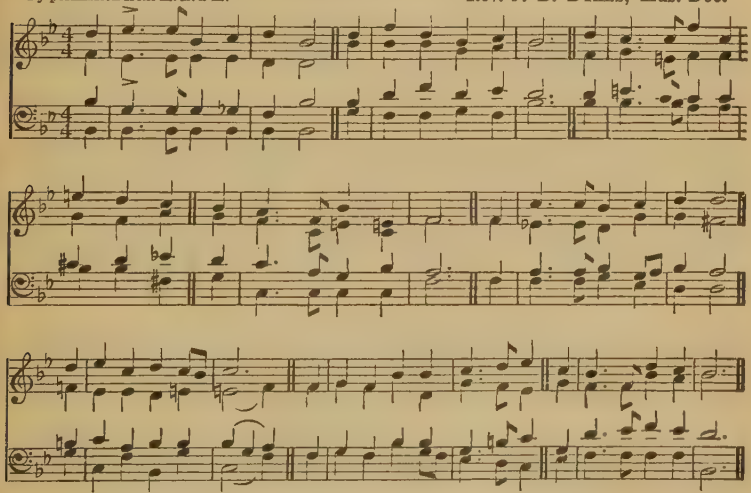


For the former things are passed away.—Revelation xxi. 4.

1 *f* Ten thousand times ten thousand,
In shining raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light:
mf 'Tis finished! all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin;
f Lift up, lift up, ye golden gates,
And let the victors in

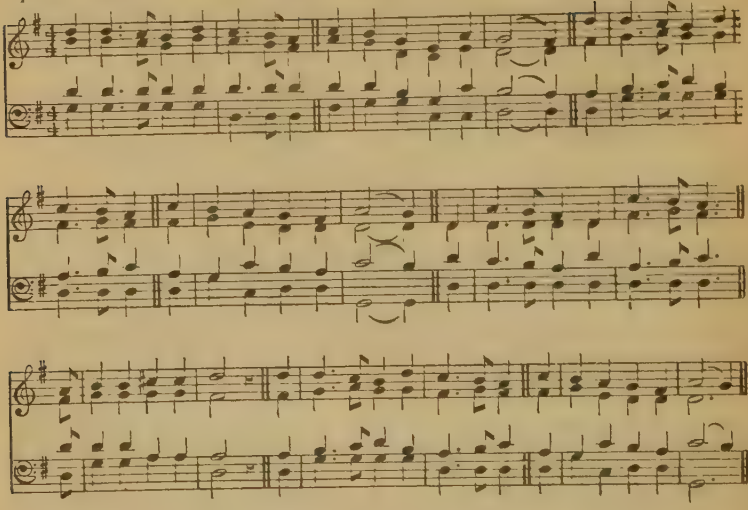
2 What rush of alleluias
Fills all the earth and sky!
What harping of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
O day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made!
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousandfold repaid!

3 *mf* O, then, what rapturous greetings
On Canaan's happy shore,
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more!
f Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,
mf That flowed with tears of late;
cr. Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

4 *p* Bring near Thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain,
cr. Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
f Then take Thy power and reign:
mf Appear, Desire of nations,
p Thine exiles long for home; [sign;
cr. Show in the heavens Thy promised
f Thou Prince and Saviour come!

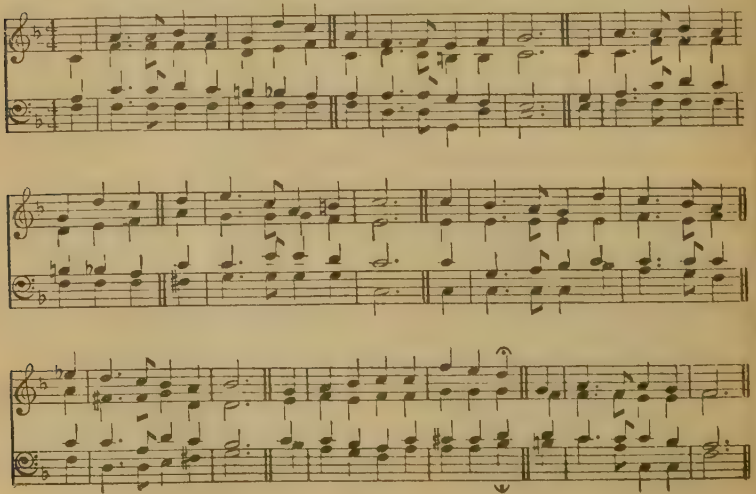
Hymn 435 (Tune 58.) Beulah. D.C.M.

Greek Melody.



2nd Tune. (59.) Land of Rest. D.C.M.

R. S. Newman.



A city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.—Hebrews xi. 10.

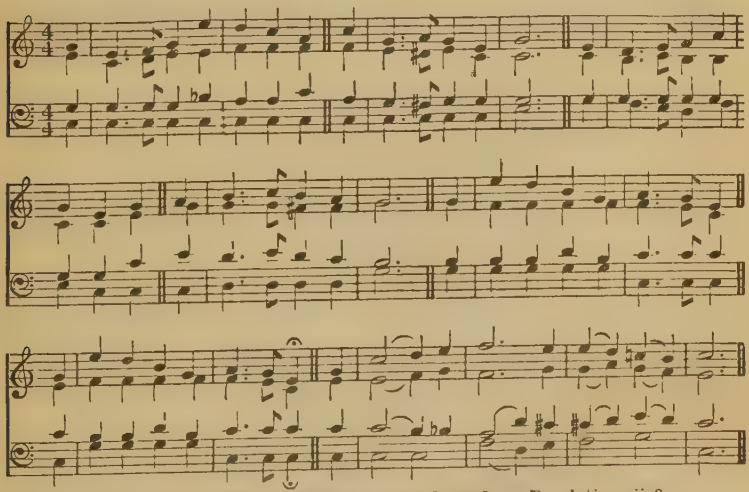
1 *mf* JERUSALEM, my happy home!
Name ever dear to me;
When shall my labours have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?
When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold,
cr. Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

2 *mf* There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats, through rude and stormy scenes,
I onward press to you.
Why should I shrink from pain and woe?
p Or feel at death dismay?
cr. I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
f And realms of endless day.

3 *f* Apostles, martyrs, prophets there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.
mf Jerusalem, my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
cr. Then shall my labours have an end,
f When I thy joys shall see.

Hymn 436 (Tune 375.) Redemption. 8.6.8.6.8.8.8.

P. R. RICHARDS.



Lo, a great multitude which no man could number.—Revelation vii. 9.

1 *mf* TEN thousand times ten thousand sung
Their anthems round the throne,
dim. When lo! one solitary tongue
Began a song unknown;
A song unknown to angels' ears,
cr. A song that spoke of banished fears,
p Of pardoned sins, of dried-up tears.

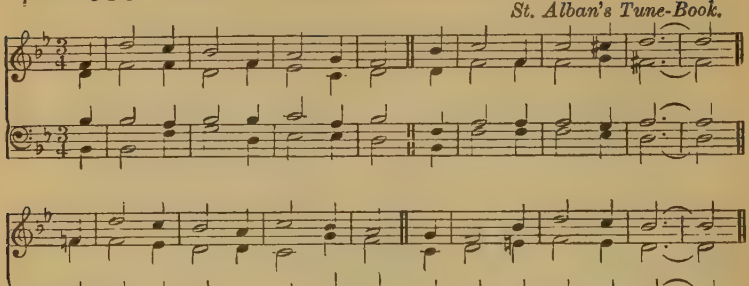
2 *mf* Not one of all that heavenly host
Could such high notes attain;
But spirits from a distant coast
United in the strain:
p Till he who first began the song,
cr. To sing alone not suffered long,
f Was mingled in a countless throng.

3 *mf* And still, as hours are fleeting by,
The angels ever bear
Some newly-ransomed soul on high,
To join the chorus there.
cr. And still the song will louder grow,
f Till all the saved by Christ below
To that fair world of rapture go.

4 *mf* O give me, Lord, my golden harp,
And tune my broken voice,
That I may sing of troubles sharp
cr. Exchanged for endless joys:
The song that ne'er was heard before
dim. A sinner reach'd the heavenly shore,
f Shall now be sung for evermore!

Hymn 437 (Tune 46.) Thorner. C.M

St. Alban's Tune-Book.



A better country, that is a heavenly.—Hebrews xi. 16

1 *mf* THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers:
p Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

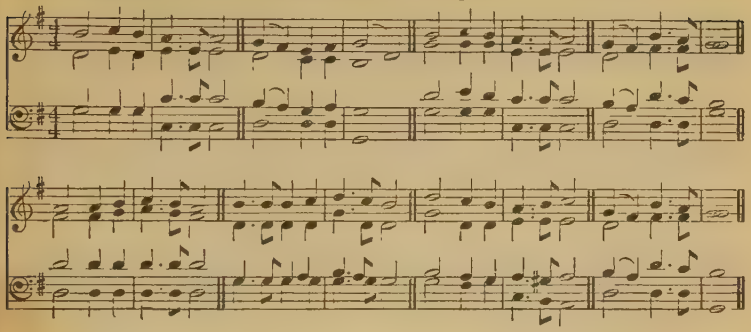
3 *cr.* Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 *mf* But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
p And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 *mf* O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy thoughts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes!

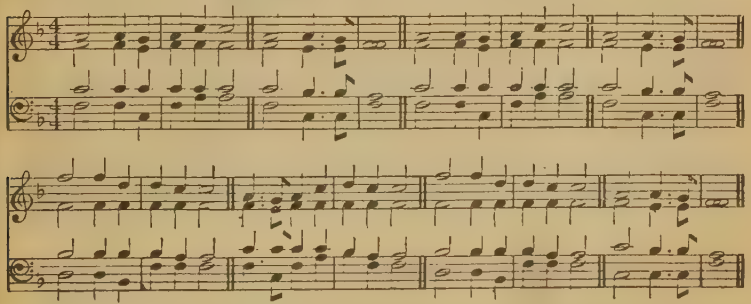
6 *cr.* Could we but climb where Moses stood
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

Hymn 438 (Tune 125.) Eternal Joy. 6.4.6.4.6.7.6.4.



2nd Tune. (126.) Happy Land. 6.4.6.4.6.7.6.4.

Indian Air.



The land that is very far off.—Isaiah xxxiii. 17.

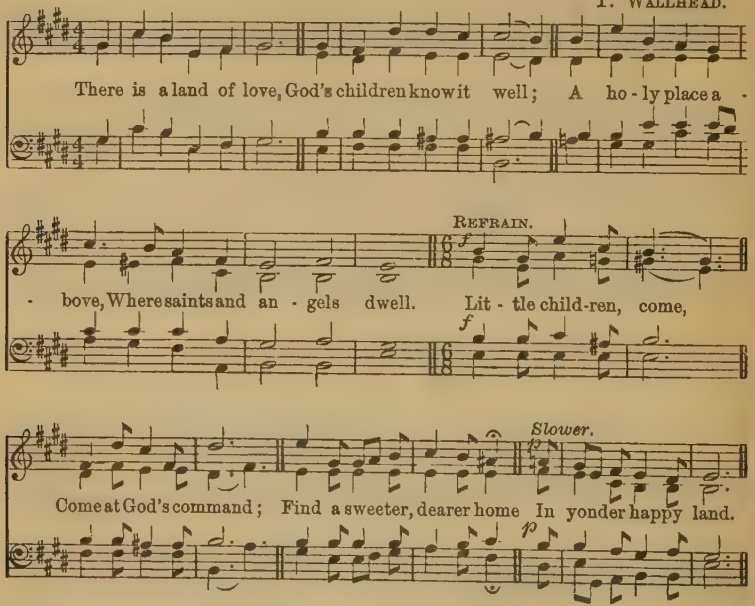
1 *f* THERE is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.
O! how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King,
Loud let His praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye!

2 *mf* Come to this happy land,
Come, come away!
Why will ye doubting stand?
Why still delay?
O! we shall happy be
When from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with Thee,
Blest, blest for aye.

3 *mf* Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye,
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
cr. On, then, to glory run,
Be a crown and kingdom won,
f And bright above the sun
Reign, reign for aye.

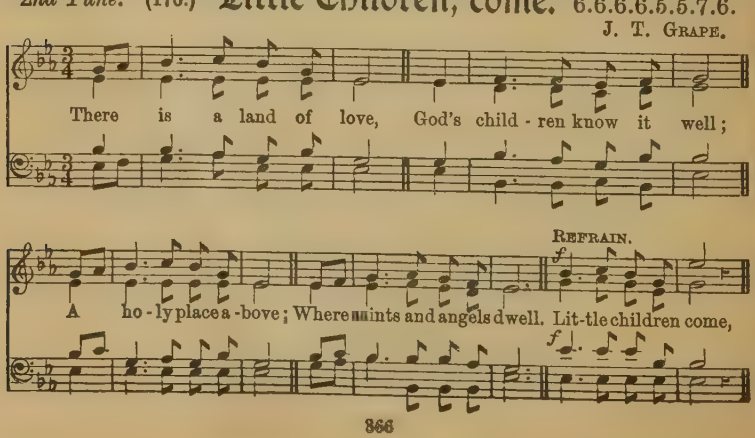
Hymn 439 (Tune 175.) Land of Love. 6.6.6.6.5.5.7.6.

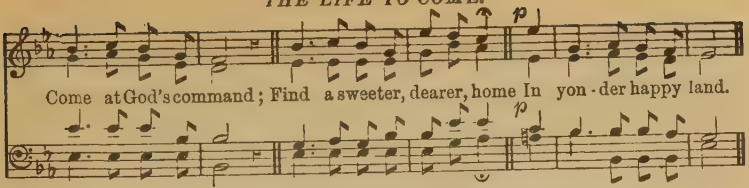
T. WALLHEAD.


There is a land of love, God's children know it well; A ho - ly place a -
- bove, Where saints and an - gels dwell.
REFRAIN.
Lit - tle child-ren, come,
Slower.
Come at God's command; Find a sweeter, dearer home In yonder happy land.

2nd Tune. (176.) Little Children, come. 6.6.6.6.5.5.7.6.

J. T. GRAPE.


There is a land of love, God's child - ren know it well;
REFRAIN.
A ho - ly place a - bove; Where saints and angels dwell. Lit-tle children come,



God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.—Revelation vii. 17.

1 *mf* THERE is a land of love,
God's children know it well;
A holy place above,
Where saints and angels dwell.
f Little children, come, &c.

2 *f* No vexing thoughts are there,
No sorrow and no pains;
Eternal blessings where
Your dear Redeemer reigns.
Little children, come, &c.

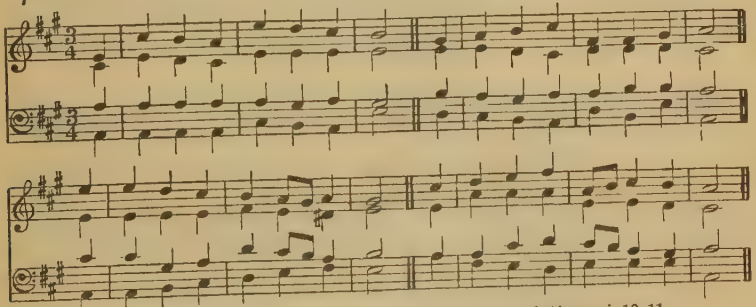
3 *mf* And hallowed songs are sung
By loving hearts and true;
And golden harps are strung
To strains for ever new.
Little children, come, &c.

4 In that divine abode
The Sabbath shines for aye,
The ransomed worship God
In everlasting day.
Little children, come, &c.

5 Your loving Saviour stands,
cr. A welcome there to give;
And calls with outstretched hands.
'O, come to Me, and live.'
Little children, come, &c.

6 *p* And striving now with you,
The Holy Spirit given,
Is waiting to renew
And fit you all for heaven.
Little children, come, &c.

Hymn 440 (Tune 457.) David. 8.8.8.8. From HANDEL.



Holy Jerusalem, . . . having the glory of God.—Revelation xxi. 10, 11.

1 *mf* WE sing of the realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so fair;
And oft are its glories confessed,
But what must it be to be there!

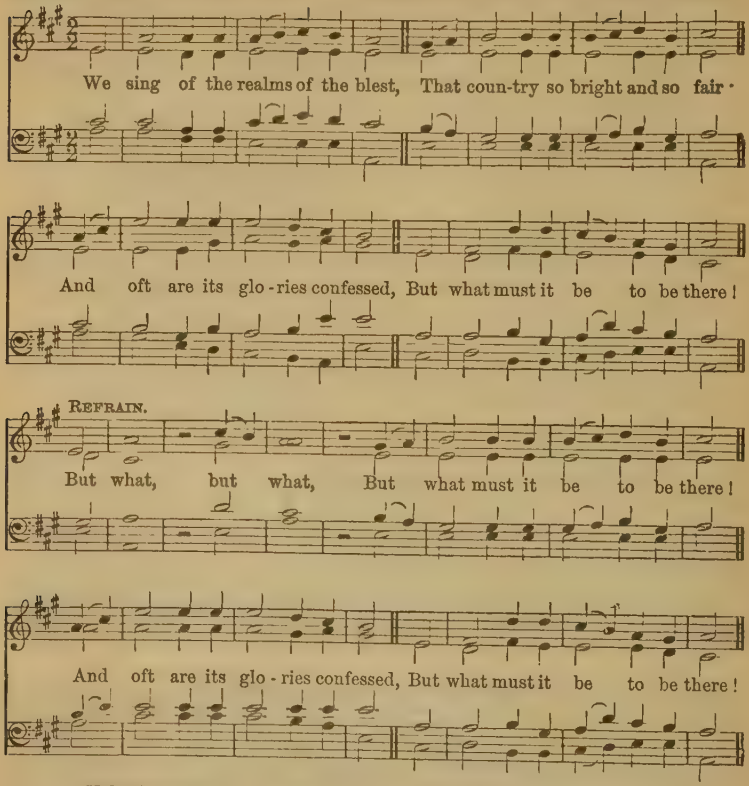
2 We sing of its pathways of gold,
Its walls decked with jewels so rare,
Its wonders and pleasures untold;
But what must it be to be there!

3 We sing of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials, without and within;
But what must it be to be there!

4 We sing of its service of love,
Of robes which the glorified wear,
The church of the firstborn above;
But what must it be to be there!

5 *cr.* Do Thou, Lord, midst pleasure or woe,
For heaven our spirits prepare;
And shortly we also shall know
f And feel what it is to be there.

Hymn 440 *2nd Tune.* (458.) Celeste. 8.8.8.8. *With Refrain.*


We sing of the realms of the blest, That coun-try so bright and so fair·
And oft are its glo-ries confessed, But what must it be to be there!
REFRAIN.
But what, but what, But what must it be to be there!
And oft are its glo-ries confessed, But what must it be to be there!

Holy Jerusalem, . . . having the glory of God.—Revelation xxi. 10, 11.

1 *mf* We sing of the realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so fair;
And oft are its glories confessed,
But what must it be to be there!

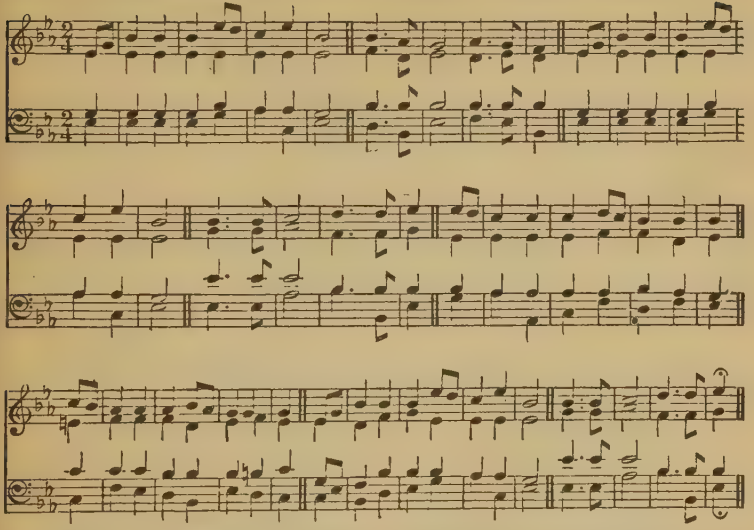
2 We sing of its pathways of gold,
Its walls decked with jewels so rare,
Its wonders and pleasures untold;
But what must it be to be there!

3 We sing of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials, without and within;
But what must it be to be there!

4 We sing of its service of love,
Of robes which the glorified wear,
The church of the firstborn above·
But what must it be to be there!

5 *cr.* Do Thou, Lord, midst pleasure or woe,
For heaven our spirits prepare;
And shortly we also shall know
f And feel what it is to be there.

Hymn 441 (Tune 354.) O, so bright! 8.8.8.8.8.8.8.8.



There shall be no more death, . . . neither shall there be any more pain.—Revelation xxi. 4.

1 *f* THERE is a better world, they say,
O, so bright! O, so bright!
Where sin and woe are done away,
O, so bright! O, so bright!
And music fills the balmy air,
And angels bright and pure are there,
And harps of gold and mansions fair,
O, so bright! O, so bright!

2 No clouds e'er pass along its sky,
Happy land! happy land!
No tear-drops glisten in the eye,
Happy land! happy land!
They drink the living streams of grace,
And gaze upon the Saviour's face,
Whose brightness fills the holy place;
Happy land! happy land!

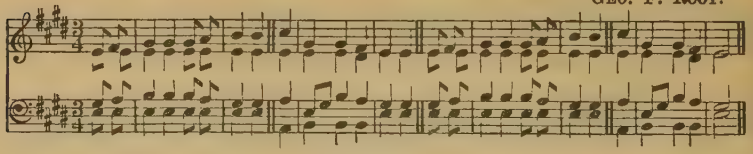
3 *mf* And wicked things and beasts of prey
Come not there, come not there;
p And ruthless death and fierce decay
Come not there, come not there;
p There all are holy, all are good:
But hearts unwashed in Jesus' blood,
pp And guilty sinners unrenewed,
Come not there, come not there.

4 *p* But though we're sinners every one,
Jesus died, Jesus died;
And though our crown of peace is gone,
Jesus died, Jesus died;
cr. We may be cleansed from every stain;
We may be crowned with bliss again,
f And in that land of pleasure reign:
p Jesus died, Jesus died.

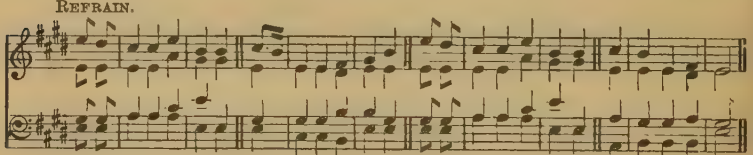
5 *mf* Then, parents, brothers, sisters, come,
Come away, come away;
We long to reach our Father's home,
Come away, come away;
O come, the time is fleeting past,
p And men and things are fading fast;
pp Our turn will surely come at last,
Come away, come away.

Hymn 442 (Tune 371.) Jewels. 8.6.8.5. *With Refrain.*

GEO. F. ROOT.



REFRAIN.



They shall be Mine . . . in that day when I make up My jewels.—Malachi iii. 17.

1 *mf* WHEN He cometh, when He cometh,
To make up His jewels,
All His jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own.

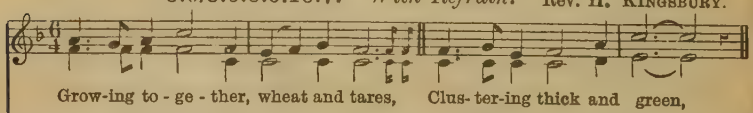
cr. Like the stars of the morning,
His bright crown adorning,
They shall shine in their beauty,
Bright gems for His crown.

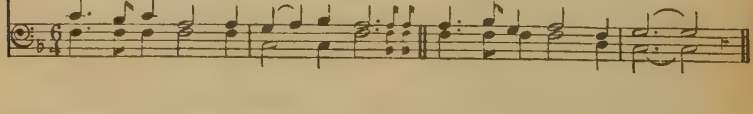
2 *mf* He will gather, He will gather
The gems for His kingdom;
All the pure ones, all the bright ones,
His loved and His own. Like, &c.

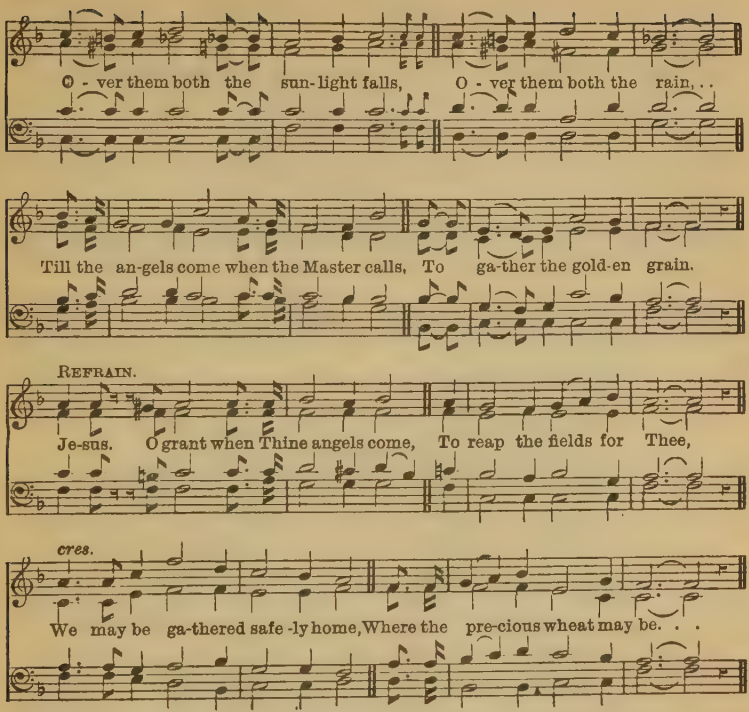
3 Little children, little children,
Who love their Redeemer,
Are His jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own. Like, &c.

Hymn 443 (Tune 373.) Wheat and Tares.

8.6.8.6.8.6.10.7. *With Refrain.* Rev. H. KINGSBURY.






O - ver them both the sun-light falls, O - ver them both the rain, . .
Till the an-gels come when the Master calls, To ga-ther the gold-en grain.
REFRAIN.
Je-sus. O grant when Thine angels come, To reap the fields for Thee,
cres.
We may be ga-thered safe -ly home, Where the pre-cious wheat may be. . .

Let both grow together until the harvest.—Matthew xiii. 30.

1 *mf* GROWING together, wheat and tares,
Clustering thick and green,
p Fanned by the gentle summer airs,
Under the sky serene,
cr. Over them both the sunlight falls,
Over them both the rain,
Till the angels come when the Master
To gather the golden grain. [calls,
Jesus, O grant, &c.

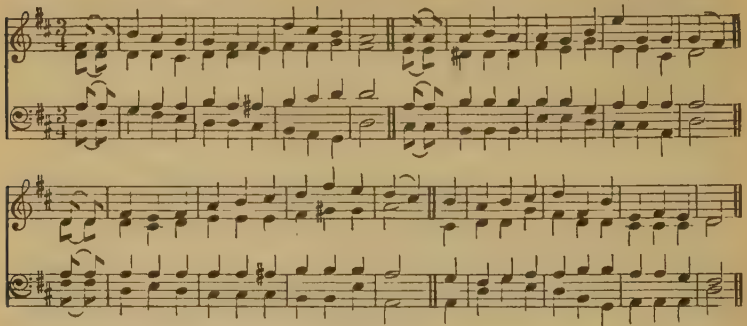
2 *mf* Growing together, side by side,
Both shall the reaper meet,
Tares aloft in their scornful pride,
dim. Bowing their heads the wheat,
Swift and sure o'er the waving plain
The sickle sharp shall fly,
cr. And the precious wheat, the abundant grain,
Shall be harvested in the sky.
Jesus, O grant, &c.

3 But for the tares, for them the word
dim. Of a terrible doom is cast; [Lord;
p 'Bind and burn,' said the blessèd
They shall leave the wheat at last.
Never again the summer rain,
Never the sunshine sweet,
That were lavished freely, all in vain,
On the tares among the wheat.
Jesus, O grant, &c.

4 *mf* Where shall the reapers look for us
When that day of days shall come?
Solemn the thought, with grandeur fraught,
Of that wondrous harvest home.
None but the wheat shall be gathered
By the Master's own command, [in,
p For the tares alone the doom of sin
pp And the flame in the Judge's hand.
mf Jesus, O grant, &c.

Hymn 444 (Tune 514.) Perfectly Blest. 11.11.11.11.

W. BOOTH.



For the Lord God giveth them light.—Revelation xxii. 5.

1 *mf* THEY are perfectly blest, the redeemed and the free,
Who are resting in joy by the smooth glassy sea;
They breathed here on earth all their sorrowful sighs,
And Jesus has wiped all the tears from their eyes.

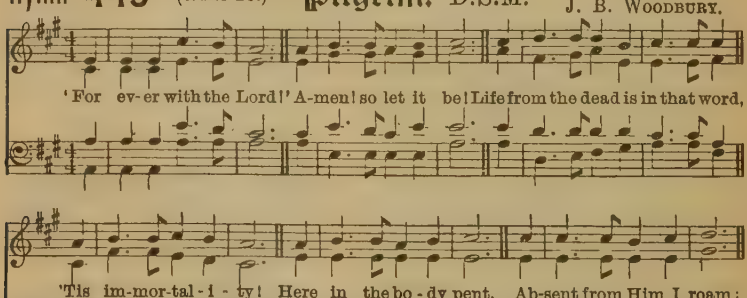
2 They are happy at home! They have learnt the new song,
And sing it so sweetly amid the glad throng;
cr. No faltering voices, no discords are there,
The rapturous praises swell high through the air.

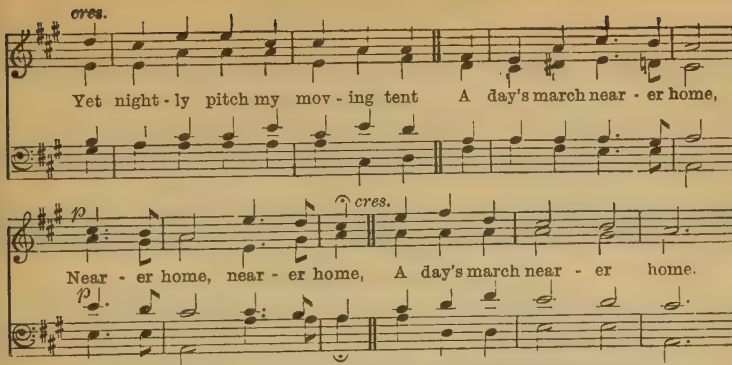
3 *mf* There falls not on them the deep silence of night,
They always are wakeful; ne'er fadeth the light;
So throughout the long day new hosannas they raise,
And never grow weary of singing His praise.

4 *f* And thus would we praise Thee, O Saviour divine;
We too would be with Thee, loved children of Thine;
cr. O teach us, that we may sing happily there,
When we too are called to that city so fair.

Hymn 445 (Tune 16.) Pilgrim. D.S.M.

J. B. WOODBURY.


'For ev-er with the Lord!' A-men! so let it be! Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis im-mor-tal-i-ty! Here in the bo-dy pent, Ab-sent from Him I roam;



And so shall we ever be with the Lord.—1 Thessalonians iv. 17.

1 *mf* 'FOR ever with the Lord!'
Amen! so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality!
Here in the body pent, &c.

2 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul! how near
At times to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear!
Here in the body pent, &c.

3 Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above!
Here in the body pent, &c.

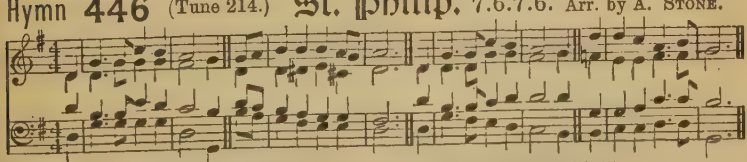
4 'For ever with the Lord!'
Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
Even here to me fulfil.
Here in the body pent, &c.

5 *cr.* Be Thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail;
Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand,
Fight, and I must prevail.
Here in the body pent, &c.

6 *mf* So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
cr. And life eternal gain.
Here in the body pent, &c.

7 Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
'For ever with the Lord!'
Here in the body pent, &c.

Hymn 446 (Tune 214.) St. Philip. 7.6.7.6. Arr. by A. STONE.



The whole family in heaven and earth.—Ephesians iii. 15.

1 *mf* CHILDREN above are singing,
With voices sweet and clear;
The saints with joy are bringing
Their heavenly music near.

2 Children who live in heaven
Are happy round the throne;
Their sins are all forgiven,
Through Jesus Christ alone.

3 Children on earth are praying
That they may worthy be
Through Jesus Christ each saying,
'O! save a child like me.'

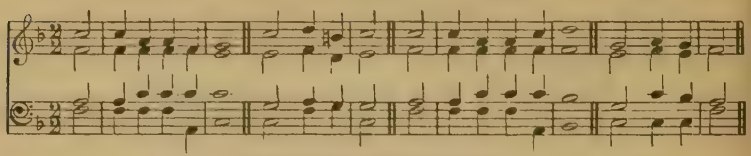
4 *f* Children on earth are praising
The Saviour for His love;
Children on earth are raising
A song like those above.

5 *mf* Children who live in heaven
Are saved through Christ alone;
Children on earth forgiven,
The same Redeemer own.

6 Soon we shall join the chorus
Of anthems sung above,
With children gone before us,
Around the throne of love.

Hymn 447 (Tune 115.) To-day the Saviour calls.

6.4.6.4.



Thy crown.—Revelation iii. 11.

1 *mf* A CROWN of glory bright
By faith I see,
In yonder realms of light
Prepared for me.

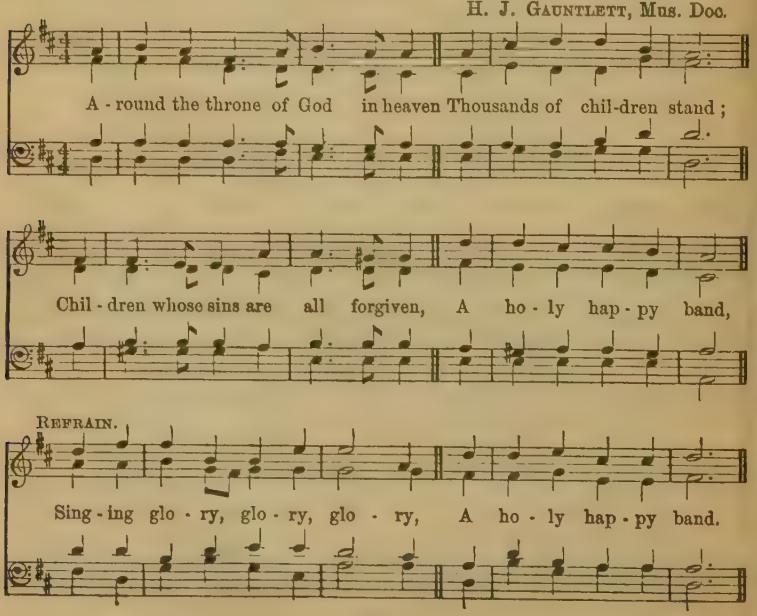
2 O may I faithful prove,
Keep it in view,
And through the storms of life
My way pursue!

3 Jesus, be Thou my guide,
My steps attend:
O keep me near Thy side,
Be Thou my friend;

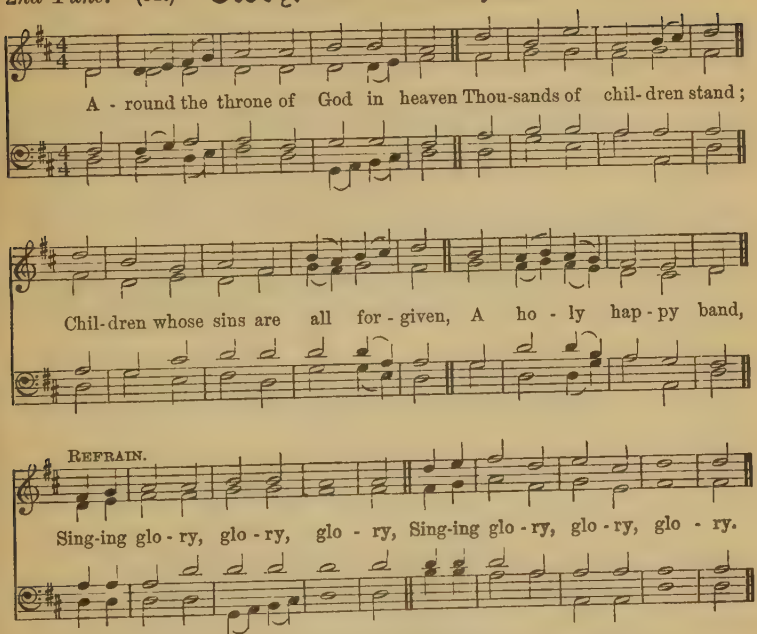
4 Be Thou my shield and sun,
My guide and guard:
cr. And when my work is done,
My great reward.

Hymn 448 (Tune 51.) Glory. C.M. *With Refrain.*

H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus. Doc.


A - round the throne of God in heaven Thousands of chil-dren stand;
Chil - dren whose sins are all forgiven, A ho - ly hap - py band,
REFRAIN.
Sing - ing glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, A ho - ly hap - py band.

2nd Tune. (52.) Glory. C.M. *With Refrain.*


A - round the throne of God in heaven Thou-sands of chil- dren stand;
Chil-dren whose sins are all for - given, A ho - ly hap - py band,
REFRAIN.
Sing-ing glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, Sing-ing glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry.

A great multitude . . . clothed with white robes.—Revelation vii. 9.

1 *mf* AROUND the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand;
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band,
Singing glory, glory, glory.

2 *mf* In flowing robes of spotless white
See every one arrayed;
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade,
f Singing glory, glory, glory.

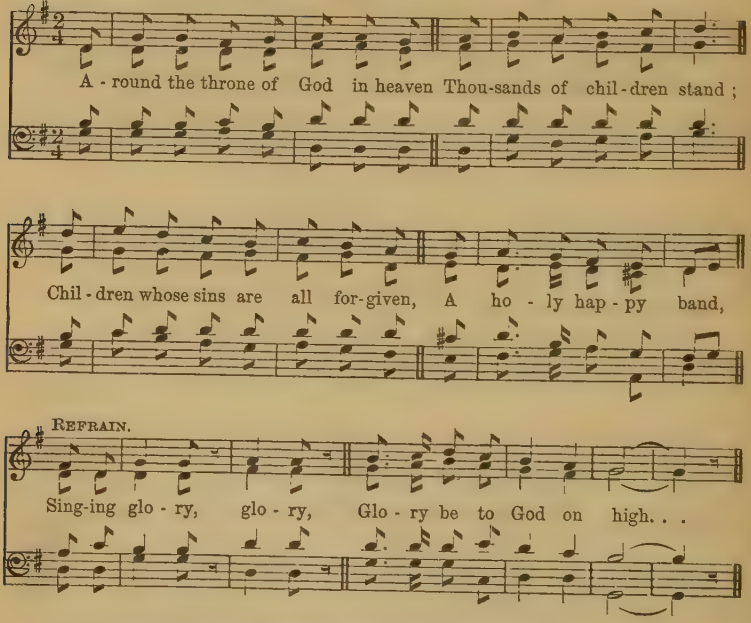
3 *mf* Once they were little ones like you,
And lived on earth below,
And could not praise as now they do
The Lord who loved them so,
f Singing glory, glory, glory.

4 *mf* What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace and joy and love?
How came those children there?
Singing glory, glory, glory.

5 *p* Because the Saviour shed His blood,
To wash away their sin:
Bathed in that purple, precious flood,
cr. Behold them white and clean,
f Singing glory, glory, glory.

6 *mf* On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved His name;
So now they see His blessèd face,
And stand before the Lamb,
Singing glory, glory, glory.

Hymn 448 *3rd Tune.* (53.) Glory. C.M. *With Refrain.*


A - round the throne of God in heaven Thou-sands of chil-dren stand ;
Chil - dren whose sins are all for-given, A ho - ly hap - py band,
REFRAIN.
Sing-ing glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God on high. . .

A great multitude . . . clothed with white robes.—Revelation vii. 9.

1 *mf* AROUND the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand ;
Children, whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band,
Singing glory, glory, glory.

2 *mf* In flowing robes of spotless white
See every one arrayed ;
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade,
f Singing glory, glory, glory.

3 *mf* Once they were little ones like you,
And lived on earth below,
And could not praise as now they do
The Lord who loved them so,
f Singing glory, glory, glory.

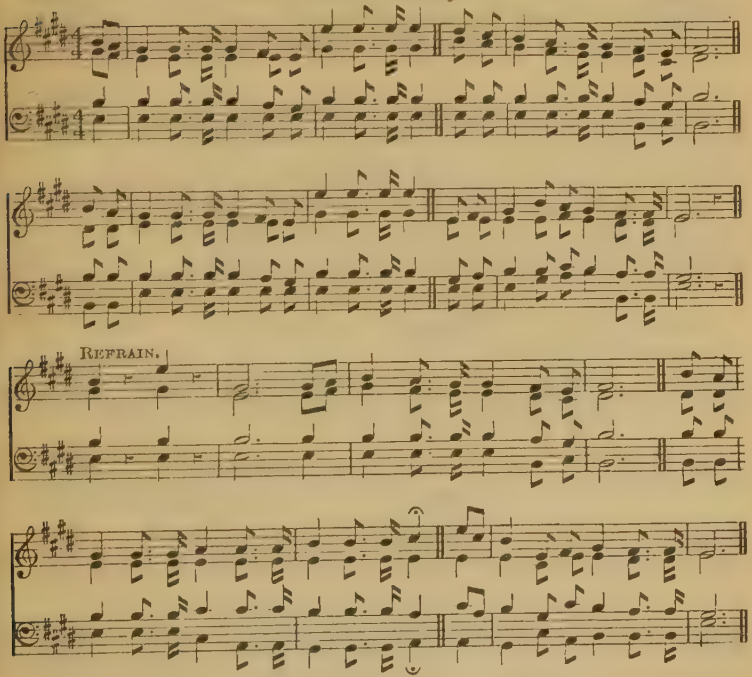
4 *mf* What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace and joy and love ?
How came those children there ?
Singing glory, glory, glory.

5 *p* Because the Saviour shed His blood
To wash away their sin :
Bathed in that purple, precious flood,
cr. Behold them white and clean,
f Singing glory, glory, glory.

6 *mf* On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved His name ;
So now they see His blessèd face,
And stand before the Lamb,
Singing glory, glory, glory.

Hymn 449 (505.) Crown for the Young.

11.9.12.9. *With Refrain.* Rev. A. A. Graley.



Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.— Revelation ii. 10.

1 *mf* I know there's a crown for the saints of renown,
And for saints whose good deeds are unsung;
But, O, say is it true, if their days are but few,
That a crown is laid up for the young?
Yes, yes, yes; I know there's a crown for the young,
If their lives daily prove that the Saviour they love,
I know there's a crown for the young.

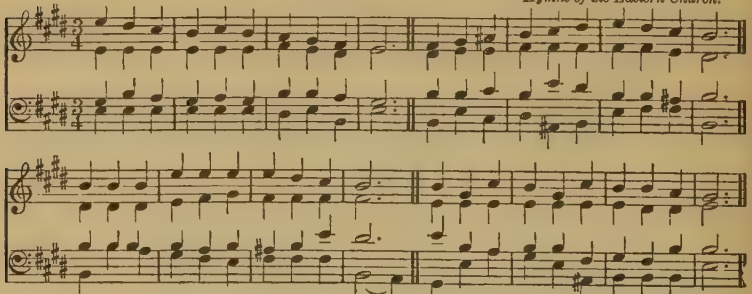
2 The youthful shall stand in that beautiful land,
While the song of salvation they sing,
And the infant of days strike its harp in the praise
Of Emmanuel, its Saviour and King.
Yes, yes, yes; I know there's a crown, &c.

3 The noble of birth, and the poor of the earth,
Both the man and the youth and the child,
If in Jesus they trust, when they rise from the dust,
Shall be crowned in the land undefiled.
Yes, yes, yes; I know there's a crown, &c.

Hymn 450 (488.) Joyfully ("Stars of the morning.")

10.10.10.10.*

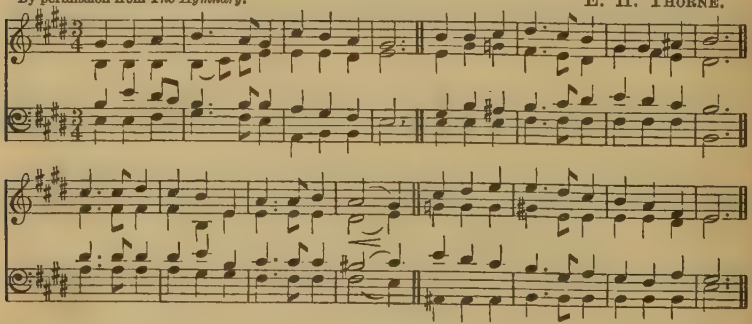
By permission, from *Hymns of the Eastern Church.*



2nd Tune. (489.) Thorne. 10.10.10.10.*

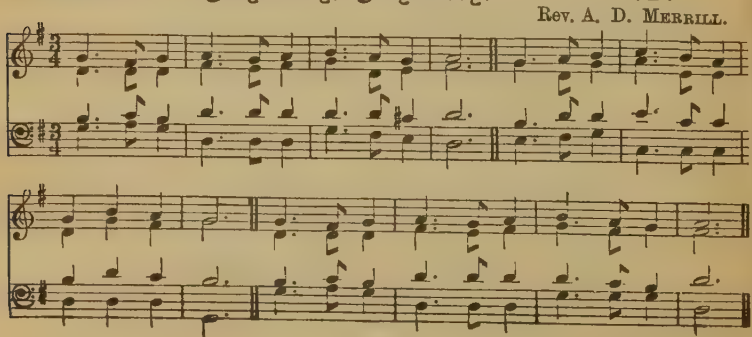
By permission from *The Hymnary.*

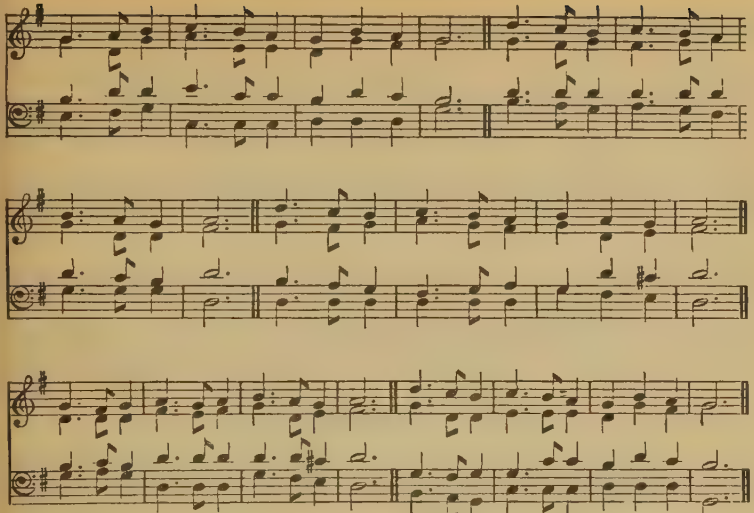
E. H. Thorne.



3rd Tune. (491.) Joyfully, Joyfully. 10.10.10.10. D.

Rev. A. D. Merrill.





The redeemed of the Lord shall . . . come with singing unto Zion—Isaiah li. 11.

1 *f* JOYFULLY, joyfully onward we move,
Bound to the land of bright spirits above;
Jesus, our Saviour, in mercy says, 'Come!
Joyfully, joyfully haste to your home.'

2 Soon will our pilgrimage end here below,
mf Soon to the presence of God we shall go;
cr. Then, if to Jesus our hearts have been given,
f Joyfully, joyfully rest we in heaven.

3 *mf* Teachers and kindred have passed on before,
Waiting, they watch us approaching the shore,
Singing to cheer us, and bidding us come,
Joyfully, joyfully haste to your home.

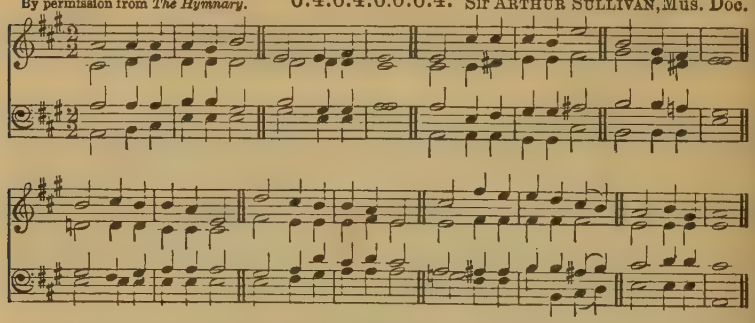
4 Sounds of sweet music there ravish the ear;
Harps of the blessèd, your strains we shall hear,
Filling with harmony heaven's high dome;
Joyfully, joyfully, Jesus, we come.

5 *p* Death with his arrow may soon lay us low,
cr. Safe in our Saviour, we fear not the blow;
f Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb;
Joyfully, joyfully will we go home.

6 *f* Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death will be conquered, his sceptre be gone;
Over the plains of sweet Canaan we'll roam,
ff Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

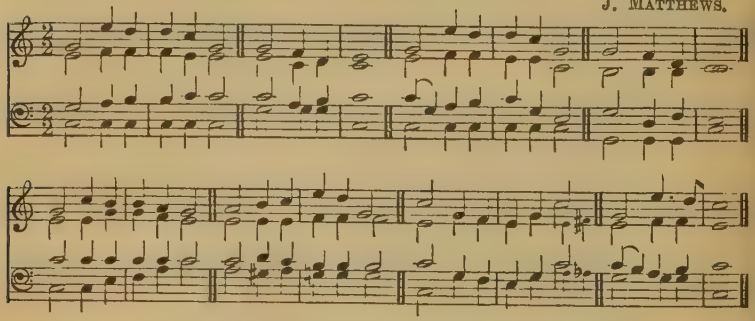
Hymn 451 (Tune 120.) I'm but a Stranger here.

By permission from *The Hymnary*. 6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4. Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN, Mus. Doc.



2nd Tune. (121.) I'm but a Stranger here. 6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4.

J. MATTHEWS.



Strangers and pilgrims on the earth.—Hebrews xi. 13.

1 *mf* I'M but a stranger here,
Heaven is my home;
Earth's joys will disappear,
Heaven is my home.
p Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand;
cr. Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home.

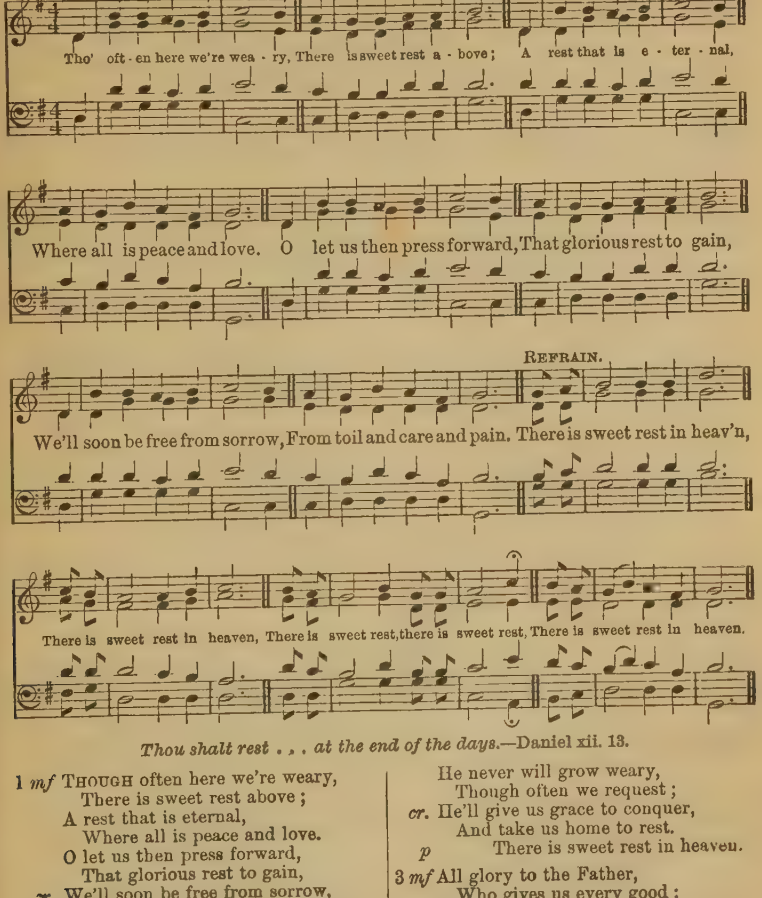
2 *mf* What though the tempest rage,
Heaven is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home.
And time's wild wintry blast
cr. Soon will be overpast;
f I shall reach home at last:
Heaven is my home.

3 There at my Saviour's side,
Heaven is my home:
I shall be glorified,
Heaven is my home.
There are the good and blest,
Those I love most and best;
dim. And there I too shall rest,
Heaven is my home.

4 *mf* Therefore I murmur not,
Heaven is my home:
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heaven is my home.
f And I shall surely stand
There at my Lord's right hand:
Heaven is my fatherland,
ff Heaven is my home.

Hymn 452 (Tune 252.) Rest. 7.6.7.6. D. *With Refrain.*

W. B. BRADBURY.


Tho' oft-en here we're wea-ry, There is sweet rest a-bove; A rest that is e-ter-nal,
Where all is peace and love. O let us then press forward, That glorious rest to gain,
REFRAIN.
We'll soon be free from sorrow, From toil and care and pain. There is sweet rest in heav'n,
There is sweet rest in heaven, There is sweet rest, there is sweet rest, There is sweet rest in heaven.

Thou shalt rest . . . at the end of the days.—Daniel xii. 13.

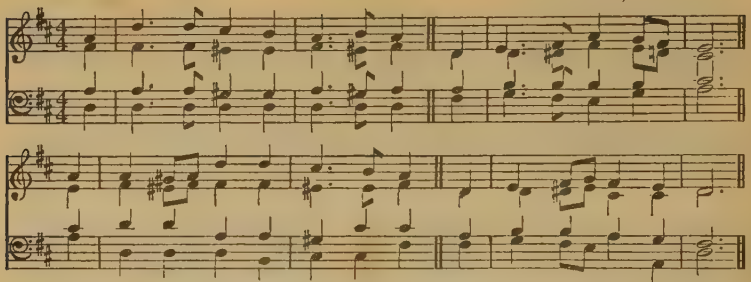
1 *mf* THOUGH often here we're weary,
There is sweet rest above;
A rest that is eternal,
Where all is peace and love.
O let us then press forward,
That glorious rest to gain,
cr. We'll soon be free from sorrow,
p From toil and care and pain.
There is sweet rest in heaven.

2 *mf* Our Saviour will be with us
E'en to our journey's end,
In every sore affliction
His present help to lend.
He never will grow weary,
Though often we request;
cr. He'll give us grace to conquer,
And take us home to rest.
p There is sweet rest in heaven.

3 *mf* All glory to the Father,
Who gives us every good;
All glory be to Jesus,
p Who bought us with His blood,
And glory to the Spirit,
cr. Who keeps us to the end;
To the Triune God be glory,
The sinner's only Friend!
p There is sweet rest in heaven.

Hymn 453 (Tune 18.) Aristides. C.M.

A. H. Mann, Mus. Doc.



These are they which came out of great tribulation.—Revelation vii. 14.

1 *mf* How bright those glorious spirits shine!
Whence all their bright array?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?

2 *p* Lo! these are they from sufferings great
Who came to realms of light;
And in the blood of Christ have washed
Those robes that shine so bright.

3 *f* Now with triumphal palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love, amidst
The glories of the sky.

4 Hunger and thirst are felt no more
Nor sun with scorching ray;
God is their Sun, whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.

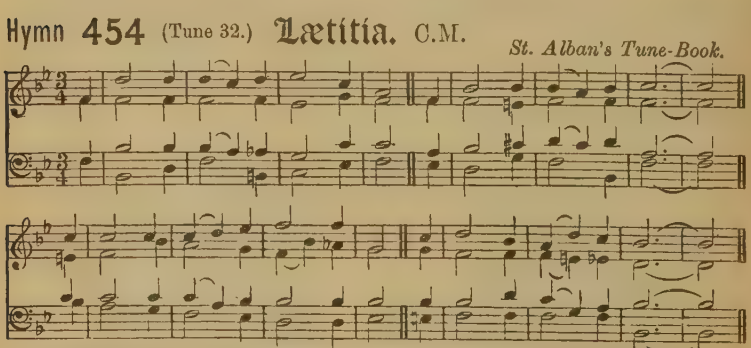
5 *mf* The Lamb, who dwells amidst the throne,
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

6 'Midst pastures green He'll lead His flock,
Where living streams appear;
And God the Lord from every eye
p Shall wipe off every tear.

7 *mf* To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
f Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Hymn 454 (Tune 32.) Lætitia. C.M.

St. Alban's Tune-Book.



Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.—1 Corinthians xv. 57.

1 *mf* Give me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

2 *p* Once they were mourners here below,
And poured out cries and tears:
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 *mf* I ask them whence their victory came:
They, with united breath,
cr. Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His death.

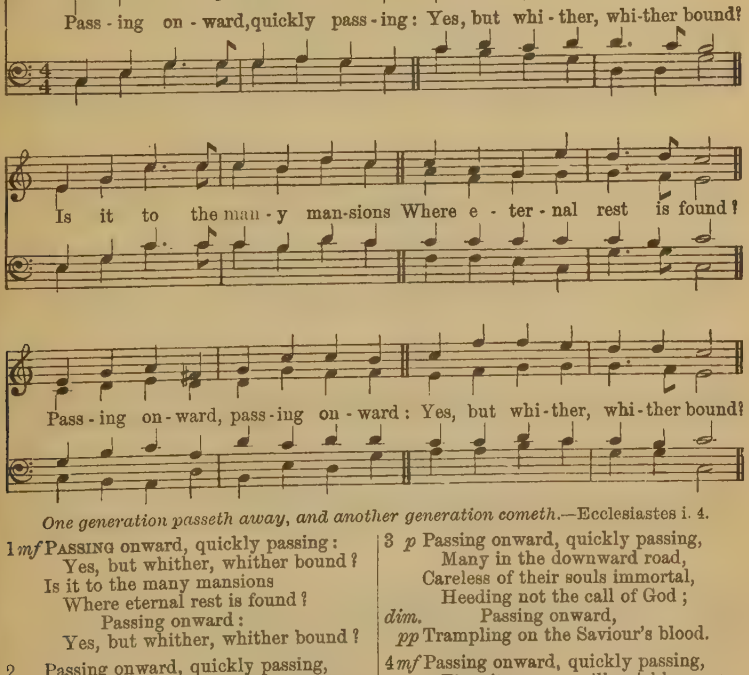
4 They marked the footsteps that He trod
His zeal inspired their breast;
p And following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

5 *mf* Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For His own pattern given;
cr. While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

Hymn 455 (Tune 403.) Triumph. 8.7.8.7.4.7.

Originally in *Church Hymn and Tune-Book*, as "The Tune of the Blessed Sacrament."

H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus. Doc.


Pass - ing on - ward, quickly pass - ing: Yes, but whi - ther, whi-ther bound?
Is it to the man - y man-sions Where e - ter - nal rest is found?
Pass - ing on - ward, pass - ing on - ward: Yes, but whi - ther, whi - ther bound?

One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh.—Ecclesiastes i. 4.

1 *mf* PASSING onward, quickly passing:
Yes, but whither, whither bound?
Is it to the many mansions
Where eternal rest is found?
Passing onward:
Yes, but whither, whither bound?

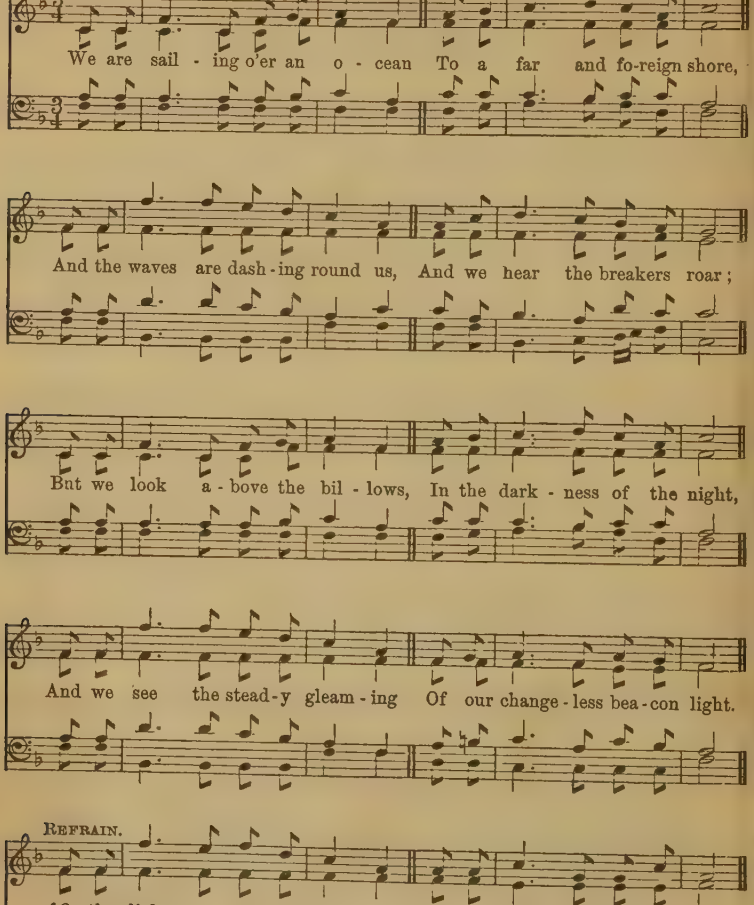
2 Passing onward, quickly passing,
Nought the wheels of time can stay;
cr. Sweet the thought, that some are going
To the realms of perfect day:
Passing onward,
Christ their leader, Christ their way.

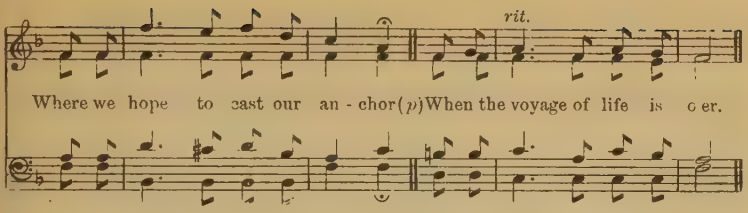
3 *p* Passing onward, quickly passing,
Many in the downward road,
Careless of their souls immortal,
Heeding not the call of God;
dim. Passing onward,
pp Trampling on the Saviour's blood.

4 *mf* Passing onward, quickly passing,
Time its course will quickly run;
Still we hear the fond entreaty
Of the ever-gracious One,
'Come, and welcome'
cr. 'Tis by Me that life is won.'

Hymn 456 (Tune 437.) Beacon Light. 8.7. (12 lines.)

G. F. Root.


We are sail - ing o'er an o - cean To a far and fo-reign shore,
And the waves are dash - ing round us, And we hear the breakers roar;
But we look a - bove the bil - lows, In the dark - ness of the night,
And we see the stead - y gleam - ing Of our change - less bea - con light.
REFRAIN.
f O the light is flash - ing bright - ly From a calm and stormless shore,



He bringeth them unto their desired haven.—Psalm cvii. 30.

1 *mf* We are sailing o'er an ocean
To a far and foreign shore,
And the waves are dashing round us,
And we hear the breakers roar;
But we look above the billows,
In the darkness of the night,
cr. And we see the steady gleaming
f Of our changeless beacon light.
O the light is flashing brightly, &c.

2 *mf* Though the skies are dark above us,
And the waves are dashing high,
Let us look towards the beacon;
We shall reach it by and by.
cr. 'Tis the light of God's great mercy,
And He holds it up in view,
As a guide-star to His children,
As a guide to me and you.
f O the light is flashing brightly, &c.

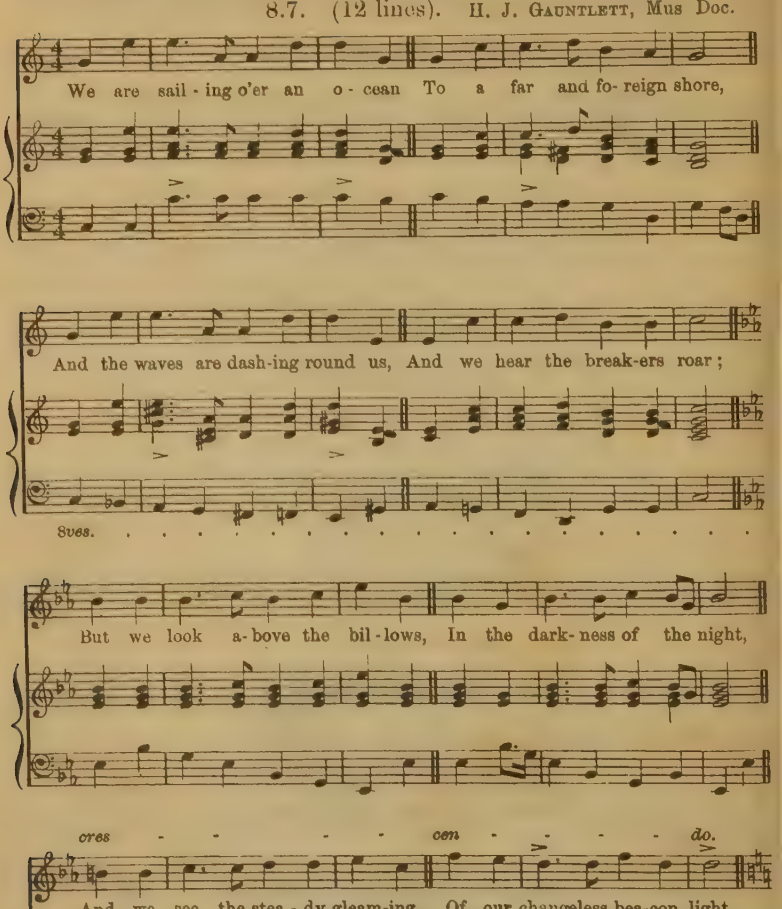
SECOND PART.

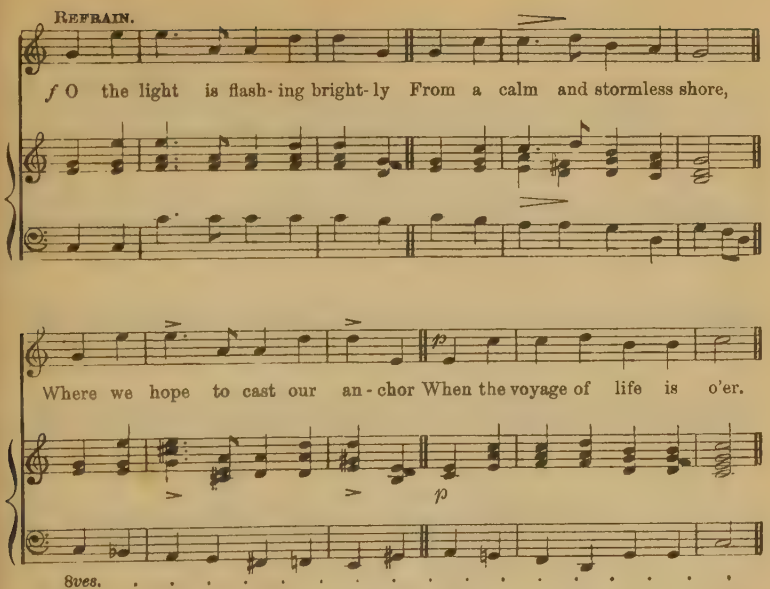
3 Rising high on mountain billow,
p Sinking low beneath the wave;
Clouds may oft obscure our vision,
Fear extort the cry, Lord, save!
cr. Let the tempest rage around us,
Lightning flash and thunder roar,
f Firm as rock our beacon standeth,
Shining from yon heavenly shore.
O the light is flashing brightly, &c.

4 *mf* He will keep it ever burning
From the lighthouse of His love;
And it always shines the brightest
When the skies are dark above.
If we keep our eyes upon it,
And we steer our course aright,
cr. We shall reach the harbour safely
By the blessèd beacon light.
f O the light is flashing brightly, &c.

Hymn 456 *2nd Tune.* (438.) Gratias et Gloriam.

8.7. (12 lines). H. J. Gauntlett, Mus Doc.


We are sail - ing o'er an o - cean To a far and fo- reign shore,
And the waves are dash-ing round us, And we hear the break-ers roar;
8ves.
But we look a- bove the bil - lows, In the dark- ness of the night,
cres - - - - - cen - - - - - do.
And we see the stea - dy gleam-ing Of our changeless bea-con light.
cres - - - - - cen - - - - - do.


REFRAIN.
f O the light is flash- ing bright- ly From a calm and stormless shore,
Where we hope to cast our an - chor When the voyage of life is o'er.
p
p
8ves.

He bringeth them unto their desired haven.—Psalm cvii. 30.

1 *f* We are sailing o'er an ocean
To a far and foreign shore,
And the waves are dashing round us,
And we hear the breakers roar;
But we look above the billows,
In the darkness of the night,
And we see the steady gleaming
Of our changeless beacon light.
O the light is flashing brightly, &c.

2 *mf* Though the skies are dark above us,
And the waves are dashing high,
Let us look towards the beacon;
We shall reach it by and by.
cr. 'Tis the light of God's great mercy,
And He holds it up in view,
As a guide-star to His children,
As a guide to me and you.
O the light is flashing brightly, &c.

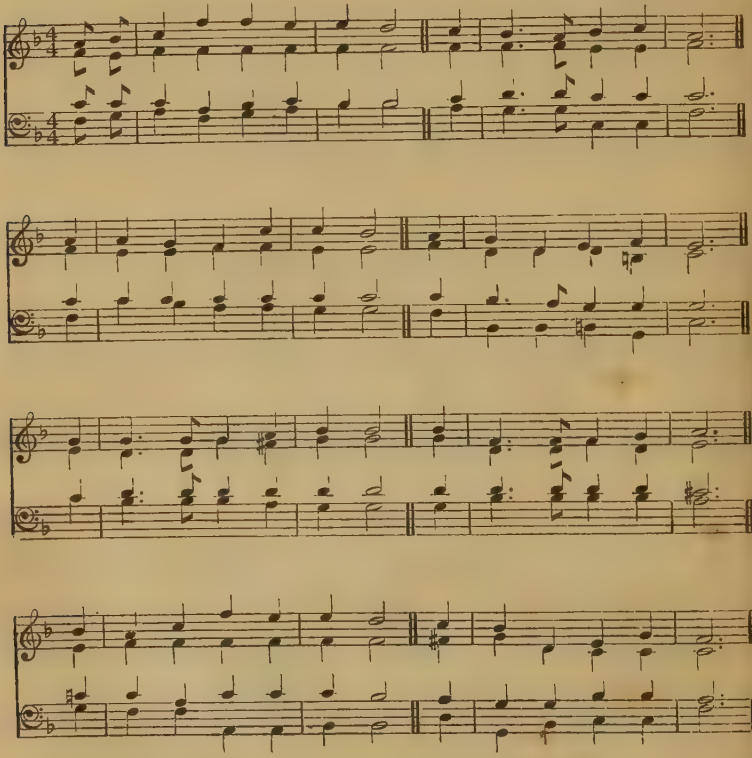
SECOND PART.

3 Rising high on mountain billow,
p Sinking low beneath the wave;
Clouds may oft obscure our vision,
Fear extort the cry, Lord, save!
cr. Let the tempest rage around us,
Lightning flash and thunder roar,
f Firm as rock our beacon standeth,
Shining from yon heavenly shore.
O the light is flashing brightly, &c.

4 *mf* He will keep it ever burning
From the lighthouse of His love;
And it always shines the brightest
When the skies are dark above.
If we keep our eyes upon it,
And we steer our course aright,
cr. We shall reach the harbour safely,
By the blessèd beacon light.
f O the light is flashing brightly, &c

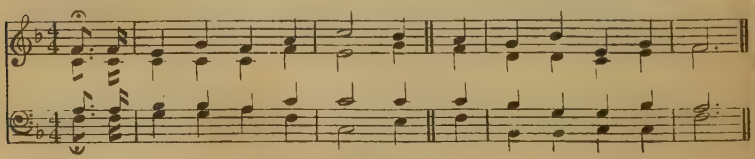
Hymn 457 (Tune 367.) Eden Grove. 8.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

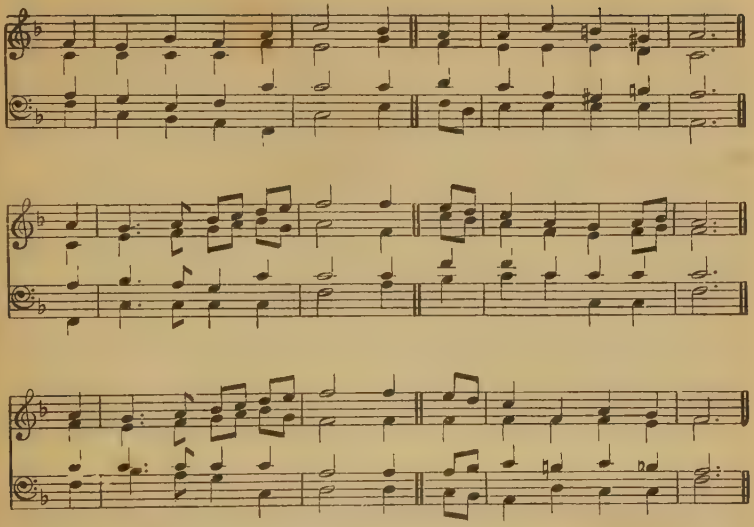
SAMUEL SMITH.



2nd Tune. (368.) Mont Blanc. 8.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus. Doc.





That where I am, there ye may be also.—John xiv. 3.

1 *mf* THERE'S a Friend for little children
Above the bright blue sky ;
A Friend who never changeth,
Whose love can never die.
Unlike our friends by nature,
Who change with changing years,
This Friend is always worthy
The precious name He bears.

2 There's a rest for little children
Above the bright blue sky ;
For those who love the Saviour,
And Abba, Father, cry.
A rest from every trouble,
From sin and danger free,
p Where every little pilgrim
Shall rest eternally.

3 There's a home for little children
Above the bright blue sky ;
cr. Where Jesus reigns in glory,
A home of peace and joy.
No home on earth is like it,
Nor can with it compare,
f For every one is happy,
For ever happy there.

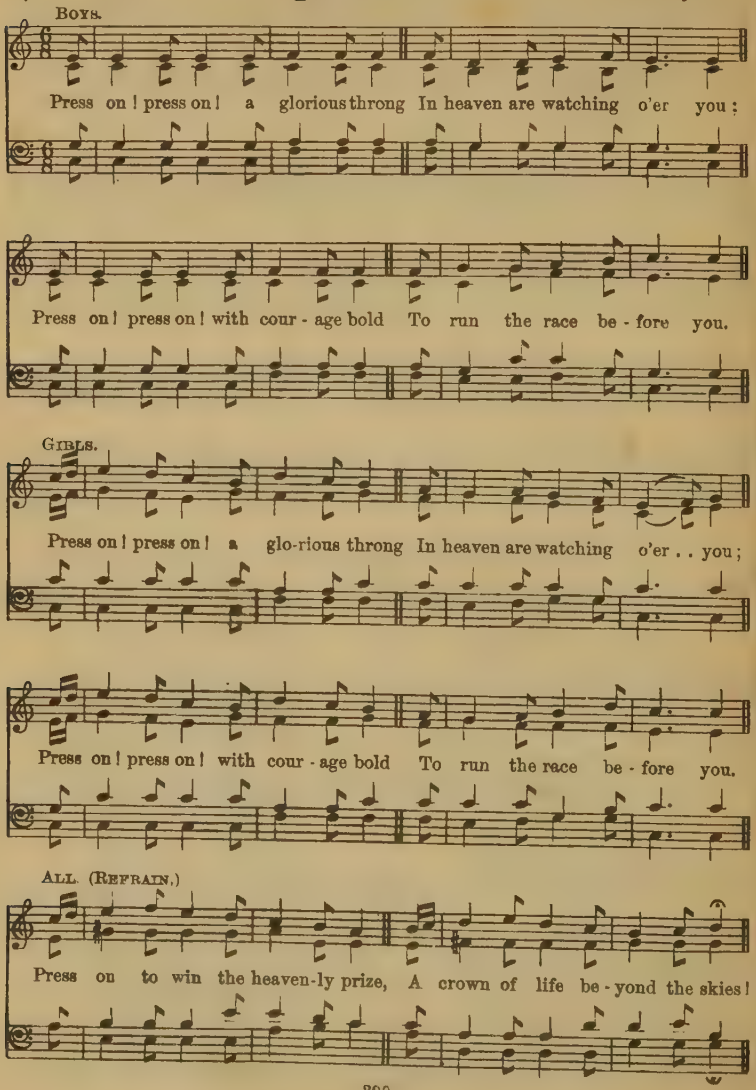
SECOND PART.

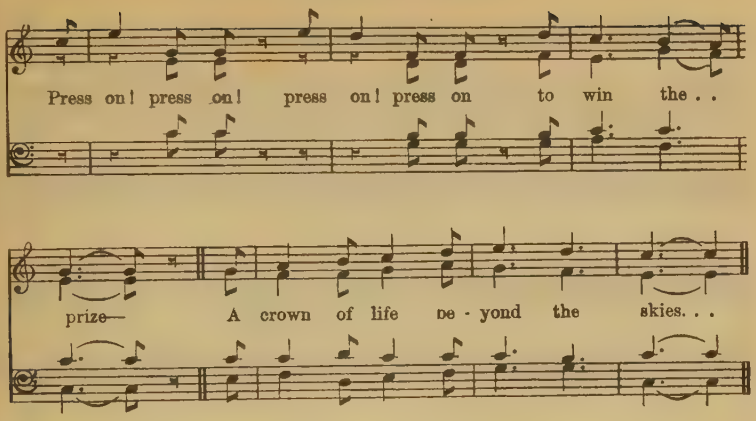
4 *mf* There's a crown for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
And all who look to Jesus
Shall wear it by and by.
cr. A crown of brightest glory,
Which He will then bestow
On those who've found His favour,
And loved Him here below

5 *mf* There's a song for little children
Above the bright blue sky ;
A song that will not weary,
Though sung continually ;
A song which even angels
Can never, never sing ;
They know not Christ as Saviour,
But worship Him as King.

6 There's a robe for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
And a harp of sweetest music,
f And a palm of victory.
All, all above is treasured,
And found in Christ alone ;
O come, dear little children,
That all may be your own.

Hymn 458 (Tune 442.) Press on. 8.7.8.7. D. *With Refrain.*


Boys.
Press on! press on! a glorious throng In heaven are watching o'er you;
Press on! press on! with cour - age bold To run the race be - fore you.
Girls.
Press on! press on! a glo-rious throng In heaven are watching o'er . . you;
Press on! press on! with cour - age bold To run the race be - fore you.
All. (Refrain.)
Press on to win the heaven-ly prize, A crown of life be - yond the skies!



I press toward the mark for the prize.—Philippians iii. 14.

1.

mf PRESS on! press on! a glorious throng
In heaven are watching o'er you;
f Press on! press on! with courage bold
To run the race before you.
Press on to win the heavenly prize,
A crown of life beyond the skies!
Press on to win the prize—
A crown of life beyond the skies!

2.

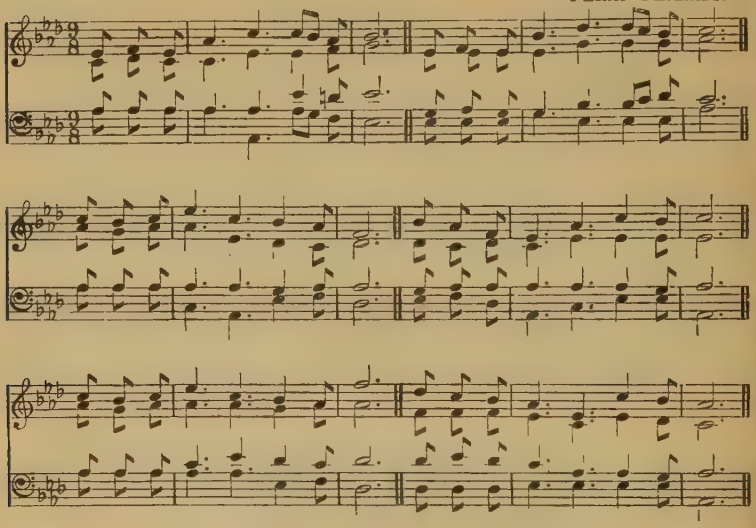
Press on! press on! though trials come,
mf No time for sad repining;
f Press on! press on! let faith be strong
And hope still brightly shining.
Press on to win the heavenly prize,
A crown of life beyond the skies!
Press on to win the prize—
A crown of life beyond the skies!

3.

Press on! press on! through storm and clouds
In Jesus trusting ever;
Press on! press on! be not afraid,
There's light beyond the river.
Press on to win the heavenly prize,
A crown of life beyond the skies!
Press on to win the prize—
A crown of life beyond the skies!

Hymn 459 (Tune 463.) Beautiful Sion. 8.8.8.8.8.8.*

PHILIP PHILLIPS.



Beautiful . . . is mount Zion, . . . the city of the great King.—Psalm xlviii. 2.

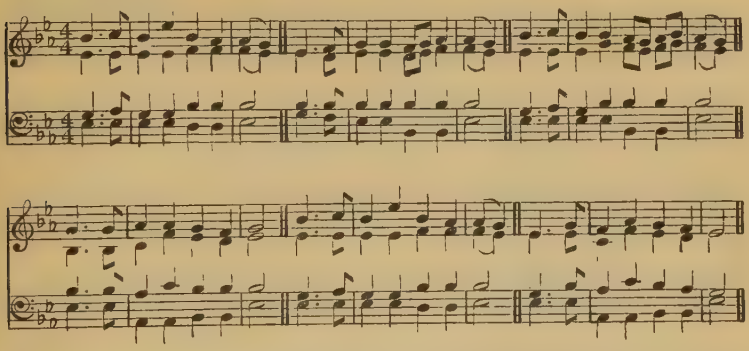
1 *mf* BEAUTIFUL Sion built above;
Beautiful city that I love;
Beautiful gates of pearly white;
Beautiful temple, God its light:
p He who was slain on Calvary
Opens those pearly gates to me!

2 *mf* Beautiful heaven, where all is light;
Beautiful angels, clothed in white;
Beautiful harps through all the choir;
Beautiful strains that never tire:
cr. There shall I join the chorus sweet,
Worshipping at the Saviour's feet!

3 *mf* Beautiful crowns on every brow;
Beautiful palms the conquerors show;
Beautiful robes the ransomed wear;
Beautiful all who enter there:
Thither I press with eager feet;
There shall my rest be long and sweet.

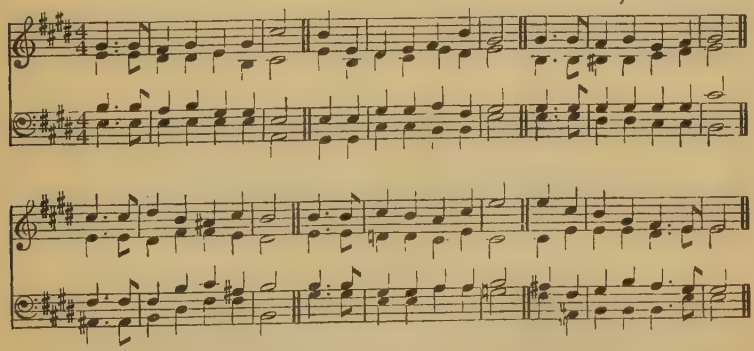
4 Beautiful throne of Christ our King;
Beautiful songs the angels sing;
Beautiful rest, where wanderings cease;
Beautiful home of perfect peace:
There shall my eyes the Saviour see;
Haste to this heavenly home with me.

Hymn 460 (Tune 320.) Children's Voices. 7.7.7.7.7.7.



2nd Tune. (321.) Come to Me. 7.7.7.7.7.7.

E. J. HOPKINS, Mus. Doc.



Of such is the kingdom of God.—Luke xviii. 16.

1 *mf* CHILDREN'S voices, high in heaven,
Make sweet music round the throne;
Them the King of kings hath given
Glory, lasting as His own:
cr. Lord, it was Thy mercy free
Suffered them to come to Thee.

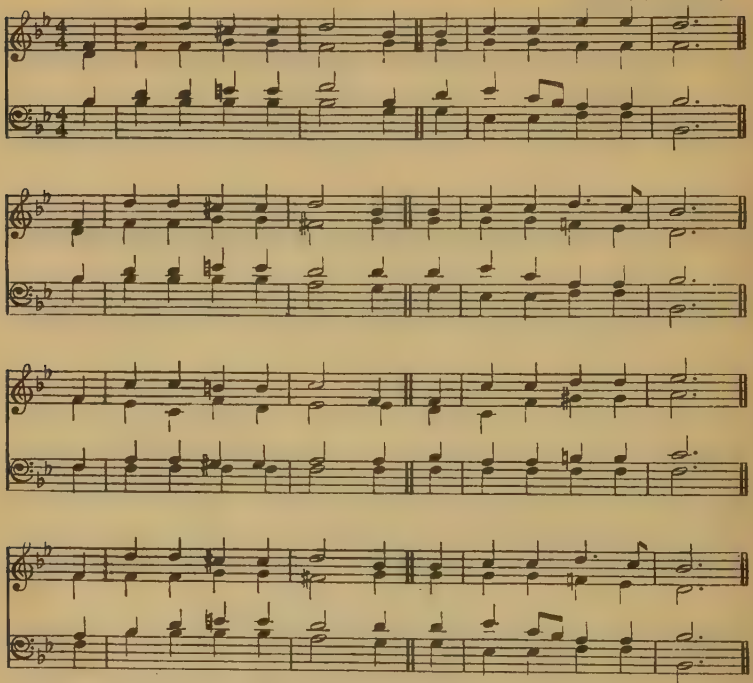
2 *f* We would think of them to-day,
And their everlasting song;
We would sing, as blest as they,
In that happy land ere long:
Lord, let us Thy children be,
Suffer us to come to Thee;

3 *mf* Now to come with loving mind,
Simple faith, and earnest prayer,
Clinging to Thy cross, to find
cr. Full and free salvation there:
p Lamb of God! our Saviour be,
Suffer us to come to Thee.

4 Lord, we come, be Thou our guide
Through life's dark and troubled way;
And when trained and sanctified,
cr. Raise us to the perfect day:
f Then in heaven Thy words shall be,
'Suffer them to come to Me.'

Hymn 461 (Tune 226.) Fairford. 7.6.7.6. D.

From SCHUBERT.



They serve Him day and night in His temple.—Revelation vii. 15.

1 *f* WHILE we on earth are raising
Our tuneful voices high,
The heavenly hosts are praising
The Saviour in the sky.
mf We cannot sing so sweetly
As angels do above;
Yet we'll endeavour meekly
To celebrate His love.

2 *f* O, when shall we triumphant
Our Lord and King behold
And walk, with hearts exultant,
The streets of shining gold;
And swell the blissful chorus
Of happy saints above,
Who reached their home before us,
And sing and praise and love?

3 *mf* Lord, fit us to inherit
The glory and the throne;
p And, through the Saviour's merit,
Receive us as Thine own:
cr. May we possess that treasure
Unfolded in Thy word,
f And find seraphic pleasure
For ever with the Lord!

Hymn 462 (Tune 342.) Requies. 7.7.7.7. D.

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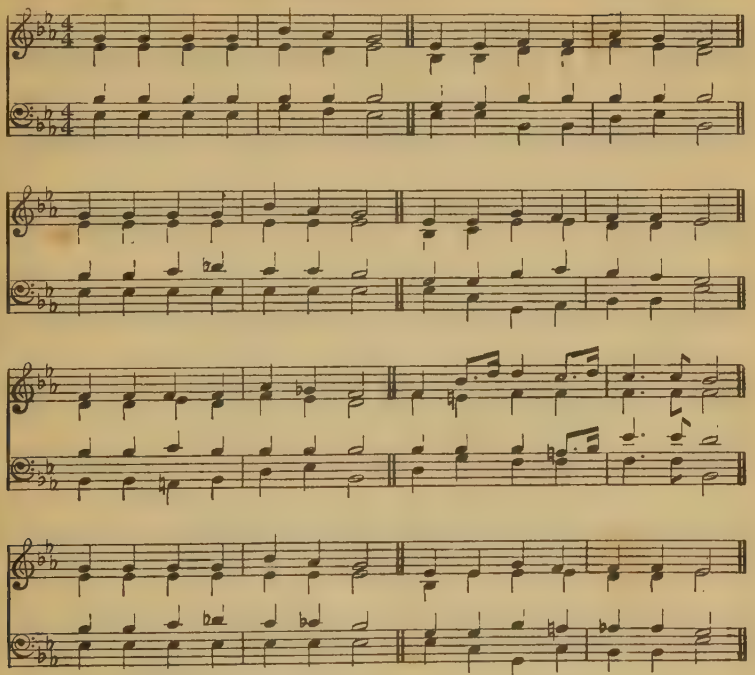


What are these which are arrayed in white robes?—Revelation vii. 13.

1 *mf* WHAT are these arrayed in white,
Brighter than the noon-day sun?
Foremost of the sons of light,
Nearest the eternal throne?
p These are they that bore the cross
f Nobly for their Master stood;
Unis. Sufferers in His righteous cause,
Followers of the dying God.

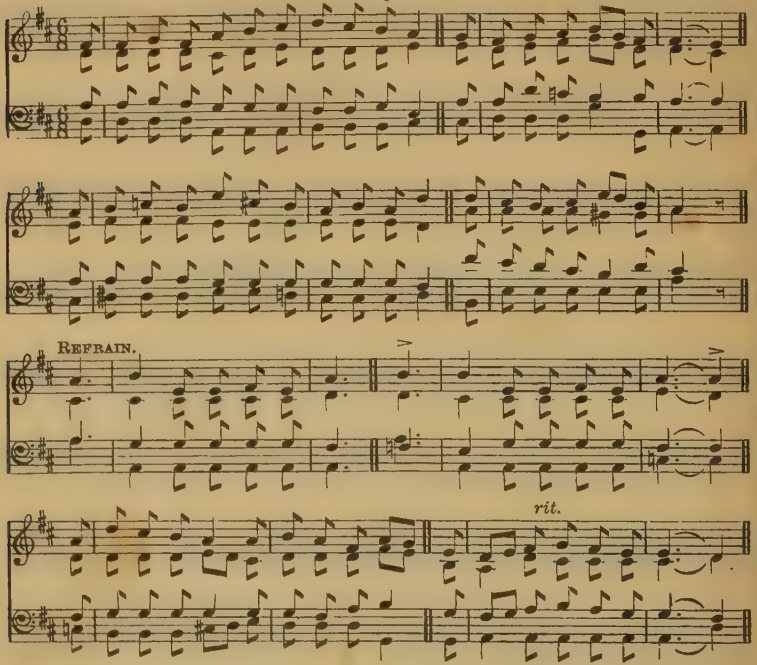
2 *p* Out of great distress they came,
Washed their robes by faith below
In the blood of yonder Lamb,
Blood that washes white as snow:
cr. Therefore are they next the throne,
Serve their Maker day and night;
God resides among His own,
God doth in His saints delight.

3 *f* More than conquerors at last,
Here they find their trials o'er;
They have all their sufferings past,
Hunger now and thirst no more:
No excessive heat they feel
From the sun's directer ray,
mf In a milder clime they dwell,
Region of eternal day.

4 He that on the throne doth reign,
Them the Lamb shall always feed,
With the tree of life sustain,
To the living fountains lead:
cr. He shall all their sorrow chase,
All their wants at once remove
Wipe the tears from every face,
f Fill up every soul with love.

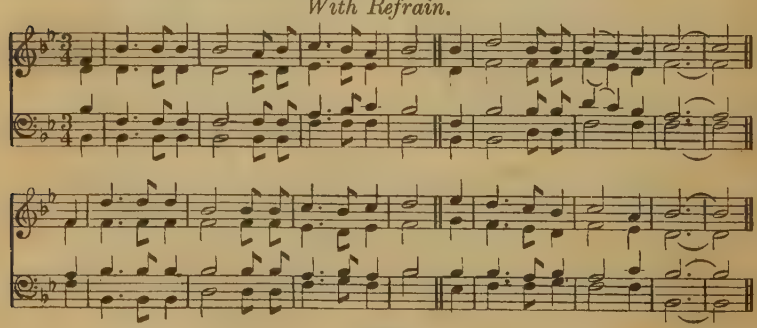
Hymn 463 (Tune 500.) Beautiful Stream. 11.7.11.7.

With Refrain. J. Baptiste Calkin.

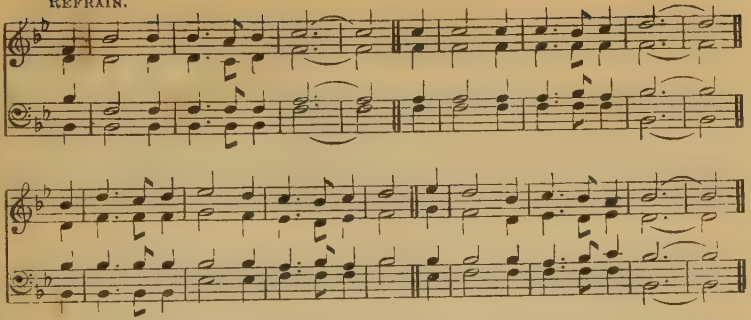


2nd Tune. (501.) Beautiful Stream. 11.7.11.7.

With Refrain.



REFRAIN.



The streams whereof shall make glad the city of God.—Psalm xlvi 4.

1 *mf* O HAVE you not heard of a beautiful stream
That flows through our Father's land?
Its waters gleam bright in the heavenly light,
And ripple o'er golden sand.
O seek that beautiful stream,
O seek that beautiful stream;
Its waters so free are flowing for thee.
O seek that beautiful stream.

2 *p* With murmuring sound doth it wander along
Through fields of eternal green,
Where songs of the blest in their haven of rest
pp Float soft on the air serene.
O seek that beautiful stream, &c.

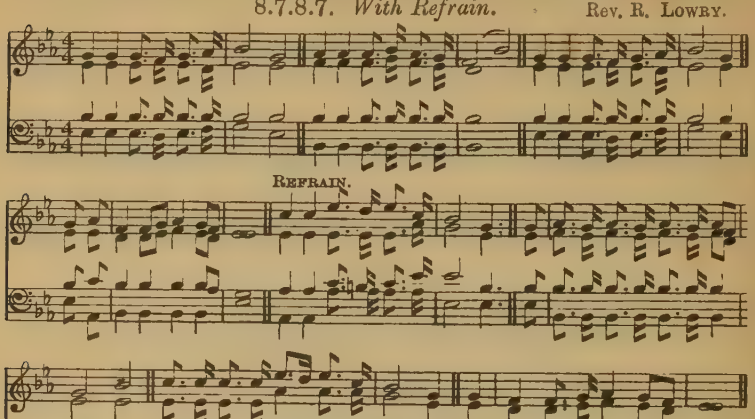
3 *mf* Its fountains are deep, and its waters are pure,
And sweet to the weary soul;
It flows from the throne of Jehovah alone:
O come where its bright waves roll.
O seek that beautiful stream, &c.

4 This beautiful stream is the river of life,
It flows for all nations free;
p A balm for each wound in its waters is found,
O sinner, it flows for thee.
O seek that beautiful stream, &c.

5 *mf* O will you not drink of the beautiful stream,
And dwell on its peaceful shore?
The Spirit says, 'Come, all ye weary ones, home
And wander in sin no more.'
O seek that beautiful stream, &c.

Hymn 464 (Tune 441.) Shall we gather at the River.

8.7.8.7. *With Refrain.* Rev. R. Lowry.



He showed me a pure river of water of life.—Revelation xxii. 1.

1 *mf* Shall we gather at the river,
Where bright angel feet have trod,
With its crystal tide for ever
Flowing by the throne of God?
Yes, we'll gather at the river;
The beautiful, the beautiful river;
p Gather with the saints at the river,
cr. That flows by the throne of God.

2 On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever
All the happy golden day.
Yes, we'll gather at the river, &c.

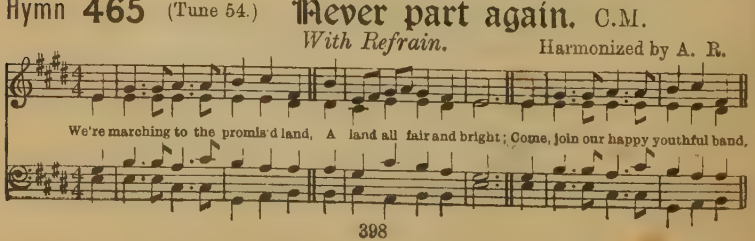
3 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.
Yes, we'll gather at the river, &c.

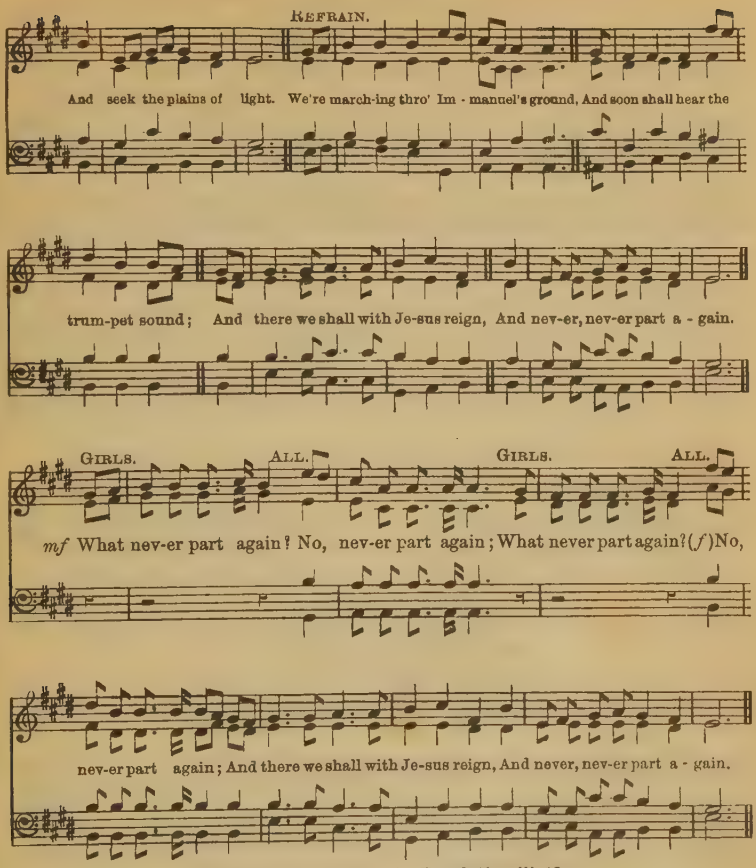
4 At the smiling of the river,
Mirror of the Saviour's face,
Saints whom death will never sever
Lift their songs of saving grace.
Yes, we'll gather at the river, &c.

5 *cr.* Soon we'll reach the shining river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease,
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.
f Yes, we'll gather at the river, &c.

Hymn 465 (Tune 54.) Never part again. C.M.

With Refrain. Harmonized by A. R.




REFRAIN.
And seek the plains of light. We're march-ing thro' Im - manuel's ground, And soon shall hear the
trum-pet sound; And there we shall with Je-sus reign, And nev-er, nev-er part a - gain.
GIRLS. ALL. GIRLS. ALL.
mf What nev-er part again? No, nev-er part again; What never part again? (f) No,
nev-er part again; And there we shall with Je-sus reign, And never, nev-er part a - gain.

He shall go no more out.—Revelation iii. 12.

1 *mf* WE'RE marching to the promised land,
A land all fair and bright;
Come join our happy youthful band,
And seek the plains of light.
We are marching, &c.

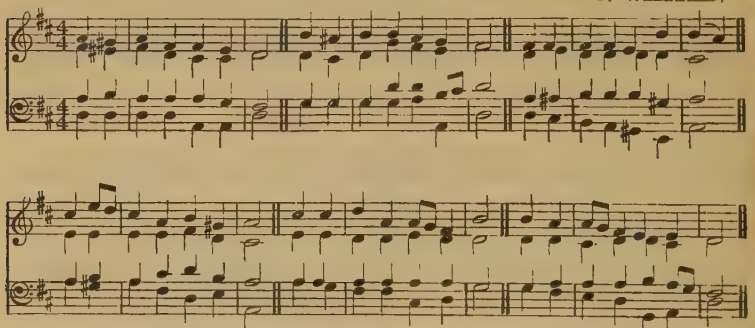
2 The Saviour feeds His little flock,
His grace is freely given,
The living water from the rock,
And daily bread from heaven.
We are marching, &c.

3 In that bright land no sin is found
But all are happy there,
And youthful voices sweetly blend
In the angelic choir.
We are marching, &c.

4 Our teachers kindly point the way
And guide our feet aright,
To the bright realms of endless day,
Where Jesus is the light.
We are marching, &c.

Hymn 466 (Tune 318.) Bond Street. 7.7.7.7.7.7.

T. WALLHEAD.



The Sun of righteousness arise, with healing in His wings.—Malachi iv. 2.

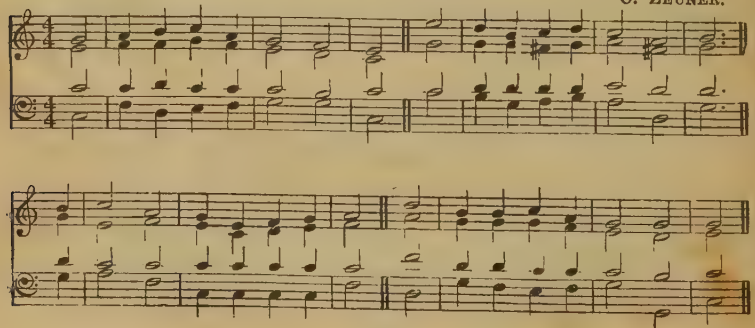
1 *mf* CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only Light,
Sun of righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Day-spring from on high, be near:
Day-star, in my heart appear!

2 *p* Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
cr. Till Thy mercy's beams I see;
Till Thou inward light impart,
f Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

3 *mf* Visit then this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, (*f*) Radiancy divine!
Scatter all my unbelief;
f More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day!

Hymn 467 (Tune 80.) Luther's Chant. L.M.

C. ZEUNER.



My voice shalt Thou hear in the morning, O LORD.—Psalm v. 3.

1 *f* AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 *mf* Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear;
For God's all-seeing eye surveys [ways.
Thy secret thoughts, thy words, and

3 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels take thy part;
f Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King.

4 All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept
And hast refreshed me while I slept;
p Grant, Lord, when I from death shall
cr. I may of endless light partake! [wake,

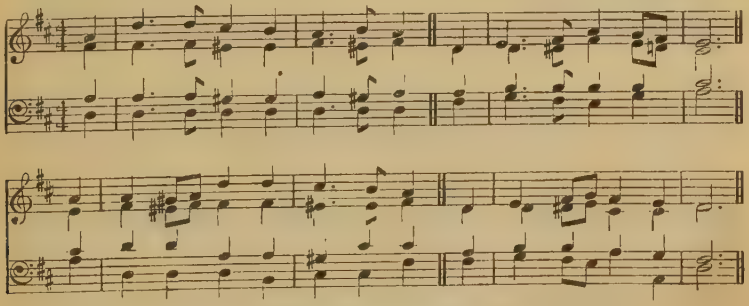
5 *mf* Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
p Disperse my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and
And with Thyself my spirit fill. [will,

6 *mf* Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

7 *f* Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Hymn 468 (Tune 18.) Aristides. C.M.

A. H. MANN, Mus. Doc.



In the morning will I direct my prayer unto Thee.—Psalm v. 3.

1 *f* GOD of our life, our morning songs
To Thee we cheerful raise;
Thine acts of love 'tis good to sing,
And pleasant Thee to praise.

2 *mf* Sustained by Thee, our opening eyes
Salute the morning light;
Secure we stand, unhurt by all
The dangers of the night.

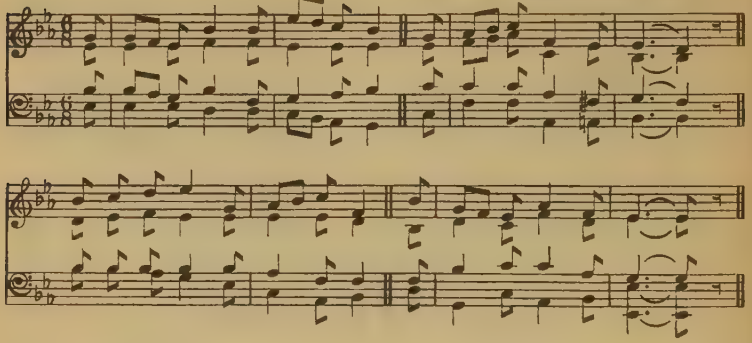
3 Our life renewed, our strength repaired,
To Thee, O God, are due:
Teach us Thy ways, and give us grace
Our duty to pursue.

4 From every enemy defend,
p But guard us most from sin:
mf Direct our going out, O Lord,
And bless our coming in.

5 O may Thy holy fear command
Each action, thought, and word!
f Then shall we sweetly close the day,
Approved of Thee, our Lord.

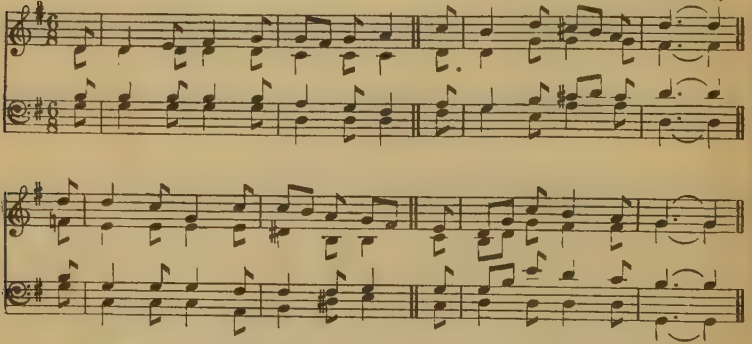
Hymn 469 (Tune 100.) Morning Bright. 4.4.6. D.

ARTHUR HENRY BROWN.



2nd Tune. (102.) **Spring-tide Hour.** 4.4.6. D.

J. BARNBY.



Keep me, . . . hide me under the shadow of Thy wings.—Psalm xvii. 8.

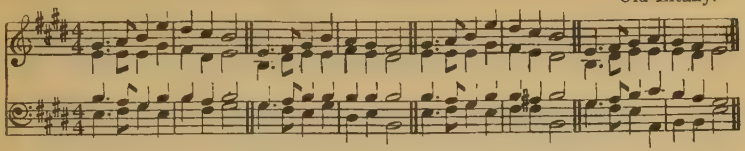
1 *mf* THE morning bright
With rosy light,
Has waked me from my sleep:
Father, I own
Thy love alone
p Thy little one doth keep.

2 *mf* All through the day,
I humbly pray,
Be Thou my guard and guide:
My sins forgive,
And let me live,
Blest Jesus, near Thy side.

3 *p* O make Thy rest
Within my breast,
Great Spirit of all grace;
cr. Make me like Thee,
Then shall I be
Prepared to see Thy face.

Hymn 470 (Tune 298.) Innocents. 7.7.7.7.

Old Litany.



The Day-spring from on high, . . . to guide our feet into the way of peace.—Luke i. 78, 79.

1 *mf* JESUS, holy, undefiled,
Listen to a little child;
Thou hast sent the glorious light,
Chasing far the silent night;

2 Thou hast sent the sun to shine
O'er this beauteous world of Thine,
Warmth to give and pleasant glow
On each tender flower below.

3 Now the little birds arise,
Chirping gaily in the skies:
Thee their warbling voices praise
In the early songs they raise.

4 Thou, by whom the birds are fed,
Give to me my daily bread;
And Thy Holy Spirit give,
Without whom I cannot live.

5 Make me, Lord, obedient, mild,
As becomes a little child;
All day long, in every way,
Teach me what to do and say.

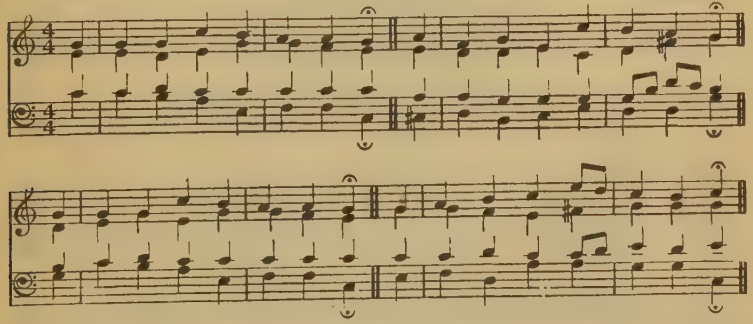
6 Help me never to forget
That in Thy great book is set
All that children think and say,
p For the awful judgment-day.

7 *mf* Let me never say a word
That will make Thee angry, Lord,
Help me so to live in love,
As Thine angels do above.

8 Make me, Lord, in work and play
Thine more truly, every day;
cr. And when Thou at last shalt come,
Take me to Thy heavenly home.

Hymn 471 (Tune 81.) Mainzer. L.M.

MAINZER.



It is a good thing . . . to shew forth Thy loving-kindness in the morning.—Psalm xcii. 1, 2.

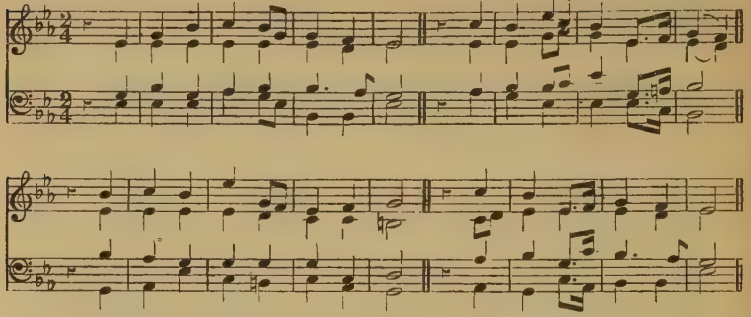
1 *mf* MY God, how endless is Thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new:
And morning mercies from above
p Gently distil like early dew.

2 *mf* Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
cr. And quickens all my drooping powers.

3 *mf* I yield my powers to Thy command,
To Thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from Thy hand
f Demand perpetual songs of praise.

Hymn 472 (Tune 30.) Kilmarnock. C.M.

NEIL DOUGALL.



Not slothful in business, . . . serving the Lord.—Romans xii. 11.

1 *mf* My God, who makes the sun to know
His proper hour to rise,
And, to give light to all below,
Doth send him round the skies.

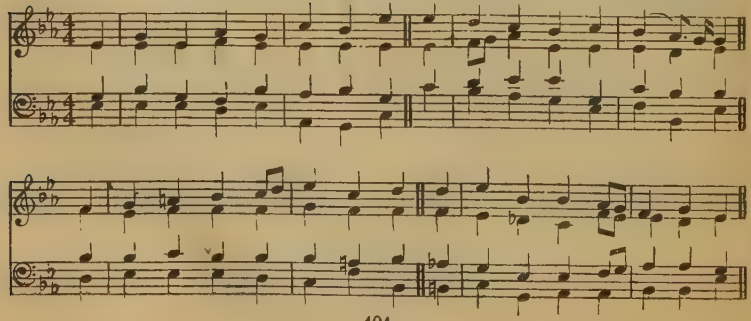
2 When, from the chambers of the east,
His morning race begins,
cr. He never tires, nor stops to rest,
But round the world he shines.

3 *f* So, like the sun, would I fulfil
The business of the day;
Begin my work betimes, and still
March on my heavenly way.

4 *mf* Give me, O Lord, Thy early grace
Nor let my soul complain,
That the young morning of my days
Has all been spent in vain.

Hymn 473 (Tune 89.) Tenbury. L.M.

Rev. Sir F. A. G. OUSELEY.



O God, Thou art my God; early will I seek Thee.—Psalm lxiii. 1.

1 *mf* O TIMELY happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise!
Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new!

2 New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
cr. Through sleep and darkness safely brought, [thought.
f Restored to life, and power, and

3 *mf* New mercies each returning day
Hover around us while we pray:
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

4 If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still of countless price
God will provide for sacrifice.

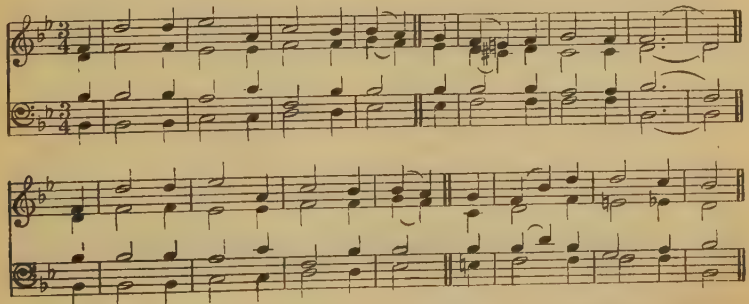
5 Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see:
p Some softening gleam of love and prayer
cr. Shall dawn on every cross and care.

6 *mf* The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God.

7 Only, O Lord, in Thy great love
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

Hymn 474 (Tune 36.) Paradise. C.M.

St. Alban's Tune-Book.



Evening, and morning, and at noon, . . . He shall hear my voice.—Psalm lv. 17.

1 *mf* THROUGH all the dangers of the night
Preserved, O Lord, by Thee,
Again we hail the cheerful light,
Again we bow the knee.

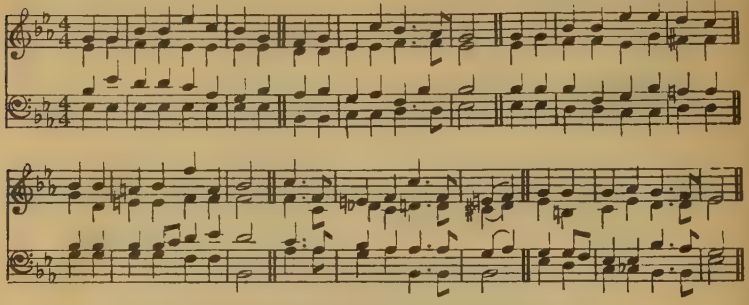
2 Preserve us, Lord, throughout the day,
And guide us by Thy arm;
For they are safe, and only they,
Whom Thou dost keep from harm.

3 Let all our words, and all our ways,
Show forth that we are Thine,
cr. That so the light of truth and grace
Before the world may shine.

4 *mf* Let us ne'er turn away from Thee;
O Saviour, hold us fast,
cr. Till, with immortal eyes, we see
Thy glorious face at last.

Hymn 475 (Tune 406.) Eirenicon. 8.7.8.7.7.7.

H. G. Trembath, Mus. Bac



I will sing aloud of Thy mercy in the morning.—Psalm lix. 16.

1 *mf* Morning comes with light all cheering,
Shades of night have fled apace;
Source of light by Thine appearing
From our minds all darkness chase:
Thou hast blest us in our sleep,
Through the day direct and keep.

2 Earth refreshed Thy praise is sounding;
All Thy works Thy glory sing;
cr. May our hearts, with love abounding,
Gratefully their tribute bring: [lays,
Thou hast taught the birds their
f Teach our hearts to sing Thy praise.

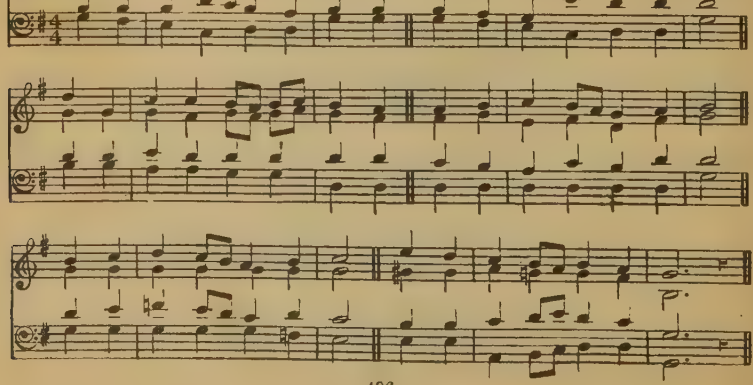
3 *mf* All day long to praise Thee help us,
And to strive against all sin;
cr. Finding all our help in Jesus,
Who for us the fight did win:
p He was tempted here below,
And doth all our weakness know

4 *mf* Man goes to his work till evening
Brings again the needed rest;
Grant that we, Thy grace receiving,
May in all we do be blest:
f And wherever we may be
Find our joy in pleasing Thee.

Hymn 476 (Tune 410.) Gounod. 8.7.8.7.7.7.

By permission from *The Hymnary*.

Ch. Gounod.



He that keepeth thee will not slumber.—Psalm cxxi. 3.

1 *mf* PRAISE the Lord who hath divided
Days of toil by nights for rest,
Home and friends for us provided,
And for every bird its nest;
p Saviour, Thou wast homeless here,
Nights for us didst spend in prayer.

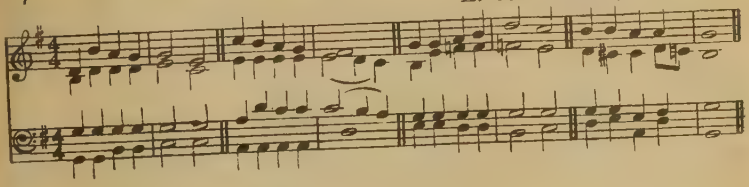
2 *mf* Praise to Thee for all Thy blessing,
Which hath made our joy to-day;
p We draw nigh, our sin confessing,
May Thy blood wash all away.
Jesu, who for this hast come,
Make our loving hearts Thy home.

3 *mf* Hear us, Lord, for those who suffer;
Ease their pain, and give them sleep;
Some there are whom none can succour
But the Lord, who here did weep:
Thou who cam'st to bear our grief,
Send to burdened hearts relief.

4 *mf* Keeping us Thou wilt not slumber,
Grant us in Thy love to rest;
cr. Thou our very hairs dost number,
Sleeping, waking, make us blest;
And as days shall come and go
Make us in Thy love to grow.

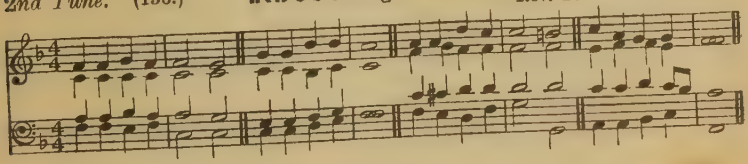
Hymn 477 (Tune 135.) Penkivel. 6.5.6.5.

H. G. TREMBATH, Mus. Bac.



2nd Tune. (136.) Rhôssilly. 6.5.6.5.

Rev. T. R. MATTHEWS.



I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep.—Psalm iv. 8.

1 *mf* Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

2 *p* Jesu, grant the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tenderest blessing
May their eyelids close.

3 *mf* Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailor tossing
On the angry sea;

4 *p* Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain:
Those who plan some evil
From their sins restrain.

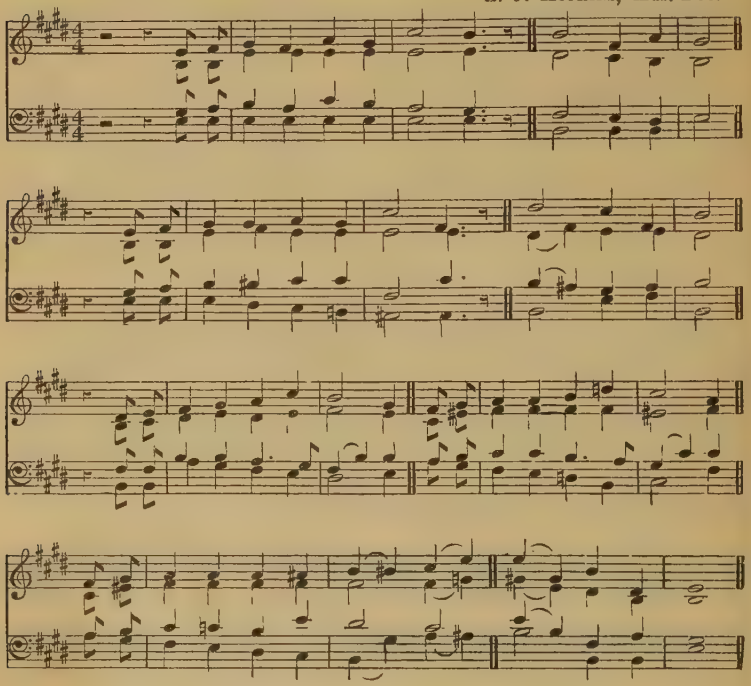
5 *mf* Through the long night-watches
May Thine angels spread
Their bright wings above me,
Standing round my bed.

6 *cr.* When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise,
Pure and fresh and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

7 *f* Glory to the Father,
Glory to the Son,
And to the blest Spirit
Whilst all ages run.

Hymn 478 (Tune 358.) Rosebank. 8.4.8.4.8.8.8.4.

E. J. HOPKINS, Mus. Doc.



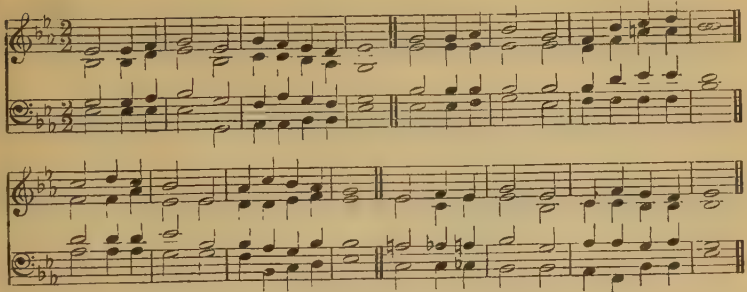
For Thou, LORD, *only makest me dwell in safety.*—Psalm iv. 8.

1 *mf* GOD that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light;
Who the day for toil hast given,
p For rest the night;
May Thine angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
pp This livelong night.

2 *mf* Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
And when we die,
p May we in Thy mighty keeping
pp All peaceful lie:
mf When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not Thou our God forsake us;
But to reign in glory take us
With Thee on high.

Hymn 479 (Tune 484.) Abide with me. 10.10.10.10.

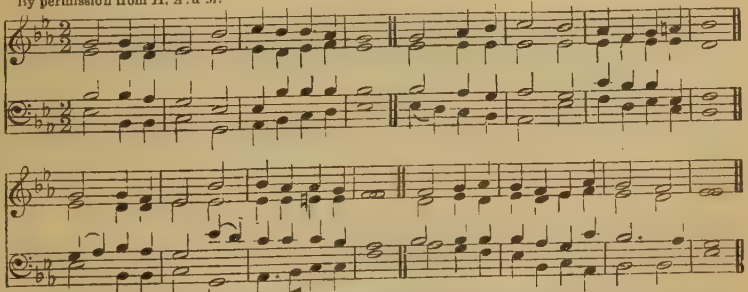
J. Fred. Swift.



2nd Tune. (485.) **Eventide.** 10.10.10.10.

W. H. Monk.

By permission from *H. A. & M.*



Abide with us; for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent.—Luke xxiv. 29.

1 *mf* Abide with me! fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

2 *p* Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
cr. O Thou who changest not, (*p*) abide with me!

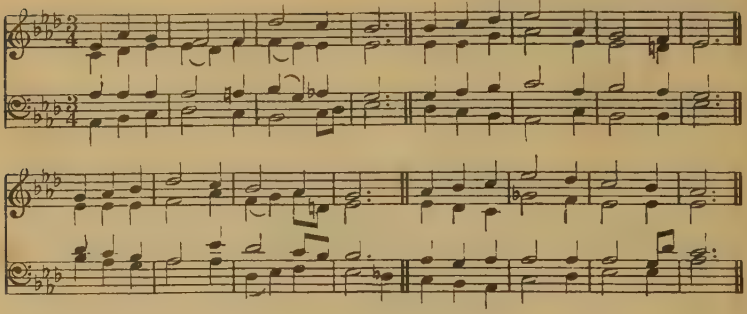
3 *mf* I need Thy presence every passing hour:
cr. What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
f Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness:
ff Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me!

5 *p* Reveal Thyself before my closing eyes;
cr. Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies.
f Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
mf In life and death, O Lord, abide with me!

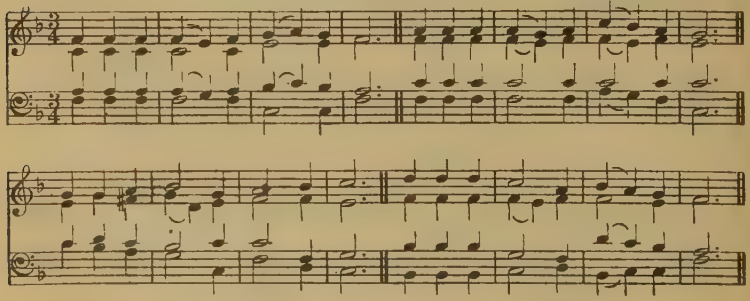
Hymn 480 (Tune 38.) Abends. L.M.

Sir Herbert Oakeley, Mus. Doc.



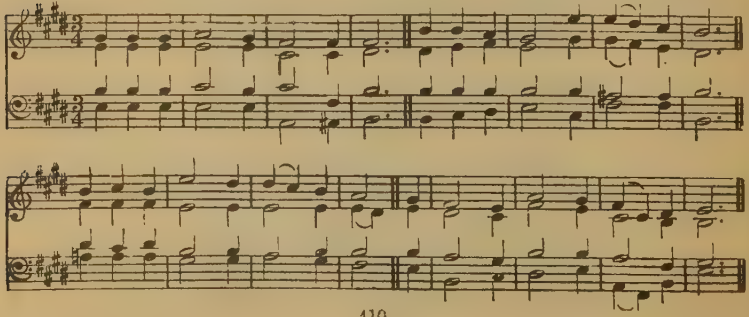
2nd Tune. (79.) **Bursley.** L.M.

Huguenot Melody.



3rd Tune. (87.) **Sun of my Soul.** L.M.

Rev. H. Percy Smith.



And He went in to tarry with them.—Luke xxiv 29.

1 *f* Sun of my soul! Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!

2 *p* When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, How sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast!

3 *mf* Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
dim. Abide with me when night is nigh,
p For without Thee I dare not die.

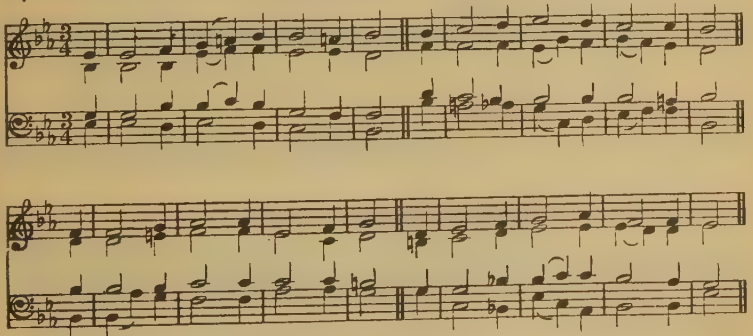
4 *mf* If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick, enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
dim. Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
pp Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6 *cr.* Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
f Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

Hymn 481 (Tune 70.) Angelus. L.M.

Scheffler, 1657.



At even when the sun did set, . . . He healed many that were sick.—Mark i. 32, 34.

1 *mf* At even, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;
p O, in what divers pains they met!
f O, with what joy they went away!

2 *mf* Once more 'tis eventide, and we
Oppressed with various ills draw near:
What if Thy form we cannot see?
cr. We know and feel that Thou art here:

3 *mf* O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel!
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had;

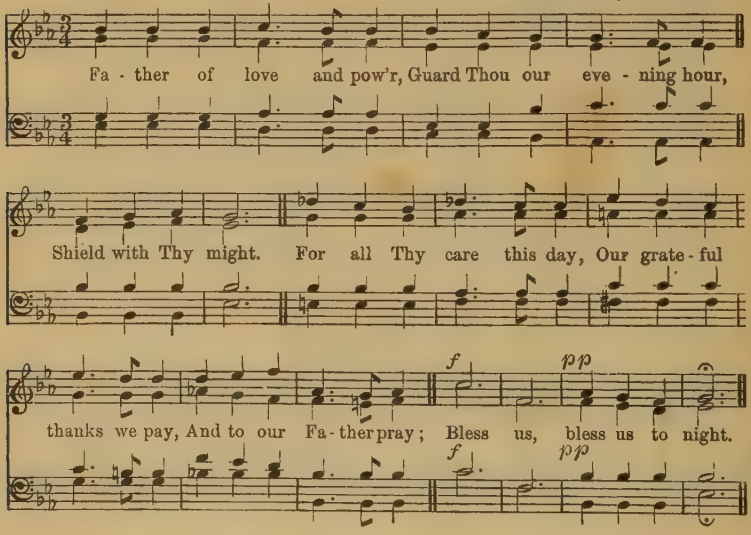
4 And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free; [pain,
And some have friends who give them
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee.

5 O Saviour Christ, Thou too art man!
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide;

6 *f* Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall:
dim. Hear in this solemn evening hour,
p And in Thy mercy heal us all.

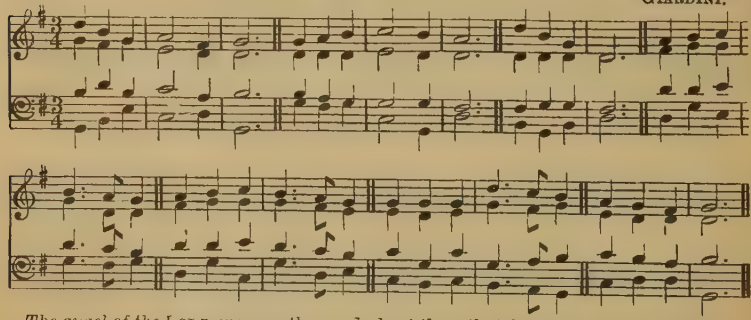
Hymn 482 (Tune 166.) Benedicite. 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus. Doc.


Fa - ther of love and pow'r, Guard Thou our eve - ning hour,
Shield with Thy might. For all Thy care this day, Our grate - ful
f
pp
thanks we pay, And to our Fa - ther pray; Bless us, bless us to night.
f
pp

2nd Tune. (168.) Moscow. 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

GIARDINI.



The angel of the LORD *encampeth round about them that fear Him.*—Psalm xxxiv. 7.

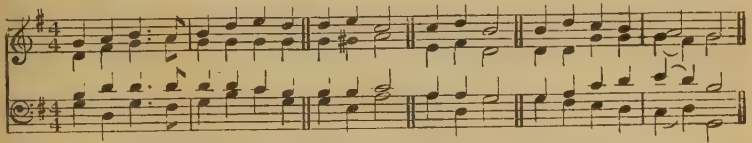
1 *mf* FATHER of love and power,
Guard Thou our evening hour,
Shield with Thy might.
For all Thy care this day,
Our grateful thanks we pay,
And to our Father pray;
p Bless us to-night.

2 *mf* Jesus, Immanuel,
Come in Thy love to dwell
In hearts contrite;
For all our sins we grieve,
But we Thy grace receive,
cr. And in Thy word believe;
p Bless us to-night.

3 *p* Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Shed forth Thy light;
Heal every sinner's smart
Still every throbbing heart,
And Thine own peace impart;
pp Bless us to-night.

Hymn 483 (Tune 352.) Thulme. 8.3.3.6.

J. G. EBELING.



The LORD *shall preserve thee from all evil.*—Psalm cxxi. 7.

1 *mf* ERE I sleep, for every favour
This day showed
By my God,
I will bless my Saviour.

2 O my Lord, what shall I render
To Thy name,
Still the same,
p Merciful and tender?

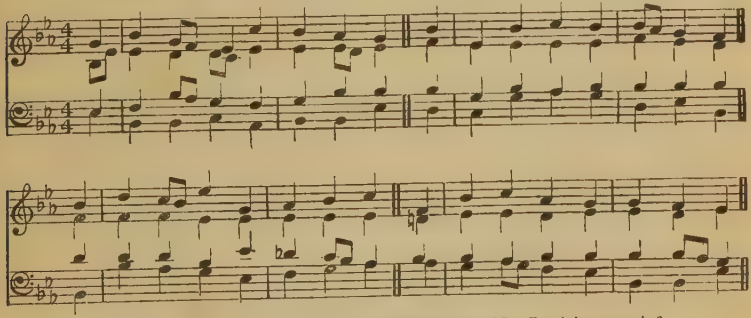
3 *mf* Leave me not, but ever love me:
Let Thy peace
Be my bliss,
Till Thou hence remove me.

4 *f* Thou, my rock, my guard, my tower,
Safely keep,
While I sleep,
Me with sovereign power.

5 *p* So whene'er in death I slumber,
cr. Let me rise
With the wise,
f Counted in their number.

Hymn 484 (Tune 92.) Wesley. L.M.

S. S. WESLEY, Mus. Doc.



Ye shall lie down, and none shall make you afraid.—Leviticus xxvi. 6.

1 *mf* ETERNAL Father! hear, we pray,
Thy children's hymn at close of day;
Thou dost not with the sun decline,
For day and night alike are Thine.

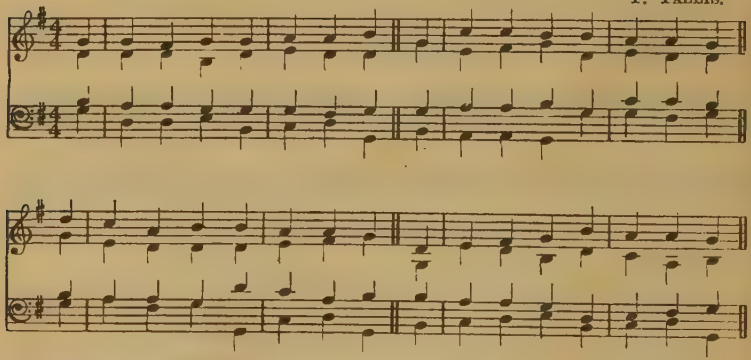
2 Thou makest daylight dark with night,
The shades of death with morning bright;
Yet wilt Thou to Thy children prove
Unclouded light, unchanging love.

3 O raise, O purge our earth-dimmed eyes,
And in Thy wisdom make us wise:
Our sin subdue, our darkness chase
cr. With light of truth and strength of grace!

4 *f* Great Father, grant that in Thy Son
We all with Thee may be but one:
Our light, our life, our all be He,
That light in Thy light we may see.

Hymn 485 (Tune 88.) Tallis' Canon. L.M.

T. Tallis.



Thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of Thy wings will I rejoice.—
Psalm lxiii. 7.

1 *f* Glory to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own almighty wings!

2 *mf* Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
p Teach me to die, that so I may
cr. Rise glorious at the awful day.

4 *p* O may my soul on Thee repose!
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
cr. Sleep that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

5 *mf* If in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

SECOND PART.

6 My soul, when I shake off the dust,
Lord, in Thy arms I will entrust;
O make me Thy peculiar care,
Some mansion for my soul prepare!

7 O may I always ready stand,
With my lamp burning in my hand;
cr. May I in sight of heaven rejoice,
Whene'er I hear the bridegroom's voice!

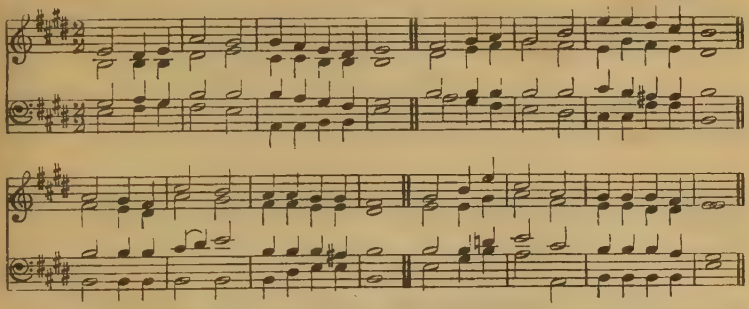
8 *f* All praise to Thee in light arrayed,
Who light Thy dwelling-place hast made;
A boundless ocean of bright beams
From Thy all-glorious Godhead streams.

9 The sun in its meridian height
Is very darkness in Thy sight;
My soul O lighten and inflame,
With thought and love of Thy great name!

10 *ff* Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

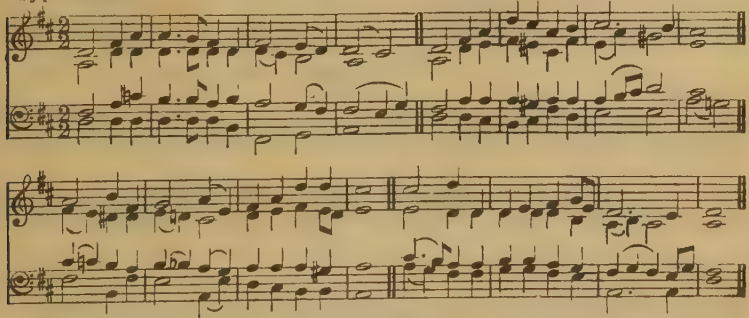
Hymn 486 (486.) Parting Hymn of Praise.

10.10.10.10. JANE RHODES.



2nd Tune. (487.) **Par Dei.** 10.10.10.10.

By permission from *H. A. & M.* Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.



My peace I give unto you : not as the world giveth, give I unto you.—John xiv. 27.

1 *mf* SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise ;
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease,
p Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.

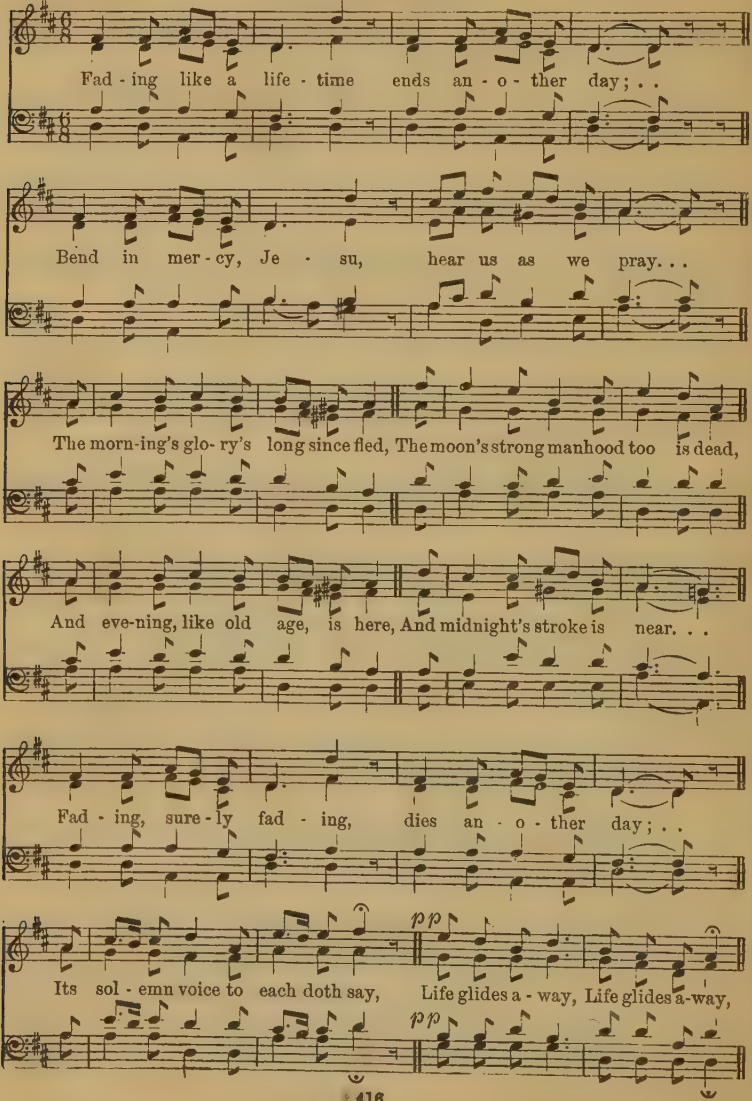
2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way ;
mf With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day ;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in This house have called upon Thy name.

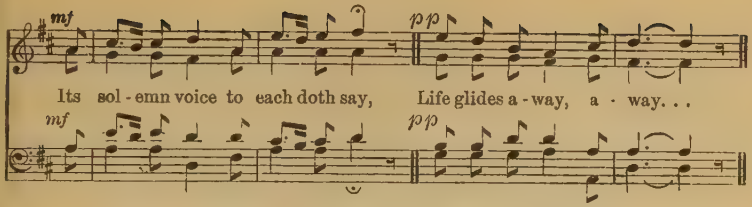
3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,
cr. Turn Thou for us its darkness into light ;
f From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

4 *mf* Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife :
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
pp Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

Hymn 487 (Tune 511.) Hymn for nightfall.

11.11.8.8.8.6.11.12. Mrs. KNAPP.


Fad - ing like a life - time ends an - o - ther day; . .
Bend in mer - cy, Je - su, hear us as we pray. . .
The morn-ing's glo- ry's long since fled, The moon's strong manhood too is dead,
And eve-ning, like old age, is here, And midnight's stroke is near. . .
Fad - ing, sure - ly fad - ing, dies an - o - ther day; . .
pp
Its sol - emn voice to each doth say, Life glides a - way, Life glides a-way,
pp



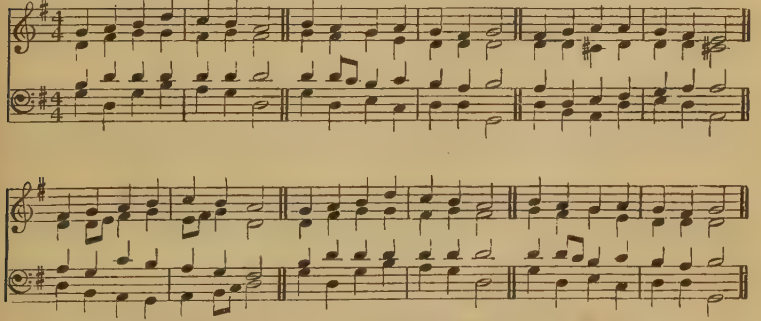
Continue in prayer, and watch in the same.—Colossians iv. 2.

1 *mf* FADING like a life-time ends another day;
Bend in mercy, Jesu, hear us as we pray.
The morning's glory's long since fled,
The noon's strong manhood too is dead,
And evening, like old age, is here,
And midnight's stroke is near.
p Fading, surely fading, dies another day;
Its solemn voice to each doth say, Life glides away.

2 *mf* Just beyond the nightfall comes another day; [pray.
Thou in glory thronèd, hear us as we
The grave is not the end of all,
Our souls shall hear the trumpet-call,
The summons to a higher state,
cr. Where faith's reward is great.
From beyond death's nightfall shines another day;
'If ye would live' faith hears it say,
'love, work, and pray.'

Hymn 488 (Tune 319.) Cassel. 7.7.7.7.7.7.

German.



Let them also that love Thy name be joyful in Thee.—Psalm v. 11.

1 *mf* LORD of power, Lord of might,
God and Father of us all,
Lord of day and Lord of night,
Listen to our solemn call,
cr. Listen whilst to Thee we raise
Songs of prayer and songs of praise.

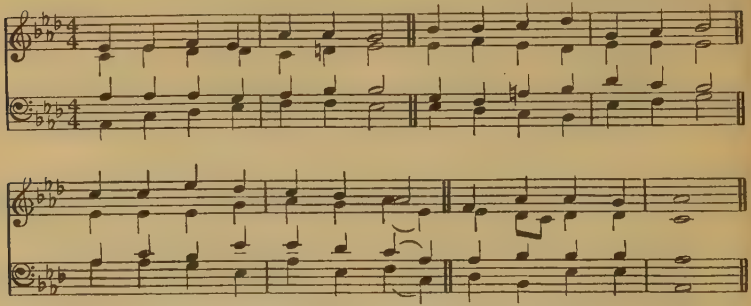
2 *mf* Light and love and life are Thine;
Great Creator of all good,
Fill our souls with light divine;
Give us with our daily food
Blessings from Thy heavenly store,
Blessings rich for evermore

3 Graft within our heart of hearts
Love undying for Thy name,
Bid us, ere the day departs,
Spread afar our Maker's fame:
Young and old together bless,
Clothe our souls with righteousness.

4 *p* Full of years and full of peace,
May our life on earth be blest;
cr. When our trials here shall cease,
And at last we sink to rest,
f Fountain of eternal love,
Call us to our home above.

Hymn 489 (Tune 279.) Irene. 7.7.7.5.

Rev. C. C. Scholefield.



At evening time it shall be light.—Zechariah xiv. 7.

1 *mf* Holy Father, cheer our way
With Thy love's perpetual ray;
Grant us every closing day
cr. Light at evening time.

2 *p* Holy Saviour, calm our fears
When earth's brightness disappears;
Grant us in our latter years
cr. Light at evening time.

3 *p* Holy Spirit, be Thou nigh
When in mortal pains we lie;
Grant us, as we come to die,
cr. Light at evening time.

4 *mf* Holy, blessèd Trinity,
Darkness is not dark with Thee;
Those Thou keepest always see
cr. Light at evening time.

Hymn 490 (Tune 462.) St. Matthias. 8.8.8.8.8.8.

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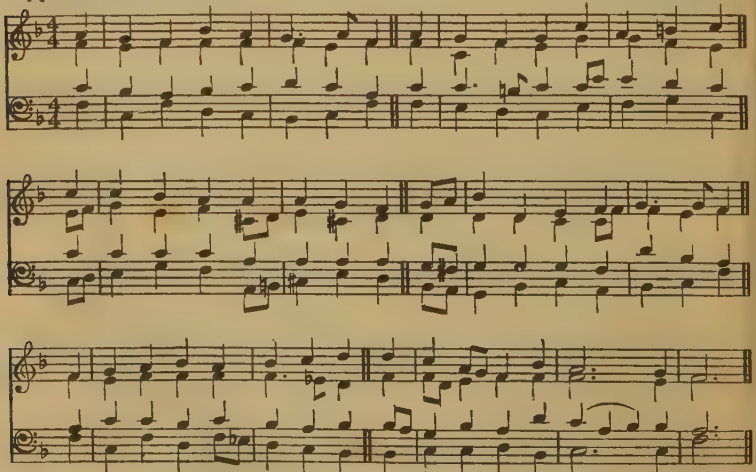
W. H. Monk.



I am the Light of the world.—John viii. 12.

1 *mf* SWEET Saviour, bless us ere we go,
Thy word into our minds instil,
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
cr. Through life's long day and death's dark night,
p O gentle Jesus, be our light.

2 *p* The day is gone, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all:
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
pp The broken vow, the frequent fall.
cr. Through life's long day and death's dark night,
p O gentle Jesus, be our light.

3 *mf* Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
cr. Through life's long day and death's dark night,
p O gentle Jesus, be our light.

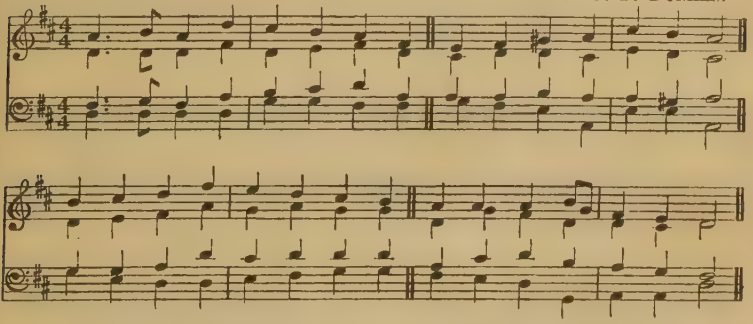
4 *f* Do more than pardon; give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And simple hearts without alloy,
That only long to be like Thee.
cr. Through life's long day and death's dark night,
p O gentle Jesus, be our light.

5 *mf* Labour is sweet, for Thou hast toiled;
And care is light, for Thou hast cared;
Ah! never let our works be soiled
With strife, or by deceit ensnared.
cr. Through life's long day and death's dark night,
p O gentle Jesus, be our light.

6 *mf* For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
cr. O, let Thy mercy make us glad;
f Thou art our Jesus and our All.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
p O gentle Jesus, be our light.

Hymn 491 (Tune 387.) St. Clement. 8.7.8.7.

Rev. S. J. P. DUNMAN.



I . . . know My sheep, and am known of mine.—John x. 14.

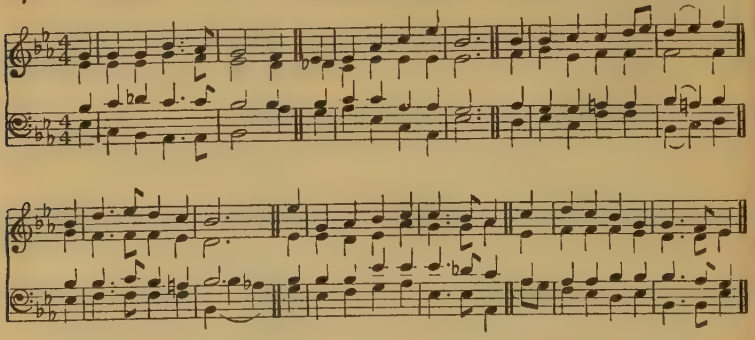
1 *p* JESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me!
Bless Thy little lamb to-night;
Through the darkness be Thou near me;
Keep me safe till morning light.

2 *mf* Through this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast warmed and clothed and fed me:
Listen to my evening prayer.

3 Let my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
f Happy there with Thee to dwell.

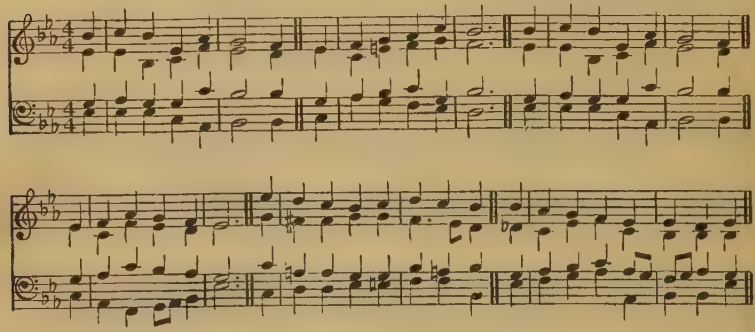
Hymn 492 (Tune 261.) Montague. 7.6.7.6.8.8.

J. Barker.



2nd Tune. (262.) St. Anatolius. 7.6.7.6.8.8.

Arthur Henry Brown.



When thou liest down, thou shalt not be afraid.—Proverbs iii. 24.

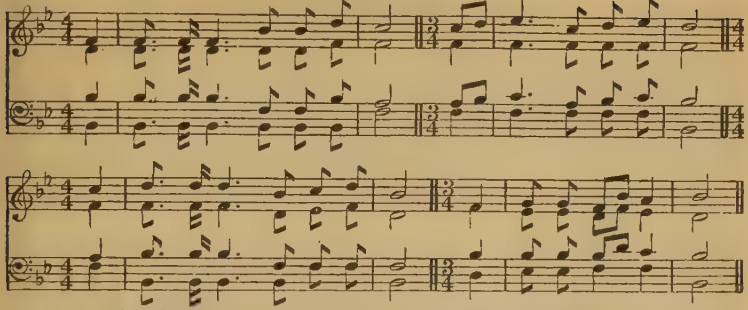
1 *mf* The day is past and over;
All thanks, O Lord, to Thee!
We pray Thee now that sinless
The hours of dark may be;
p O Jesu, keep us in Thy sight,
cr. And save us through the coming night!

2 *mf* The joys of day are over;
We lift our hearts to Thee,
And ask Thee that offenceless
The hours of dark may be;
p O Jesu, make their darkness light,
cr. And save us through the coming night!

3 *mf* The toils of day are over;
We raise our hymn to Thee;
And ask that free from peril
The hours of dark may be;
p O Jesu, keep us in Thy sight,
cr. And guard us through the coming night!

4 *mf* Be Thou our soul's preserver,
For Thou, O God, dost know
How many are the perils
Awaiting us below;
cr. O loving Jesu, hear our call,
f And guard and save us from them all!

Hymn 493 (Tune 101.) Mylon. 4.4.6. D.



Blessed is that man that maketh the LORD *his trust.*—Psalm xl. 4.

1 *p* THE daylight fades,
The evening shades
Are gathering round my head;
Father above,
cr. I praise the love
Which smooths and guards my bed.

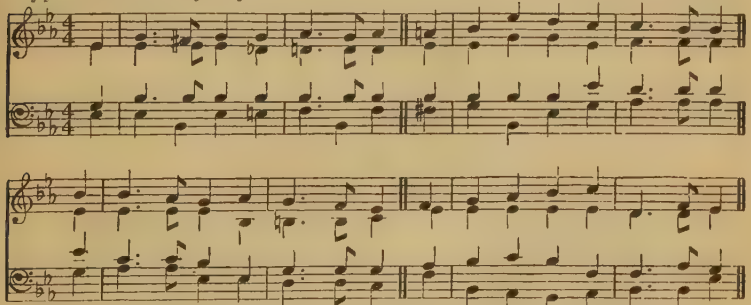
2 *f* While Thou art near,
I need not fear
The gloom of midnight hour;
Blest Jesus, still
From every ill
Defend me with Thy power.

3 *p* Pardon my sin,
And enter in,
And sanctify my heart;
Spirit divine,
O make me Thine,
And ne'er from me depart.

Hymn 494 (Tune 73.) Camden. L.M.

By permission from *The Hymnary*.

J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.



Whoso hearkeneth unto Me, . . . shall be quiet from fear of evil.—Proverbs i. 33.

1 *mf* O THOU, whose love throughout this day
Hath cheered our hearts and fenced [our way,
Now may Thy presence round us close,
dim. And hush our souls in sweet repose.

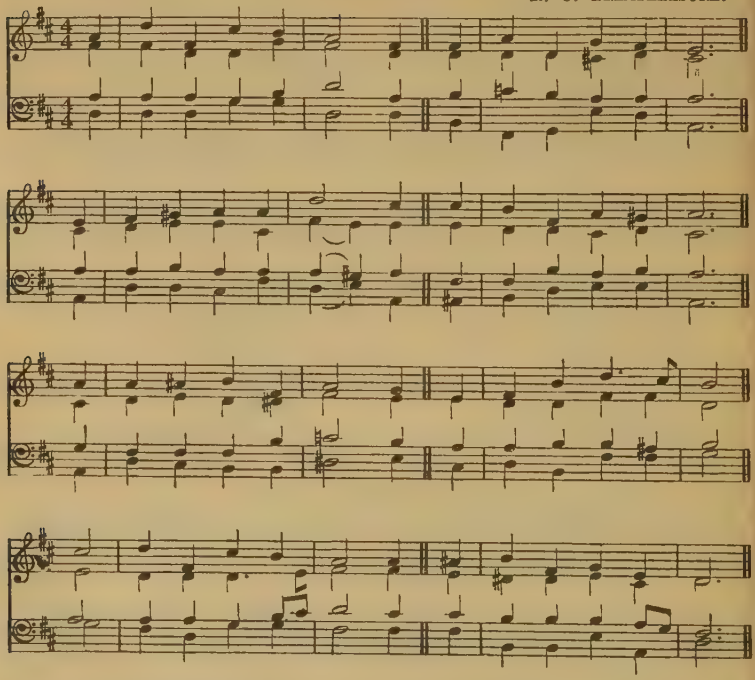
2 *mf* Unrestful, eager, still we chafe
Against Thy bidding; only safe
p When quiet in Thy hand we lie,
Or walk directed by Thine eye.

3 *mf* So would we walk, so would we rest,
Both day and night of Thee possessed,
cr. By nought endangered, nought dismayed, [shade.
With Thee for light, and Thee for

4 *f* All praise, O Lord, to Thee we give,
In whom we are, and move, and live!
Grant us Thy peace this eventide,
And with us evermore abide.

Hymn 495 (Tune 245.) Trampleasure. 7.6.7.6. D.

R. C. TRAMPLEASURE.



The LORD *shall be unto thee an everlasting light.*—Isaiah lx. 19.

1 *mf* THE radiant sun, declining,
Will soon have passed away
And silver stars out-shining
Make but as transient stay:
O Light, all light excelling,
When sun or stars decline,
cr. Shine forth, our gloom dispelling
f With light and joy divine.

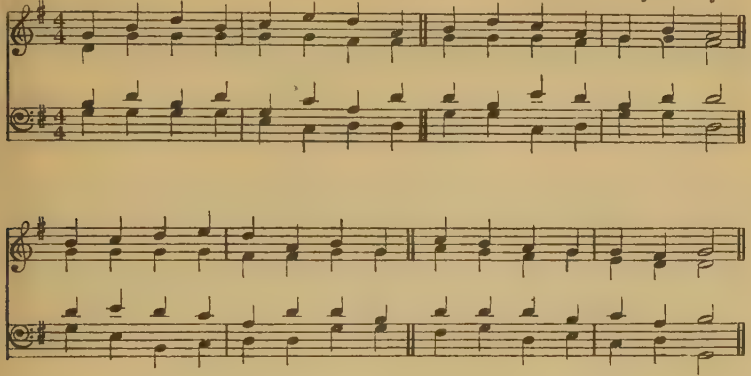
mf Like sunbeams, quickly flying
Before the dusky night,
Or stars' fair lustre, dying
With morning's clearer light:
So swift beyond our measure
dim. Life's little day speeds on;
p A moment's fleeting pleasure,
pp And light and life are gone.

3 *p* Thou, who in human fashion
Didst render up Thy breath,
And by Thy bitter passion
Destroy the sting of death:
When life's brief day is over,
Its toil, and care, and sin,
cr. Open Thine arms of mercy,
And take the weary in.

4 *mf* O Saviour, be Thou near us
Till all our toil is o'er,
cr. Till heavenly light shall cheer us
And night return no more:
f So, to the life immortal,
With joy we'll haste away,
And pass through death's dark portal
To never-ending day.

Hymn 496 (Tune 379.) Bethlehem. 8.7.8.7.

14th Century Melody.



This is the promise that He hath promised us, even eternal life.—1 John ii. 25.

1.

mf SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.

2.

p Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
cr. Angel-guards from Thee surround us;
f We are safe, for Thou art nigh.

3.

mf Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee,
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.

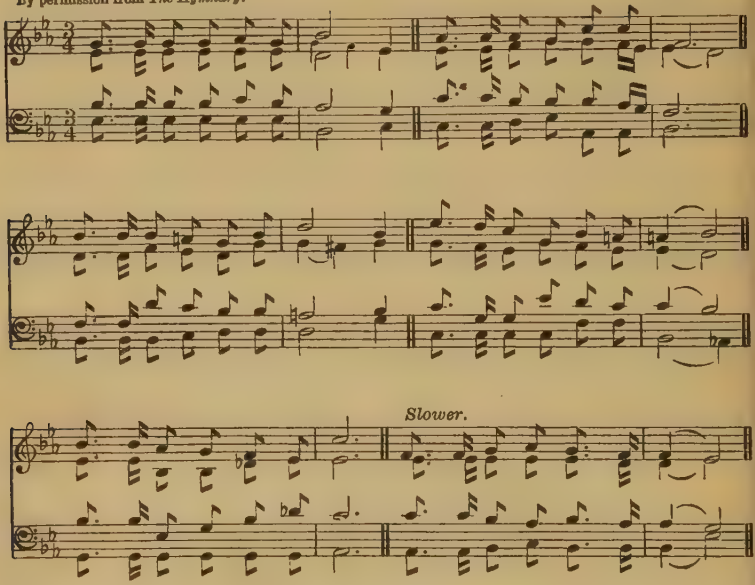
4.

dim. Should swift death this night overtake us,
p And our couch become our tomb,
cr. May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

Hymn 497 (Tune 405.) Barnby. 8.7.8.7.7.7.

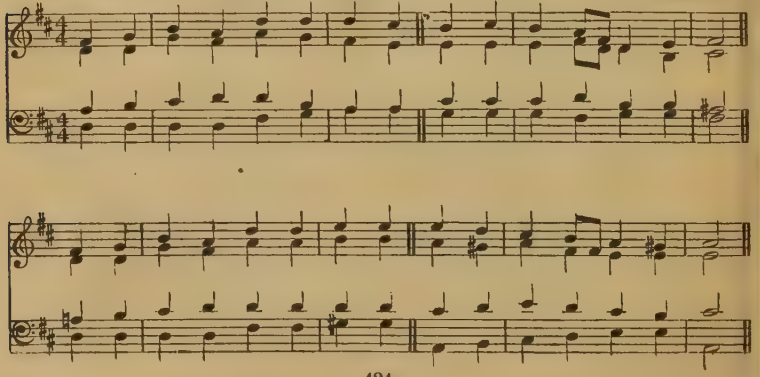
By permission from *The Hymnary*.

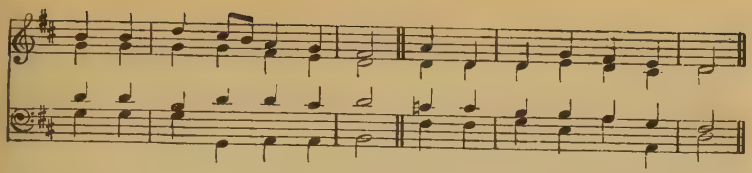
J. Barnby.



2nd Tune. (408.) Evensong. 8.7.8.7.7.7.

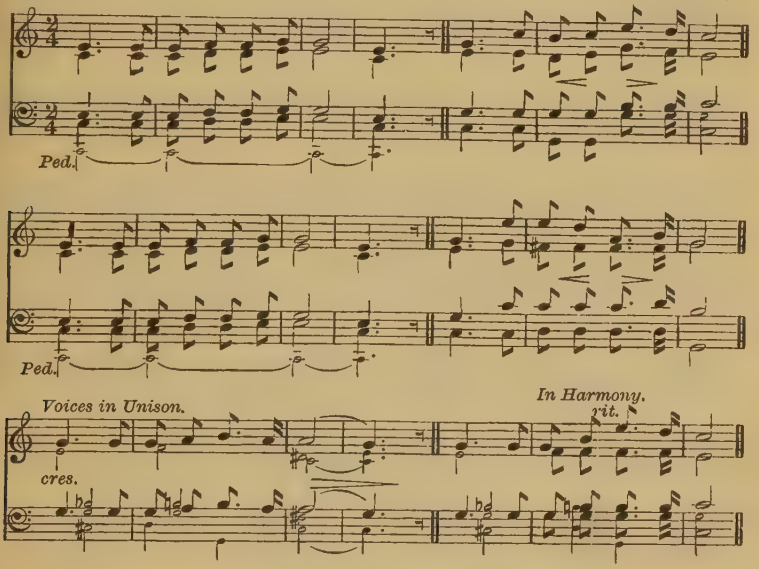
J. Summers.





3rd Tune. (409.) **Finedon.** 8.7.8.7.7.7.

J. W. ELLIOTT.



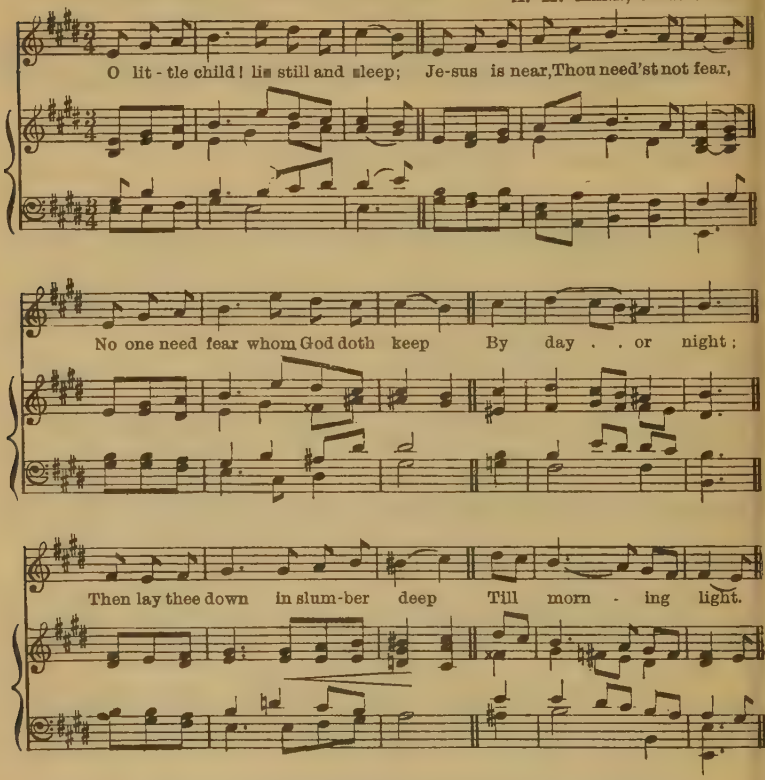
He giveth you rest, . . . so that ye dwell in safety.—Deuteronomy xii. 10.

1 *mf* THROUGH the day Thy love hath spared us;
Wearied we lie down to rest;
Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest;
p Jesus, Thou our guardian be,
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

2 *mf* Pilgrims here on earth and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers,
In Thine arms may we repose;
dim. And when life's short day is past,
p Rest with Thee in heaven at last.

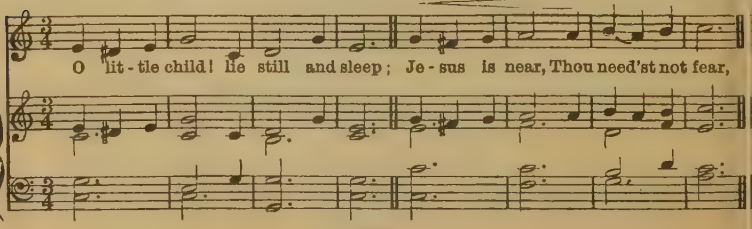
Hymn 498 (Tune 453.) O Little Child. 8.8.8.4.8.4.

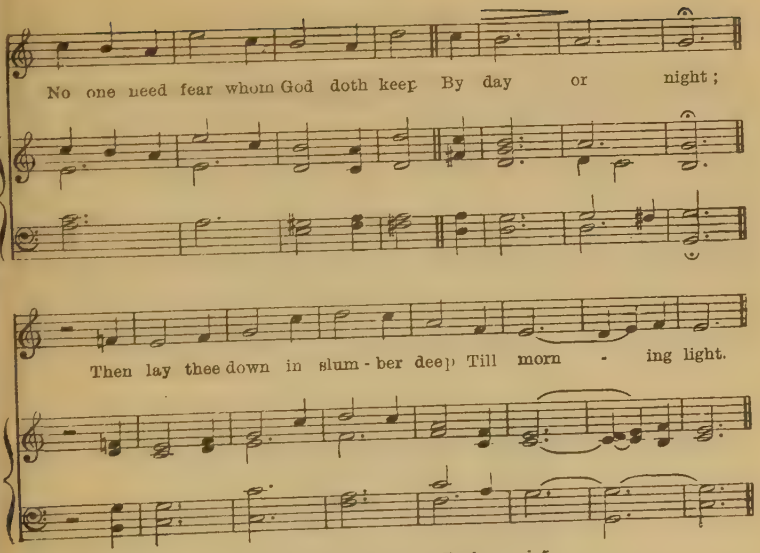
A. H. MANN, Mus. Doc.


O lit - tle child! lie still and sleep; Je-sus is near, Thou need'st not fear,
No one need fear whom God doth keep By day . . or night:
Then lay thee down in slum-ber deep Till morn - ing light.

2nd Tune. (454.) Pax Dulcissima. 8.8.8.4.8.4.

Rev. S. J. P. DUNMAN.





The LORD *is thy keeper.*—Psalm cxxi. 5.

NURSERY HYMN.

1 *mf* O LITTLE child! lie still and sleep;
Jesus is near, Thou need'st not fear,
f No one need fear whom God doth keep
By day or night;
dim. Then lay thee down in slumber deep
Till morning light.

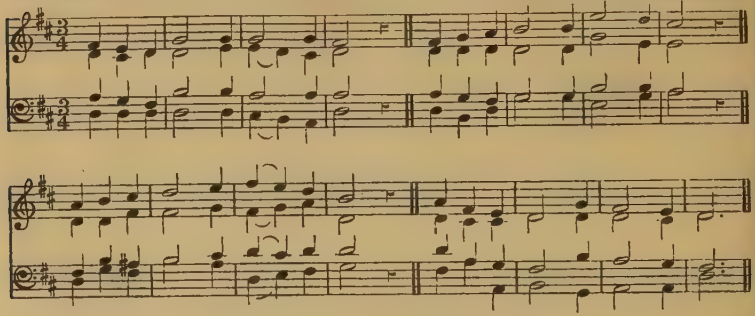
2 *mf* O little child! be still and rest;
He sweetly sleeps, Whom Jesus keeps,
cr. And in the morning wakes so blest,
His child to be;
Love every one, but love Him best:
He first loved thee.

3 *p* O little child! when thou must die,
Fear nothing then, But say 'Amen'
To God's commands, and quiet lie
In His kind hand,
Till He shall say, 'Dear child, come, fly
cr. To heaven's bright land.'

4 *f* Then with thine angel-wings quick grown,
Thou shalt ascend To meet Thy Friend;
Jesus the little child will own,
Safe at His side;
And thou shalt live before the throne
Because He died.

Hymn 499 (Tune 76.) Gladstone. L.M.

W. H. GLADSTONE.



The sabbath of the LORD *thy God.*—Exodus xx. 10.

1 *mf* AGAIN our weekly labours end,
And we the Sabbath's call attend:
Improve, our souls, the sacred rest,
And seek to be for ever blest.

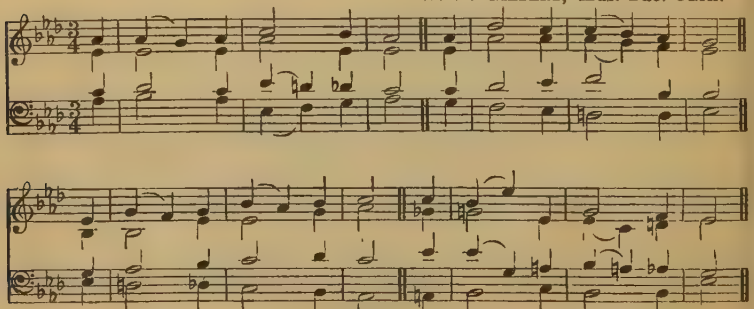
2 This day let our devotions rise
To heaven, a grateful sacrifice;
May God that peace divine bestow,
Which none but they who feel it know.

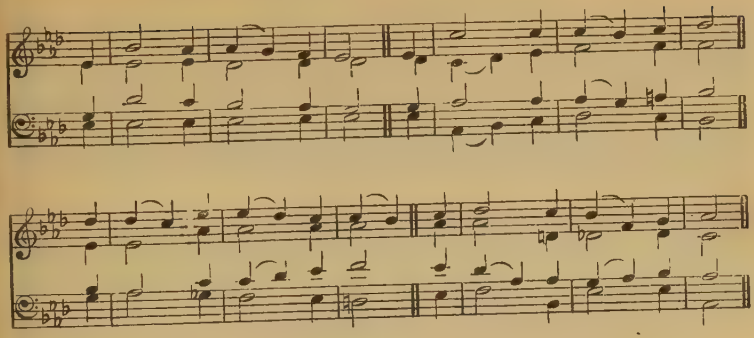
3 *p* This holy calm within the breast
Prepares for that eternal rest,
Which for the sons of God remains;
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 *mf* In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away:
How sweet the Sabbath thus to spend,
cr. In hope of that which ne'er shall end!

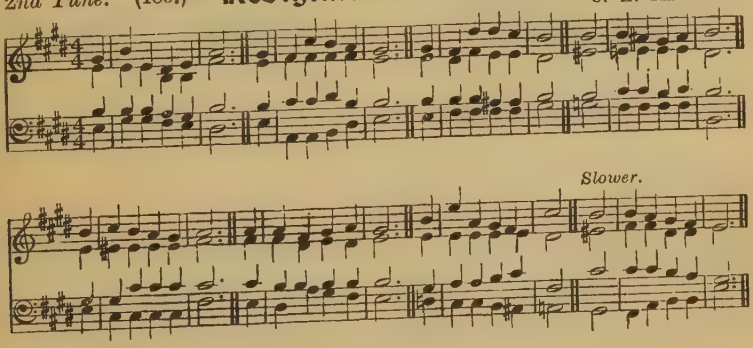
Hymn 500 (Tune 182.) Par. 6.6.6.6. D.

W. B. GILBERT, Mus. Bac. Oxon.





2nd Tune. (183.) **Resignation.** 6.6.6.6. D. C. E. KETTLE.



The Son of man is Lord also of the sabbath.—Mark ii. 28.

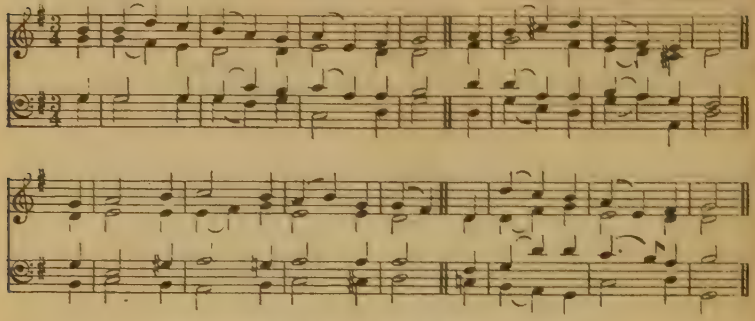
1 *mf* JESUS, we love to meet
On this Thy holy day;
We worship round Thy seat,
On this Thy holy day.
Thou tender, heavenly Friend,
To Thee our prayers ascend;
O'er our young spirits bend
p On this Thy holy day:

2 *mf* We dare not trifle now,
On this Thy holy day;
p In silent awe we bow
On this Thy holy day.
mf Check every wandering thought,
And let us all be taught
To serve Thee as we ought
p On this Thy holy day.

3 *mf* We listen to Thy word
On this Thy holy day;
Bless all that we have heard
On this Thy holy day;
Go with us when we part,
And to each youthful heart
Thy saving grace impart
pp On this Thy holy day.

Hymn 501 (Tune 22.) Dublin. C.M.

Sir JOHN STEVENSON.



Praise waiteth for Thee, O God, in Sion.—Psalm lxv. 1.

1 *mf* Now condescend, almighty King,
To bless this happy throng;
And deign to listen while we sing
Our humble, grateful song.

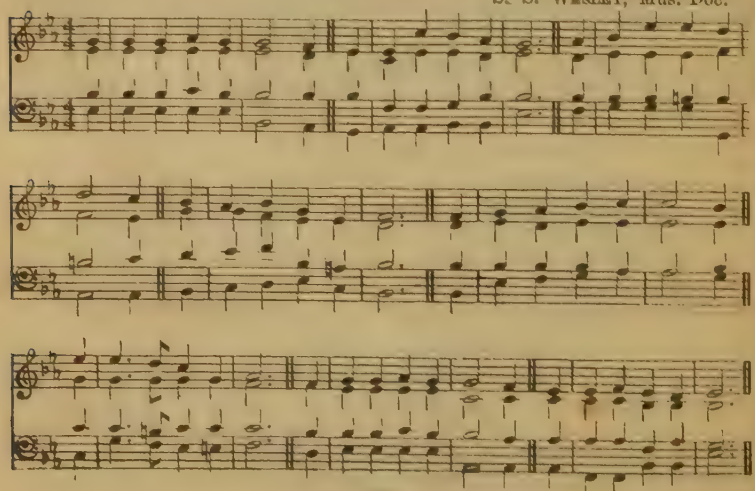
2 We come to own the power divine
That watches o'er our days;
f For this our cheerful voices join
In hymns of grateful praise.

3 *mf* We come to learn Thy holy word,
And ask Thy tender care;
Before Thy throne, almighty Lord,
We bend in humble prayer.

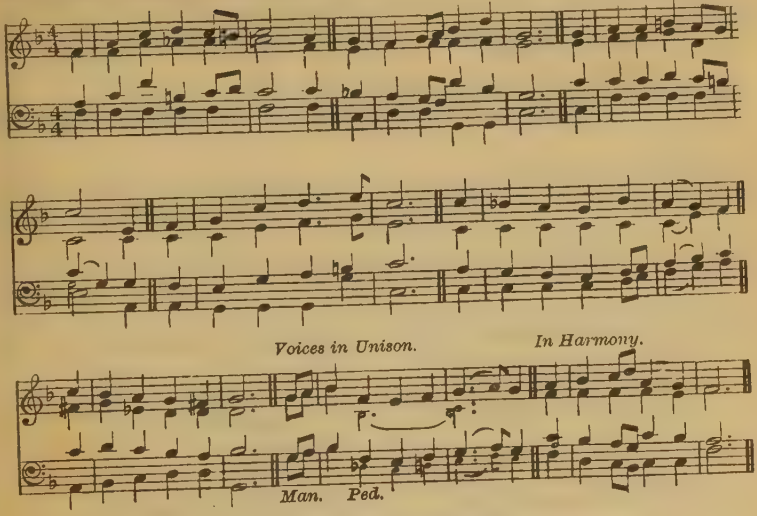
4 *f* May we in safety pass this day,
From sin and danger free;
And ever walk in that sure way
That leads to heaven and Thee.

Hymn 502 (Tune 218.) Aurelia. 7.6.7.6. D.

S. S. WESLEY, Mus. Doc.



2nd Tune. (223.) **Day of Rest.** 7.6.7.6. D. J. W. ELLIOTT.



The LORD *blessed the sabbath day, and hallowed it.*—Exodus xx. 11.

1 *f* O DAY of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright;
On thee the high and lowly,
Through ages joined in tune,
dim. Sing Holy, Holy, Holy,
To the great God Triune.

2 *mf* On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth:
On thee for our salvation
cr. Christ rose from depths of earth;
f On thee our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee most glorious
A triple light was given.

3 *mf* Thou art a port protected
From storms that round us rise;
A garden intersected
With streams of paradise;
p Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry, dreary sand;
f From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our promised land.

SECOND PART.

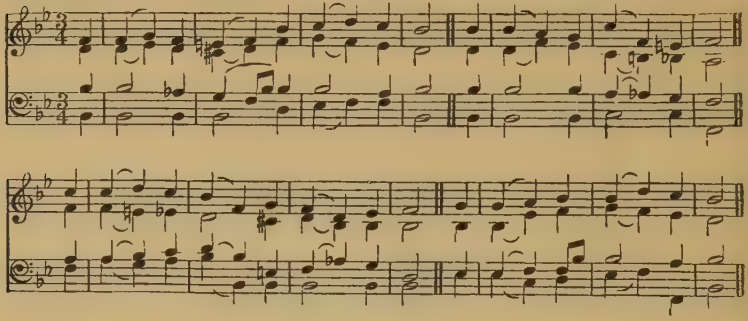
4 *mf* Thou art a holy ladder,
Where angels go and come;
cr. Each Sunday finds us gladder,
Nearer to heaven our home;
A day of sweet refection,
A day thou art of love,
f A day of resurrection
From earth to things above.

5 *mf* To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls,
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

6 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
f To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One.

Hymn 503 (Tune 31.) Lakemba. C.M.

Rev. H. J. Foster.



Blessed is the man . . . that keepeth the sabbath.—Isaiah lvi. 2.

1 *mf* Blest day of God, most calm, most bright,
The first and best of days;
The labourer's rest, the saint's delight,
f A day of joy and praise.

2 My Saviour's face did make thee shine,
His rising did thee raise;
This made thee heavenly and divine
Beyond the common days.

3 *mf* The first-fruits do a blessing prove
To all the sheaves behind;
And they that do a Sabbath love,
A happy week shall find.

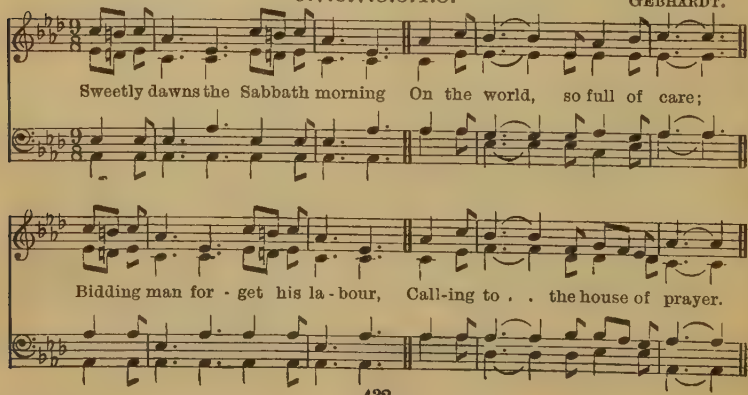
4 This day must I for God appear,
For, Lord, the day is Thine;
O let me spend it in Thy fear,
f Then shall the day be mine!

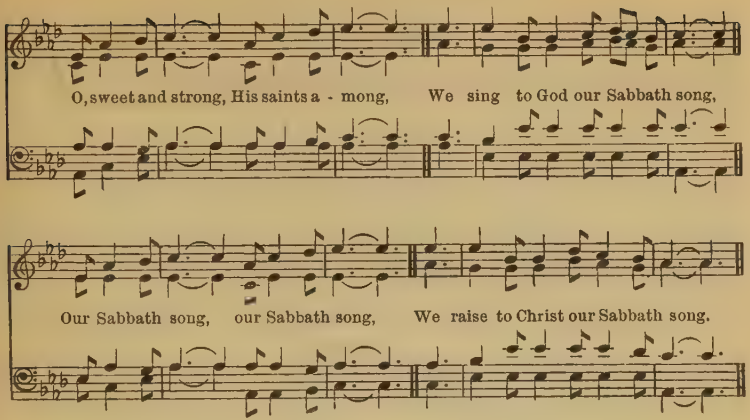
5 Throughout the day, cease work and play,
That I to God may rest;
Now let me talk with God, and walk
With God, and I am blest.

Hymn 504 (Tune 439.) Our Sabbath Song.

8.7.8.7.8.8.4.8.

Gebhardt.


Sweetly dawns the Sabbath morning On the world, so full of care;
Bidding man for - get his la - bour, Call-ing to . . the house of prayer.


O, sweet and strong, His saints a - mong, We sing to God our Sabbath song,
Our Sabbath song, our Sabbath song, We raise to Christ our Sabbath song.

Call the sabbath a delight, the holy of the LORD, *honourable.*—Isaiah lviii. 13.

1 *mf* SWEETLY dawns the Sabbath morning
On the world, so full of care;
Bidding man forget his labour,
Calling to the house of prayer.
f O, sweet and strong, His saints among,
We sing to God our Sabbath song,
Our Sabbath song,
We raise to Christ our Sabbath song.

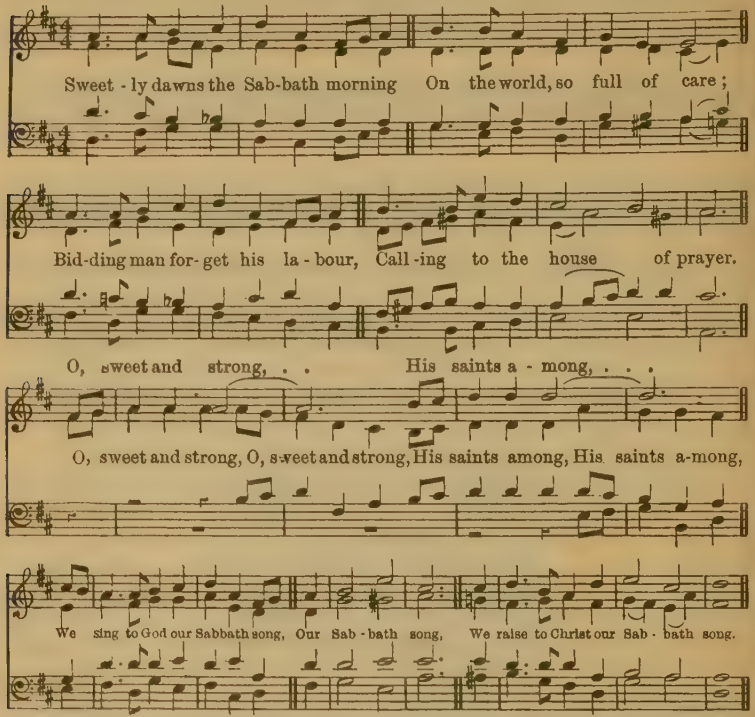
2 'Tis the day when man's Redeemer
Rose triumphant o'er the grave;
Sealing thus His work completed,
ff Telling thus His power to save.
Then loud and long, To Christ so strong
To save the lost, we raise our song,
Our Sabbath song,
We raise to Christ our Sabbath song.

3 *mf* 'Tis the day whose rest and gladness
Show what all my life should be;
Yielding all by faith to Jesus,
Finding Jesus all in me.
f O, how I long, In Christ made strong,
To sing each day faith's Sabbath song,
Faith's Sabbath song,
I'd sing each day faith's Sabbath song.

4 *p* 'Tis the day whose calm, so holy,
Shadows forth the better rest,
Where the crownèd saints are singing
With their Lord, supremely blest.
f 'Twill not be long Till 'mid that throng
We sing the eternal Sabbath song,
Heaven's Sabbath song,
We'll sing the eternal Sabbath song.

Hymn 504 *2nd Tune.* (440.) Sweetly Dawns.

8.7.8.7.8.8.4.8. R. DUNSTAN.


Sweet - ly dawns the Sab-bath morning On the world, so full of care;
Bid-ding man for-get his la - bour, Call -ing to the house of prayer.
O, sweet and strong, . . His saints a - mong, . . .
O, sweet and strong, O, sweet and strong, His saints among, His saints a-mong,
We sing to God our Sabbath song, Our Sab - bath song, We raise to Christ our Sab - bath song.

Call the sabbath a delight, the holy of the LORD, *honourable.*—Isaiah lviii. 13.

1 *mf* SWEETLY dawns the Sabbath morning
On the world, so full of care;
Bidding man forget his labour,
Calling to the house of prayer.
f O, sweet and strong, His saints among,
We sing to God our Sabbath song,
Our Sabbath song, [song.
We raise to Christ our Sabbath

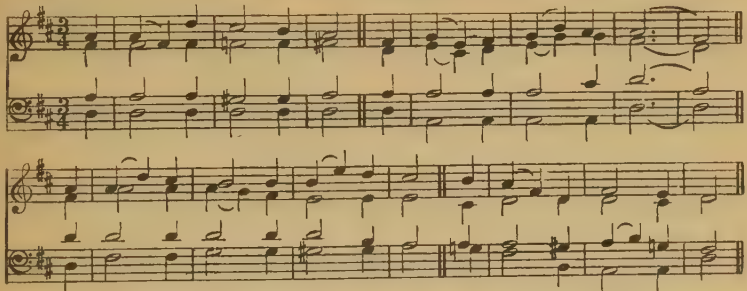
2 'Tis the day when man's Redeemer
Rose triumphant o'er the grave;
Sealing thus His work completed,
ff Telling thus His power to save.
Then loud and long, To Christ so strong
mf To save the lost, we raise our song,
Our Sabbath song, [song.
We raise to Christ our Sabbath

3 *mf* 'Tis the day whose rest and gladness
Show what all my life should be;
Yielding all by faith to Jesus,
Finding Jesus all in me. [strong,
f O, how I long, In Christ made [song,
To sing each day faith's Sabbath
Faith's Sabbath song, [song.
I'd sing each day faith's Sabbath

4 *p* 'Tis the day whose calm, so holy,
Shadows forth the better rest,
Where the crownèd saints are singing
With their Lord, supremely blest.
f 'Twill not be long Till 'mid that throng
We sing the eternal Sabbath song,
Heaven's Sabbath song, [song.
We'll sing the eternal Sabbath

Hymn 505 (Tune 5.) Rhodes. S.M.

C. Warwick Jordan, Mus. Bac., Oxon.



The sabbath of rest, an holy convocation.—Leviticus xxiii. 3.

1 *f* This is the day of light!
Let there be light to-day;
O Dayspring, rise upon our night,
And chase its gloom away.

2 *p* This is the day of rest!
Our failing strength renew;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.

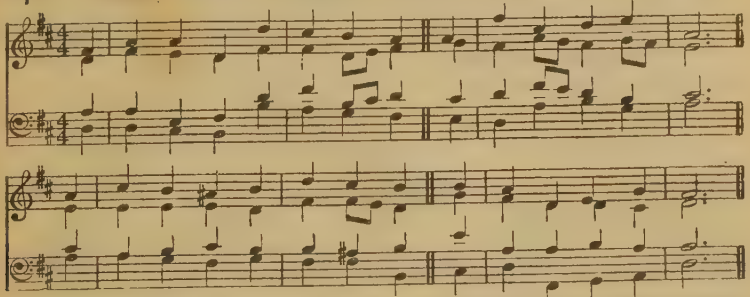
3 This is the day of peace!
Thy peace our spirits fill;
cr. Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.

4 *p* This is the day of prayer!
Let earth to heaven draw near;
cr. Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there.
Come down to meet us here.

5 *mf* This is the first of days!
Send forth Thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise
O Vanquisher of death.

Hymn 506 (Tune 48.) Westminster. C.M.

J. Turle.



The day which the Lord *hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it.*—Psalm cxviii. 24.

1 *f* This is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours His own:
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day He rose and left the dead;
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints His triumphs spread,
And all His wonders tell.

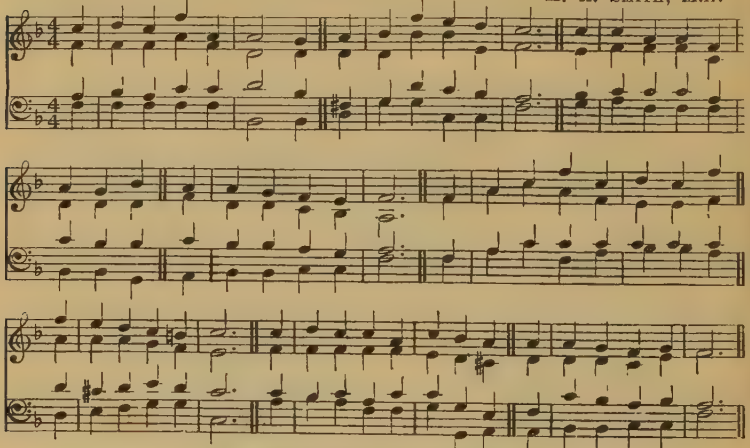
3 *mf* Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son!
Help us, O Lord, descend, and bring,
Salvation from Thy throne.

4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes, in God His Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

5 *f* Hosanna, in the highest strains
The Church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens in which He reigns
ff Shall give Him nobler praise.

Hymn 507 (Tune 269.) Trevu. 7.6.8.6.8.6.8.6.

H. A. Smith, M.A.



My sabbaths ye shall keep.—Exodus xxxi. 13.

1 *f* We won't give up the Sabbath,
The day which God hath blessed,
That all the weary sons of toil
Might taste of heavenly rest;
The day of joy, and praise, and prayer,
The brightest of the seven,
When, loosed from every earthly care,
We think of God and heaven.

2 *mf* We won't give up the Sabbath
For pleasure or for gain,
Or waste its consecrated hours
In vanities profane;
We'll crowd into the house of God
To see His wonders there;
We'll tread the courts His saints have trod,
In hope their joy to share.

3 We won't give up the Sabbath,
The day which God hath blessed;
The type, the promise, and the seal
Of everlasting rest;
p Sweet peace it brings to man below,
Sweet rest in Jesus' love,
cr. And they who keep it holy now
f Shall rest with Him above.

Hymn 508 (Tune 187.) Christ Church. 6.6.6.6.8.8.

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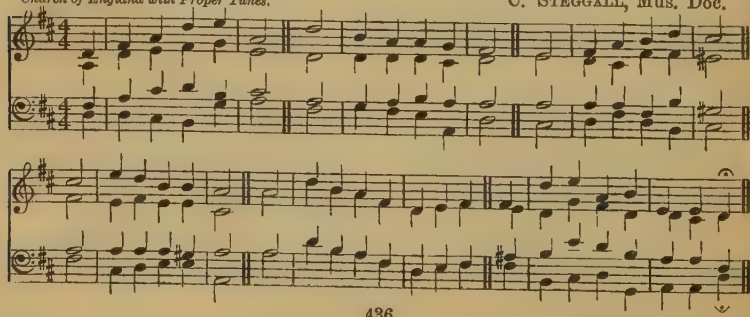
C. Steggall, Mus. Doc.



Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house; they will be still praising Thee.—Psalm lxxxiv. 4.

1 LORD of the worlds above!
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of Thy love,
Thy earthly temples, are!
To Thine abode My heart aspires,
With warm desires To see my God.

2 *mf* O happy souls that pray
Where God delights to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise Thee still, And happy they
Who love the way To Zion's hill!

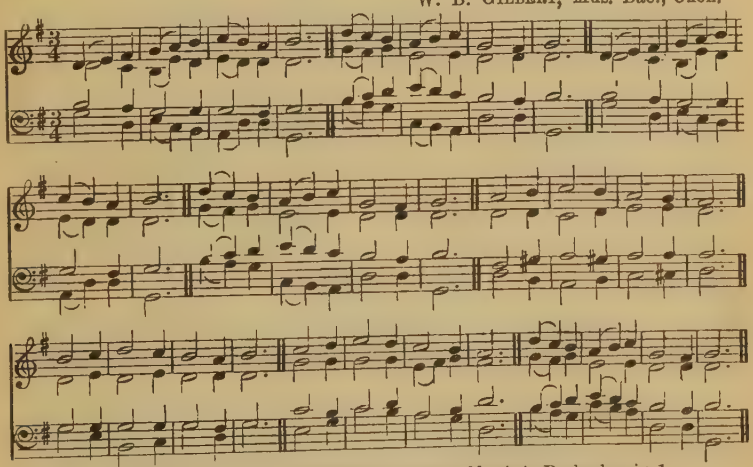
3 *f* They go from strength to strength,
dim. Through this dark vale of tears,
f Till each o'ercomes at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat! Thou God, our King,
Shalt thither bring Our willing feet.

4 *f* God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence!
With gifts His hands are filled,
We draw our blessings thence:
He shall bestow Upon our race
His saving grace, And glory too.

5 The Lord His people loves;
His hand no good withholds
From those His heart approves,
From holy, humble souls:
Thrice happy he, O Lord of hosts,
Whose spirit trusts Alone in Thee!

Hymn 509 (Tune 340.) Maidstone. 7.7.7.7. D.

W. B. GILBERT, Mus. Bac., Oxon.



How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O LORD of hosts!—Psalm lxxxiv. 1.

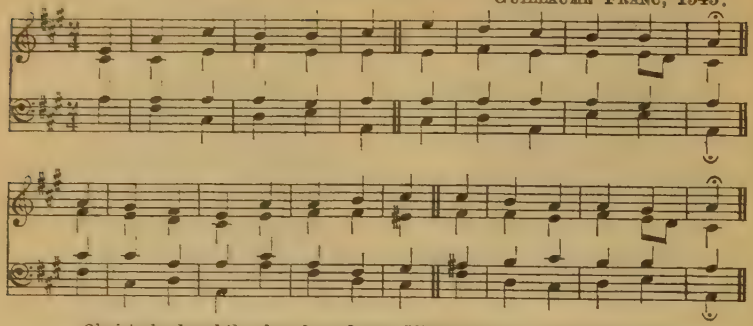
1 *mf* PLEASANT are Thy courts above,
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are Thy courts below,
In this land of sin and woe.
cr. O! my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of Thy saints,
For the brightness of Thy face,
f For Thy fulness, God of grace!

2 *mf* Happy birds that sing and fly,
Round Thy altars, O most High!
Happier souls that find a rest
In a heavenly Father's breast!
Happy souls! their praises flow
Even in this vale of woe;
cr. Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies.

3 *f* On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach Thy throne at length;
At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.
Sun and shield alike Thou art,
Guide and guard my erring heart;
Grace and glory flow from Thee:
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me!

Hymn 510 (Tune 10.) St. Michael. S.M.

GUILLAUME FRANC, 1543.



Christ also loved the church, and gave Himself for it.—Ephesians v. 25.

1 *mf* I LOVE Thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of Thine abode,
The church our blessed Redeemer saved
p With His own precious blood.

2 *mf* I love Thy church, O God!
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

3 *p* For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given
cr. Till toils and cares shall end.

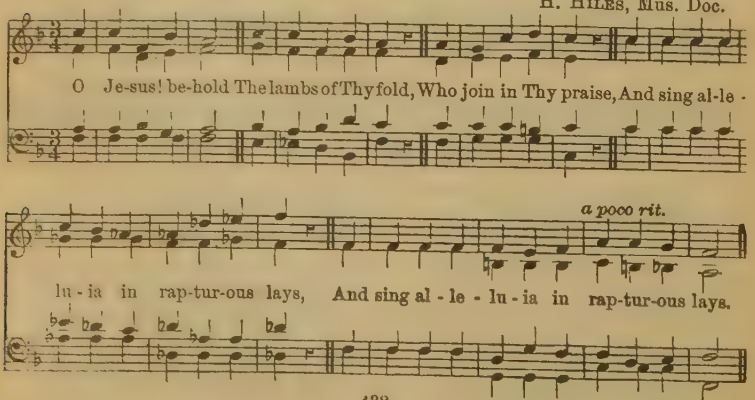
4 *f* Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
dim. Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Jesus, Thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour, and our King;
cr. Thy hand from every snare and foe
ff Shall great deliverance bring.

6 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

Hymn 511 (Tune 107.) Winchcombe. 5.5.5.11.

H. HILES, Mus. Doc.


O Je-sus! be-hold The lambs of Thy fold, Who join in Thy praise, And sing al-le -
a poco rit.
lu - ia in rap-tur-ous lays, And sing al - le - lu - ia in rap-tur-ous lays.

I will dwell in the house of the LORD *for ever.*—Psalm xxiii. 6.

1 *mf* O JESUS! behold
The lambs of Thy fold,
Who join in Thy praise,
And sing alleluia in rapturous lays.

2 *mf* Every Sabbath we meet
In this hallowed retreat,
We join with delight [night.
f In praises to Christ from morning till

3 *p* In Thy word we are told
How children of old
By Jesus were blest, [caressed.
pp Taken up in His arms and kindly

4 *f* Hosanna! they sang,
And Jerusalem rang
With their beautiful songs:
Hosanna to Christ! from thousands of tongues.

5 Like them we would join
In worship divine,
mf And Jesus adore [no more
On earth and in heaven, when time is

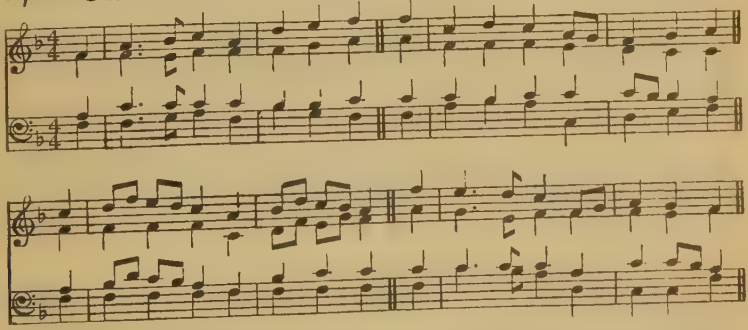
6 *p* Weak children are we,
But trusting in Thee,
And pleading Thy blood, [God.
cr. Through Jesus we find a reconciled

7 *f* So we hail the bright day,
More welcome than May,
The best of the seven;
And in worshipping Christ we anticipate heaven.

8 *mf* When our Sabbaths are past,
And we get there at last,
cr. We'll sing of Thy grace, [face.
And evermore live in the smile of Thy

Hymn 512 (Tune 84.) Samson. L.M.

From HANDEL.



An house for the name of the LORD, *and an house for His kingdom.*—2 Chronicles ii. 1.

1 *mf* A CHILDREN'S temple here we build,
And dedicate it, Lord, to Thee;
In hope that with Thy presence filled
These humble walls henceforth may be.

2 When Christ, Thy holy child, was born,
He had not where to lay His head;
Though King of kings, He did not scorn
The meanness of a manger bed.

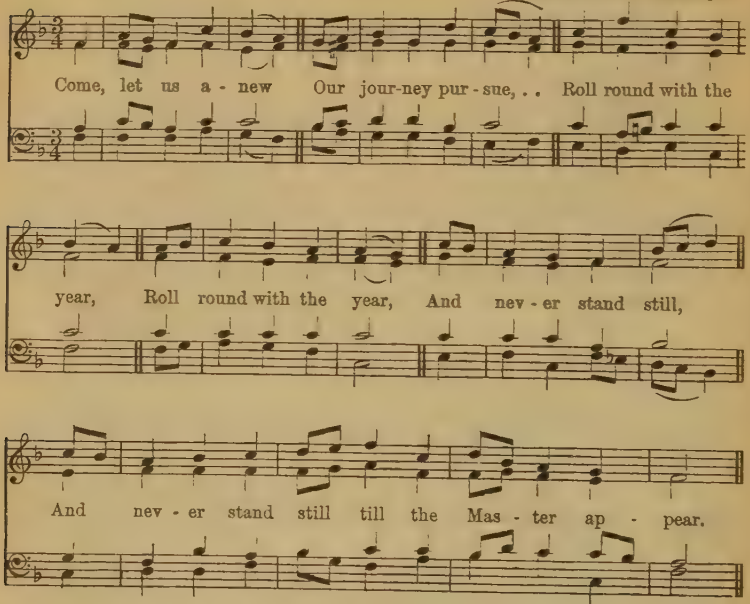
3 He, who the throne of glory shares,
Came down, that we, through sov'reign love,
cr. Might be God's children and God's heirs,
Joint heirs with Him in bliss above.

4 *mf* And here, where simple souls are taught
To know and do His Father's will,
Or infants to His arms are brought,
He welcomes all, and blesses still.

5 Come, Holy Ghost, while we draw nigh,
Such life and power to us afford,
That each may Abba, Father, cry,
And young and old call Jesus, Lord.

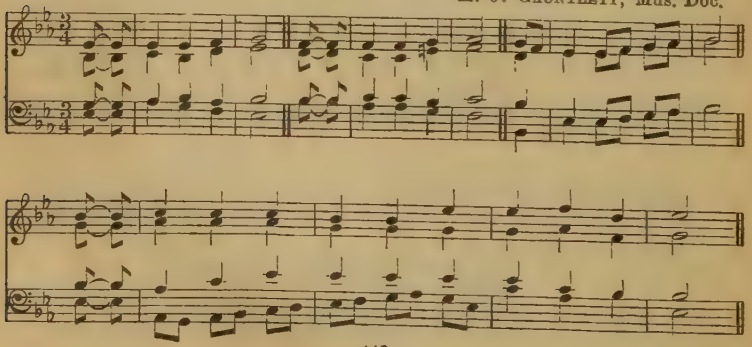
Hymn 513 (Tune 105.) Derbe. 5.5.5.11.

From *Sacred Harmony.*


Come, let us a - new Our jour-ney pur - sue, . . Roll round with the
year, Roll round with the year, And nev - er stand still,
And nev - er stand still till the Mas - ter ap - pear.

2nd Tune. (106.) In Memoriam. 5.5.5.11.

H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. Doc.



Like unto men that wait for their Lord.—Luke xii. 36.

1 *f* Come, let us anew
Our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear.

2 His adorable will
Let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope, and the labour of love.

3 *mf* Our life is a dream;
Our time as a stream
p Glides swiftly away, [stay.
And the fugitive moment refuses to

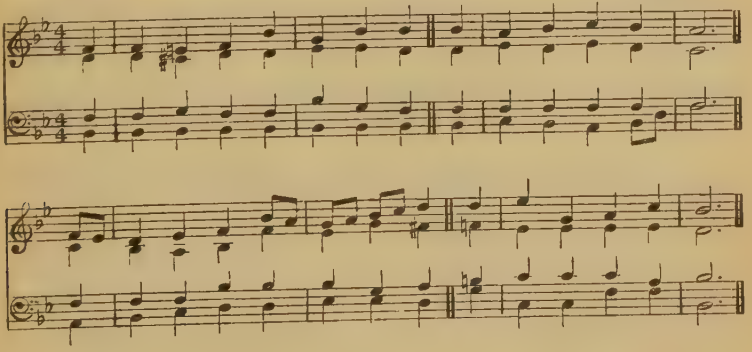
4 *pp* The arrow is flown,
The moment is gone;
The millennial year [here.
cr. Rushes on to our view, and eternity's

5 *mf* O that each in the day
Of His coming may say,
f 'I have fought my way through,
I have finished the work Thou didst give me to do!'

6 O that each from his Lord
May receive the glad word,
'Well and faithfully done!
ff Enter into My joy, and sit down on My throne.'

Hymn 514 (Tune 39.) Sharon. C.M.

T. Wallhead.



Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness.—Psalm lxv. 11.

1 *f* Sing to the great Jehovah's praise!
All praise to Him belongs:
Who kindly lengthens out our days
Demands our choicest songs.

2 *mf* His providence hath brought us through
Another various year:
We all with vows and anthems new
Before our God appear.

3 Father, Thy mercies past we own;
Thy still continued care;
To Thee presenting, through Thy Son,
Whate'er we have or are.

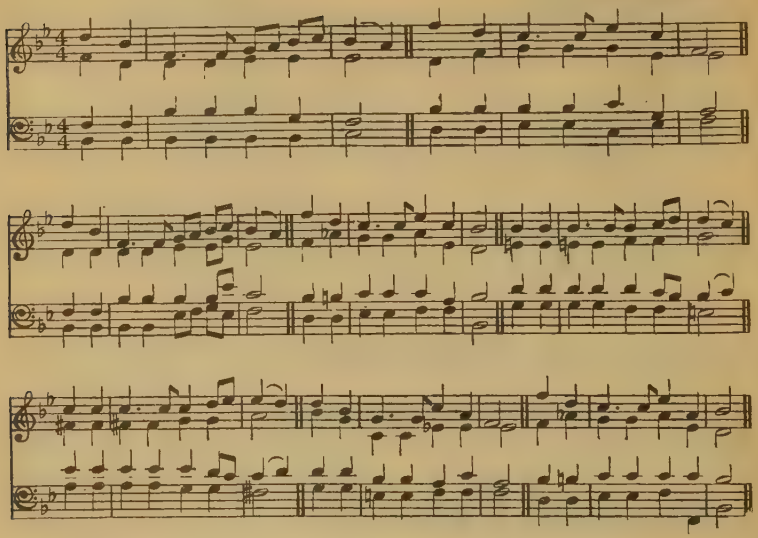
4 *cr.* Our lips and lives shall gladly show
The wonders of Thy love,
f While on in Jesu's steps we go
To see Thy face above.

5 *p* Our residue of days or hours
Thine, wholly Thine, shall be;
And all our consecrated powers
A sacrifice to Thee:

6 *cr.* Till Jesus in the clouds appear
To saints on earth forgiven,
f And bring the grand sabbatic year,
The jubilee of heaven.

Hymn 515 (Tune 386.) Clapham. 7.7.7.7. D.

From MENDELSSOHN.



Thou carriest them away as with a flood.—Psalm xc. 5.

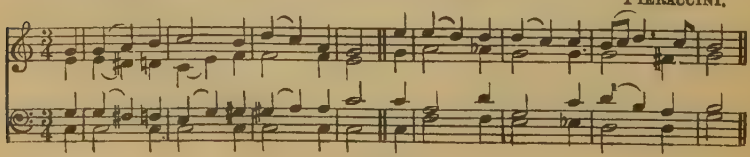
1 *mf* WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted round the former year,
p Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here.
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little none can know.

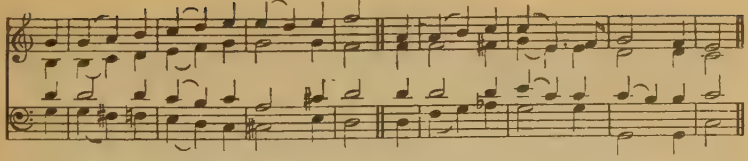
2 *mf* As the wingèd arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind;
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
cr. Upward, Lord, our spirits raise;
All below is but a dream.

3 *mf* Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew,
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view.
Bless Thy word to young and old,
Fill us with the Saviour's love,
p And when life's short tale is told,
f May we live with Thee above.

Hymn 516 (Tune 90.) Trinity. L.M.

PIERACCINI.





I trust in the mercy of God for ever and ever.—Psalm lii. 8.

1 *f* GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand
By which supported still we stand;
The opening year Thy mercy shows,
That mercy crowns it till its close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God:
By His incessant bounty fed,
By His unerring counsel led.

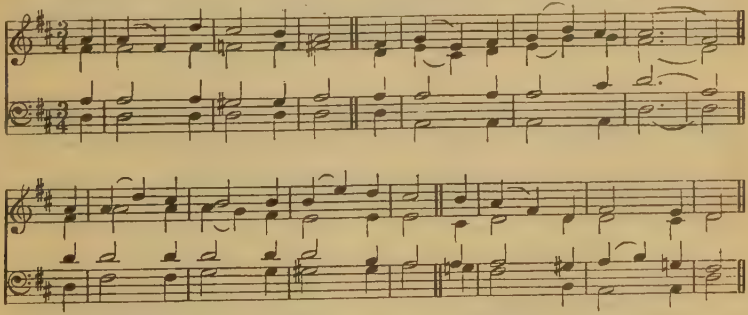
3 *mf* With grateful hearts the past we own.
The future, all to us unknown,
We to Thy guardian care commit,
Content with what Thou deemest fit.

4 In scenes exalted or depressed
Thou art our joy, and Thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
p Adored throughout our changing days.

5 *dim.* When death shall interrupt these songs,
pp And seal in silence mortal tongues,
cr. Our Helper, God, in whom we trust,
Shall keep our souls, and guard our dust.

Hymn 517 (Tune 5.) Rhodes. S.M.

C. WARWICK JORDAN, Mus. Bac., Oxon.



Make a joyful noise unto the LORD, *all the earth.*—Psalm xcviii. 4.

1 *f* SPARED to another spring,
We raise our grateful songs:
'Tis pleasant, Lord, Thy praise to sing,
And praise to Thee belongs.

2 Ten thousand different flowers
To Thee sweet offerings bear;
mf And cheerful birds in shady bowers
Sing forth Thy tender care.

3 The fields on every side,
The trees, and every hill,
f The glorious sun the rolling tide,
Proclaim Thy wondrous skill.

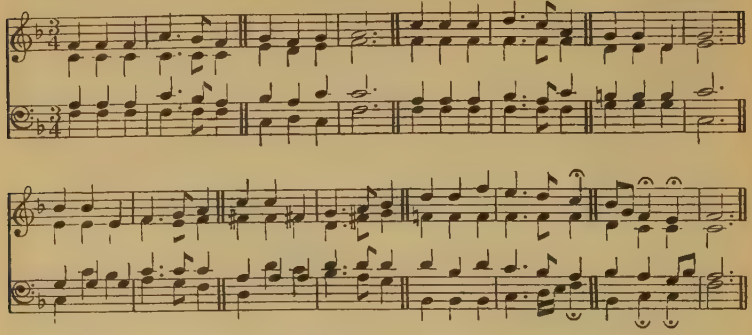
4 *mf* But trees and fields and skies
Still praise a God unknown,
For gratitude and love can rise
From living hearts alone.

5 These living hearts of ours
Thy holy name would bless;
The blossom of ten thousand flowers
Would please Thee, Saviour, less.

6 *p* Though earth itself decays,
cr. Our souls can never die;
O tune them all to sing Thy praise
f In better songs on high.

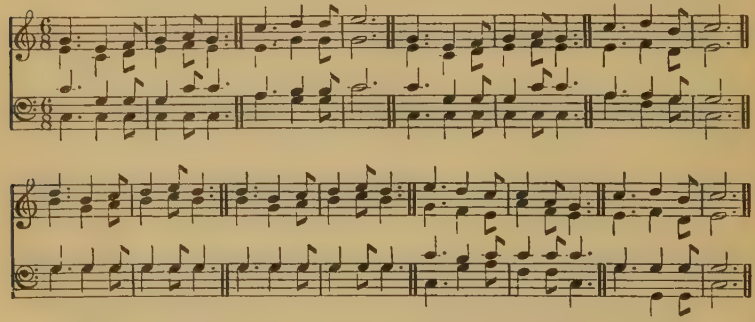
Hymn 518 (Tune 118.) Bâle. 6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4.

J. Squibb.



2*nd Tune.* (119.) **Festal Song.** 6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4.

Wm. B. Bradbury.



All Thy works shall praise Thee, O Lord.—Psalm cxlv. 10.

1 *f* Come, join the festive song,
Wake voices all;
Chime with the vernal throng,
List to the call.
Hear we in every breeze,
From vale and mountain trees,
Glad notes of nature say,
Join ye my lay.

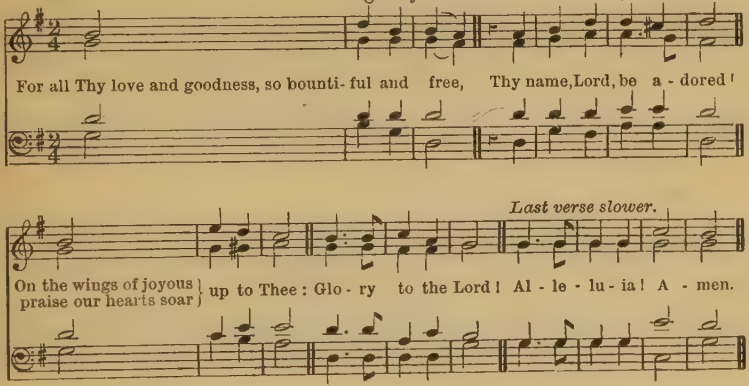
2 *mf* Lord of the rolling year,
Round and above,
Boundless Thy works appear,
Boundless Thy love.
All, all in earth and sky,
As glide the seasons by,
f New glories of Thy name
Ever proclaim.

3 *f* Joyous we swell the strain,
Thankful to Thee,
Watched by Thy care, again
Spring-tide we see.
Still in this gospel land
Throngs forth the Sabbath band,
To praise and worship Thee,
Happy and free.

4 Onward for ever flow,
Truth's mighty wave;
Soon every tribe below
Conquer and save.
dim. Sweet as the voice of spring,
f Then every tongue shall sing.
Glory to God on high,
Glory for aye.

Hymn 519 (Tune 529.) Spring-Time. Irregular.

Arranged by Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN, Mus. Doc.


For all Thy love and goodness, so bounti- ful and free, Thy name, Lord, be a - dored!
Last verse slower.
On the wings of joyous praise our hearts soar } up to Thee: Glo - ry to the Lord! Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

O LORD, *how manifold are Thy works! . . . the earth is full of Thy riches.*—Psalm civ. 24.

1 *mf* FOR all Thy love and goodness, so bountiful and free,
Thy name, Lord, be adored!
On the wings of joyous praise our hearts soar up to Thee:
Glory to the Lord!

2 *mf* The spring-time breaks all round about, waking from winter's night:
Thy name, Lord, be adored!
cr. The sunshine, like God's love, pours down in floods of golden light:
f Glory to the Lord!

3 *mf* A voice of joy is in all the earth, a voice is in all the air:
Thy name, Lord, be adored!
All nature singeth aloud to God; there is gladness everywhere:
Glory to the Lord!

4 *mf* The flowers are strewn in field and copse, on the hill and on the plain:
Thy name, Lord, be adored!
p The soft air stirs in the tender leaves that clothe the trees again.
Glory to the Lord!

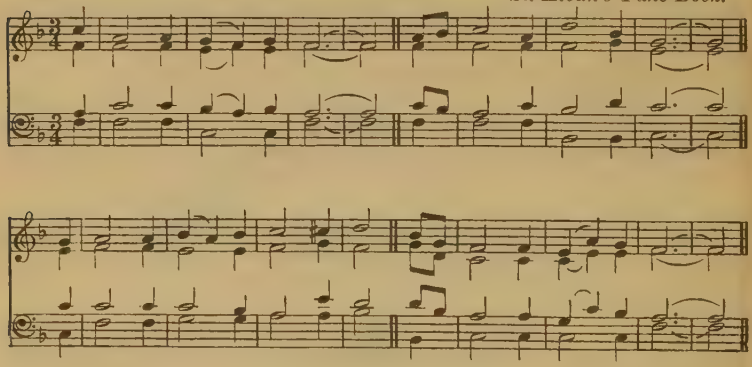
5 *mf* The works of Thy hands are very fair; and for all Thy bounteous love
Thy name, Lord, be adored!
cr. But what, if this world is so fair, is the better land above?
f Glory to the Lord!

6 *p* O, to awake from death's short sleep, like the flowers from their wintry grave
Thy name, Lord, be adored!
cr. And to rise all glorious in the day when Christ shall come to save!
f Glory to the Lord!

7 *f* O, to dwell in that happy land, where the heart cannot choose but sing!
Thy name, Lord, be adored!
And where the life of the blessèd ones is a beautiful endless spring!
ff Glory to the Lord! Alleluia! Amen.

Hymn 520 (Tune 4.) Lumen Verum. S.M.

St. Alban's Tune-Book.



Truly the light is sweet.—Ecclesiastes xi. 7.

1 *mf* SWEET is the time of spring,
When nature's charms appear;
The birds with ceaseless pleasure sing,
And hail the opening year.

2 *cr.* But sweeter far the spring
Of wisdom and of grace,
f When children bless and praise their King,
Who loves their youthful race.

3 *mf* Sweet is the dawn of day,
When light just streaks the sky:
cr. When shades and darkness pass away
And morning beams are nigh.

4 *mf* But sweeter far the dawn
Of piety in youth,
When shades of darkness are withdrawn
Before the light of truth.

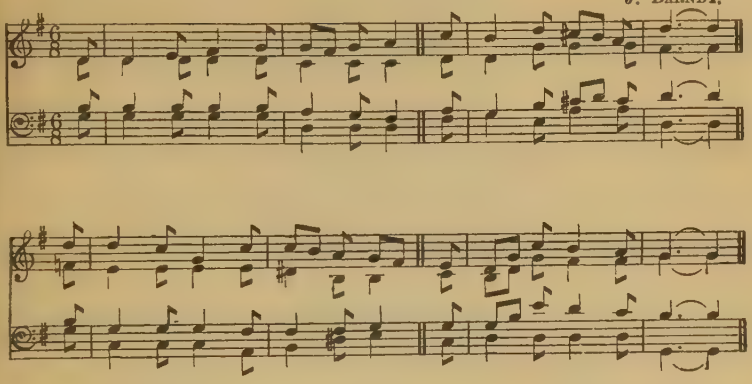
5 Sweet is the opening flower,
Which just begins to bloom,
Which every day and every hour
Fresh beauties will assume.

6 But sweeter that young heart,
When faith and love and peace
Blossom and bloom in every part,
With sweet and varied grace.

7 O may life's early spring,
And morning, ere they flee,
cr. Youth's flower, and its fair blossoming
Be given, my God, to Thee!

Hymn 521 (Tune 102.) Spring-tide hour. 4.4.6. D.

J. BARNBY.



The earth is full of Thy riches.—Psalm civ. 24.

1.

mf THE spring-tide hour
Brings leaf and flower,
With songs of life and love;
And many a lay
Wears out the day
In many a leafy grove.

2.

Bird, flower, and tree
Seem to agree
Their choicest gifts to bring;
tim. But this poor heart
Bears not its part,
pp In it there is no spring.

3.

p Dews fall apace,
The dews of grace,
Upon this soul of sin;
And love divine
Delights to shine
Upon the waste within.

4.

mf Yet year by year
Fruits, flowers, appear,
And birds their praises sing;
But this poor heart
p Bears not its part,
Its winter has no spring.

5.

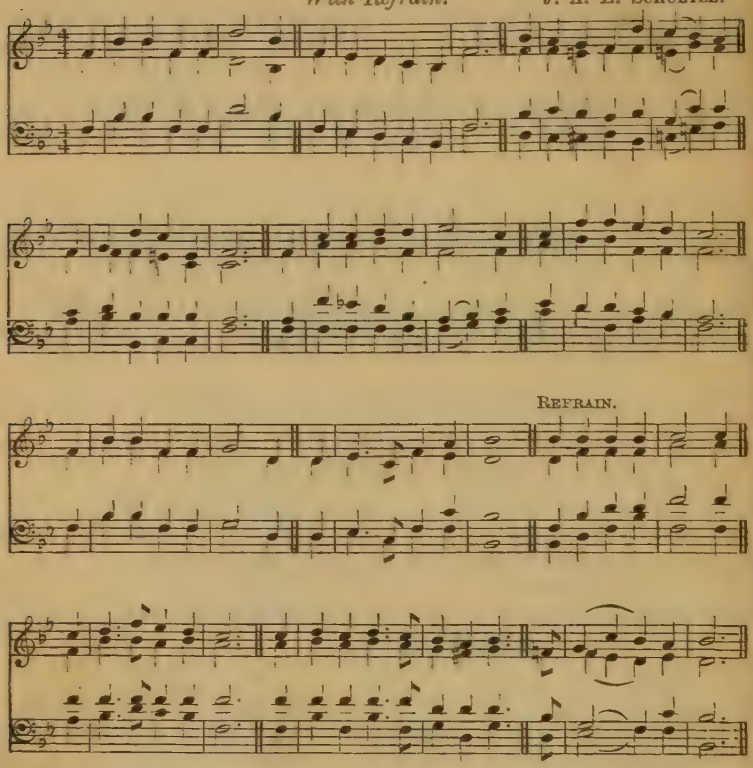
Lord, let Thy love,
Fresh from above,
p Soft as the south wind blow,
Call forth its bloom
Wake its perfume,
And bid its spices flow.

6.

cr. And when Thy voice
Makes earth rejoice,
And the hills laugh and sing,
Lord, teach this heart
To bear its part,
f And join the praise of spring.

Hymn 522 (Tune 248.) Grafenberg. 7.6.7.6. D.

With Refrain. J. A. E. SCHULTZE.



The earth is satisfied with the fruit of Thy works.—Psalm civ. 13.

1 *mf* WE plough the fields, and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's almighty hand;
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes, and the sunshine,
p And soft refreshing rain.
f All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
ff Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord.
For all His love!

2 *mf* He only is the Maker
Of all things, near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey Him,
p By Him the birds are fed;
cr. Much more to us His children,
He gives our daily bread.
f All good gifts, around us, &c.

6 *mf* We thank Thee then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food;
Accept the gifts we offer
For all Thy love imparts,
And, what Thou most desirest,
p Our humble, thankful hearts.
f All good gifts around us, &c

Hymn 523 (Tune 248.) Grafenberg. 7.6.7.6. D.

With Refrain. J. A. E. Schultze

Man goeth forth unto his work.—Psalm civ. 23.

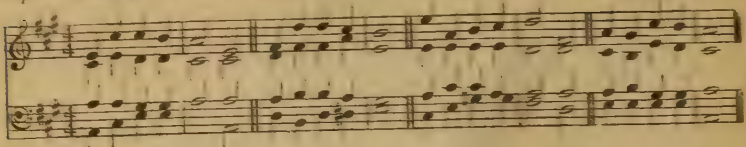
1 *mf* We plough the fertile meadows,
We sow the furrowed land;
But all the growth and increase
Are in God's mighty hand.
He gives the showers and sunshine
To swell the quickening grain,
The springing corn He blesses,
He clothes the golden plain.
cr. Every bounteous blessing
His faithful love bestows,
Then magnify His glorious name,
From whom all goodness flows.

2 *mf* By Him all things were fashioned
Around us and afar,
He formed the earth and ocean,
He kindled every star,
His love ordained the seasons,
By Him are all things fed,
He for the sparrow careth,
He gives our daily bread.
f Every bounteous blessing, &c.

3 *f* All praise to Thee, great Father,
Thou Giver of all good,
Upon whose care dependeth
Our life and health and food:
We bring our glad thanksgiving,
Our gifts of love and praise;
Be Thine our grateful service,
The harvest of our days.
Every bounteous blessing, &c.

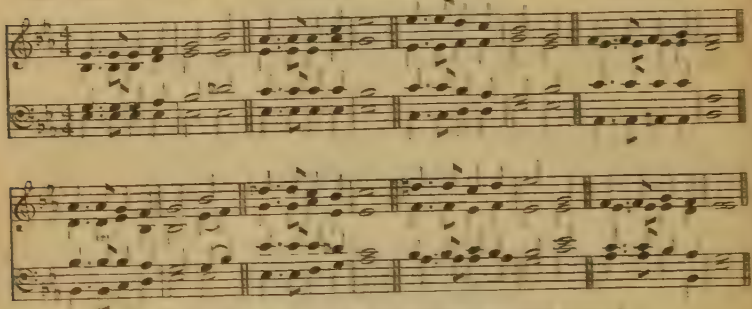
Hymn 524 (Tune 130.) Ernstein. 6.5.6.5.

J. F. Swift.



2nd Tune. (150.) **Ruth.** 6.5.6.5. D.

Samuel Smith.



Lo, this is our God. . . . and He will save us.—Isaiah xxv. 9.

1 *f* Summer suns are glowing
Over land and sea.
Happy light is flowing,
Bountiful and free.

2 Everything rejoices
In the mellow rays.
ff All earth's thousand voices
Swell the psalm of praise.

3 *f* God's free mercy streameth
Over all the world,
And His banner gleameth
Everywhere unfurled.

4 Broad and deep and glorious
As the heaven above,
Shines in might victorious
His eternal love.

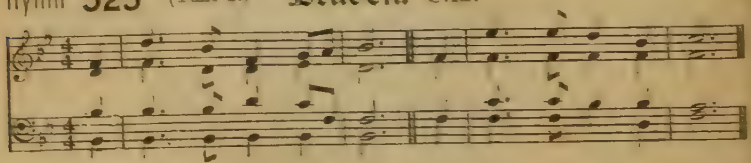
5 *p* Lord, upon our blindness
Thy pure radiance pour:
For Thy loving-kindness
cr. Make us love Thee more.

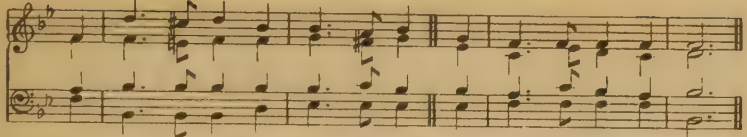
6 *p* And when clouds are drifting
Dark across our sky,
cr. Then, the veil uplifting,
f Father, be Thou nigh.

7 *mf* We will never doubt Thee,
Though Thou veil Thy light:
Life is dark without Thee;
Death with Thee is bright.

8 Light of light! shine o'er us
On our pilgrim way;
cr. Go Thou still before us
To the endless day.

Hymn 525 (Tune 2.) Braden. S.M.





The first-fruits of the land, which Thou, O Lord, hast given me.—Deuteronomy xxvi. 10.

1 *mf* FAIR waved the golden corn
In Canaan's pleasant land,
f When full of joy, some shining morn,
Went forth the reaper band.

2 *f* To God, so good and great,
Their cheerful thanks they pour;
Then carry to His temple gate
The choicest of their store.

3 *mf* Like Israel, Lord, we give
Our earliest fruits to Thee,
And pray that, long as we shall live,
We may Thy children be.

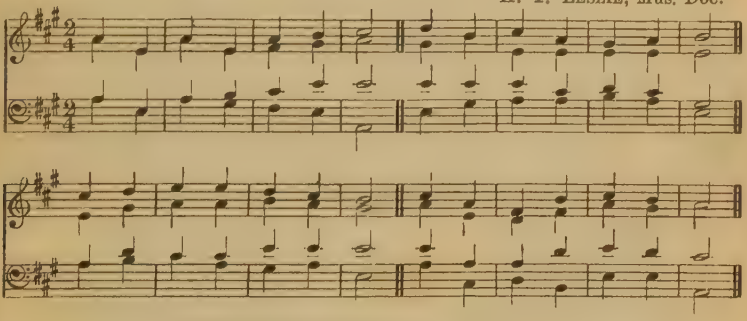
4 Thine is our youthful prime,
And life and all its powers;
Be with us in our morning time,
And bless our evening hours.

5 *cr.* In wisdom let us grow,
As years and strength are given,
f That we may serve Thy Church below,
And join Thy saints in heaven.

6 To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, ever blest,
The One in Three, the Three in One,
Be endless praise addressed.

Hymn 526 (Tune 294.) Ephraim. 7.7.7.7.

H. T. LESLIE, Mus. Doc.



For His mercy endureth for ever.—Psalm cxxxvi.

1 *f* PRAISE, O praise our God and King!
Hymns of adoration sing;
cr. For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 Praise Him that He made the sun
Day by day His course to run;
cr. For His mercies, &c.

3 *p* And the silver moon by night,
Shining with her gentle light.
f For His mercies, &c.

4 *mf* Praise Him that He gave the rain
To mature the swelling grain;
f For His mercies, &c.

5 *f* And hath bid the fruitful field
Crops of precious increase yield.
For His mercies, &c.

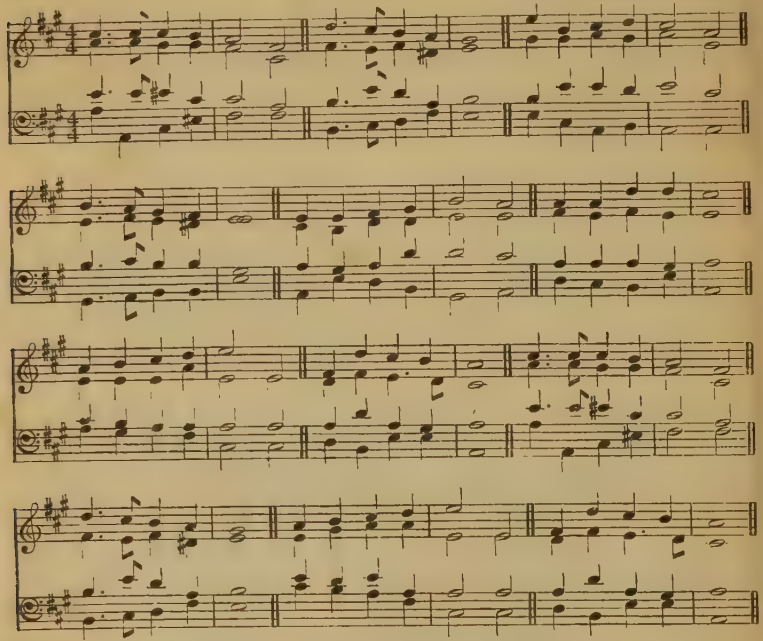
6 Praise Him for our harvest-store,
He hath filled the garner floor;
f For His mercies, &c.

7 *mf* And for richer food than this,
Pledge of everlasting bliss.
f For His mercies, &c.

8 *f* Glory to our bounteous King!
Glory let creation sing!
Glory to the Father, Son,
And blest Spirit Three in One

Hymn 527 (Tune 158.) Hermas. 6.5. (12 lines).

F. R. Havergal 1870.



According to the joy in harvest.—Isaiah ix. 3.

1 *f* Earth below is teeming,
Heaven is bright above,
Every brow is beaming
In the light of love;
Every eye rejoices,
Every thought is praise;
Happy hearts and voices
Gladden nights and days.
O almighty Giver!
Bountiful and free,
As the joy in harvest
Joy we before Thee.

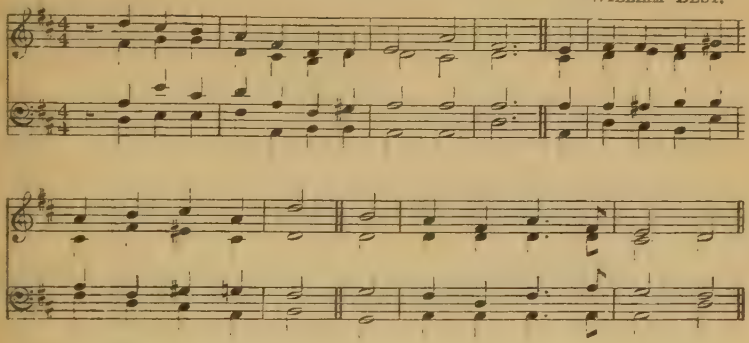
2 *mf* Every youth and maiden
On the harvest plain,
Round the waggons laden
With their golden grain,
cr. Swell the happy chorus,
On the evening air,
Unto Him who o'er us
Bends with constant care.
f O almighty Giver, &c.

3 *mf* For the sun and showers,
For the rain and dew,
For the nurturing hours
Spring and summer knew;
For the golden autumn,
And its precious stores,
For the love that brought them
Teeming at our doors.
f O almighty Giver, &c.

4 *mf* Earth's broad harvest whitens
In a brighter sun;
Thou the orb that lightens
All we tread upon;
Send out labourers, Father!
Where fields ripening wave;
cr. All the nations gather,
Gather in and save.
O almighty Giver!
Bountiful and free,
Then as joy in harvest
We shall joy in Thee.

Hymn 528 (Tune 483.) Harvest-tide. 10.10.7.

WILLIAM BEST.



Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness.—Psalm lxv. 11.

1 *f* GREAT Giver of all good, to Thee again
We humbly now present, in joyous strain,
Our harvest-tide thanksgiving.

2 To Thee, in whom we live and move, we come,
To praise Thee for the sheaves brought safely home,
With harvest-tide thanksgiving.

3 *mf* Thou dost prepare the corn, and year by year
Within Thine house, O Lord, will we appear
With harvest-tide thanksgiving.

4 Thine was the former and the latter rain,
Enriching earth, and calling forth again
The harvest-tide thanksgiving.

5 Thou openest wide once more Thy bounteous hand,
cr. And far and wide ascends from all the land
f Glad harvest-tide thanksgiving.

6 *mf* Thou fillest all that live with plenteousness,
They in return Thy sacred name all bless,
In harvest-tide thanksgiving.

7 Thy clouds drop fatness on the teeming earth,
Accept these festal songs of reverent mirth,
This harvest-tide thanksgiving.

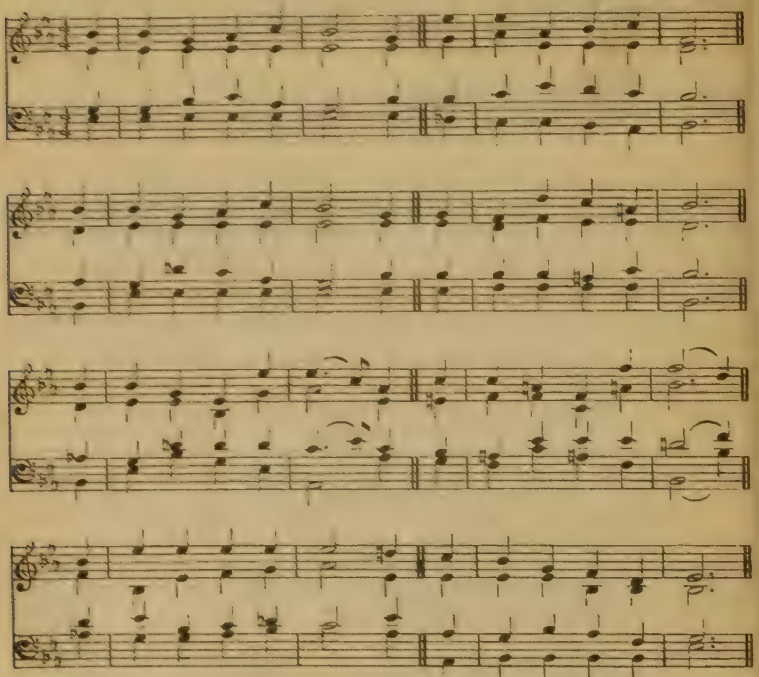
8 *cr.* The year is crowned with goodness, Lord, by Thee
Then meet it is that we should offer Thee
f The harvest-tide thanksgiving.

9 On every side, both hills and dales rejoice,
On every side sounds forth the grateful voice
Of harvest-tide thanksgiving.

10 For all Thy blessings, Lord, our thanks we sing,
We all, who sow and reap, together bring
Our harvest-tide thanksgiving.

Hymn 529 (Tune 282.) Lancashire. 7.6.7.6. D.

HENRY SMART.



He giveth to all life, and breath, and all things.—Acts xvii. 25.

1 *f* SING to the Lord of harvest,
Sing songs of love and praise;
With joyful hearts and voices
Your alleluias raise:
By Him the rolling seasons
In fruitful order move,
Sing to the Lord of harvest
A song of happy love.

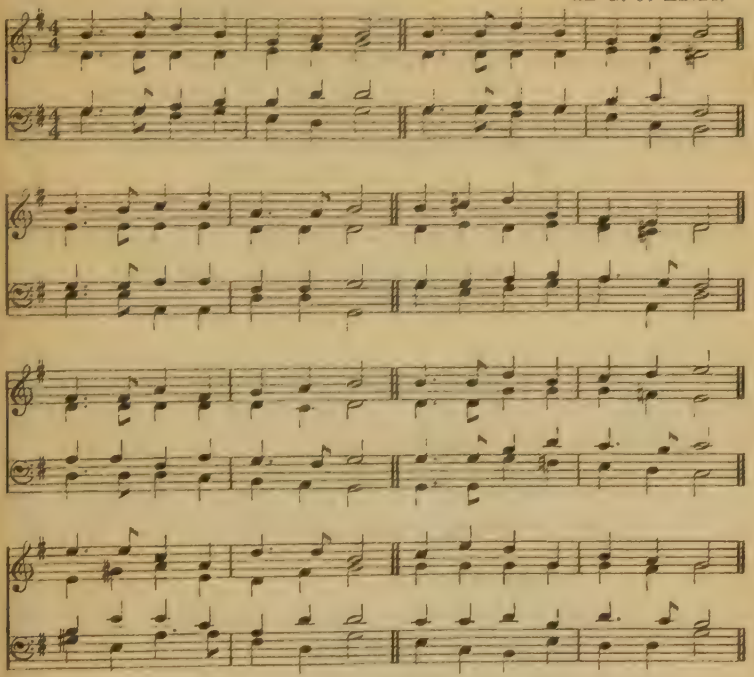
2 By Him the clouds drop fatness,
The deserts bloom and spring,
The hills leap up in gladness,
The valleys laugh and sing:
He filleth with His fulness
All things with large increase,
He crowns the year with goodness
With plenty and with peace.

3 *mf* Bring to His sacred altar
The gifts His goodness gave,
The golden sheaves of harvest,
p The souls He died to save:
cr. Your hearts lay down before Him
When at His feet ye fall,
dim. And with your lives adore Him,
Who gave His life for all.

4 *mf* To God the gracious Father,
Who made us 'very good;'
To Christ, who, when we wandered
p Restored us with His blood;
mf And to the Holy Spirit,
Who doth upon us pour
His blessèd dews and sunshine
f Be praise for evermore.

Hymn 530 (Tune 343.) St. George. 7.7.7.7. D.

Sir G. J. Elvey.



The field is the world.—Matthew xiii. 38.

1 *f* Come, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home!
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin;
mf God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied:
f Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home!

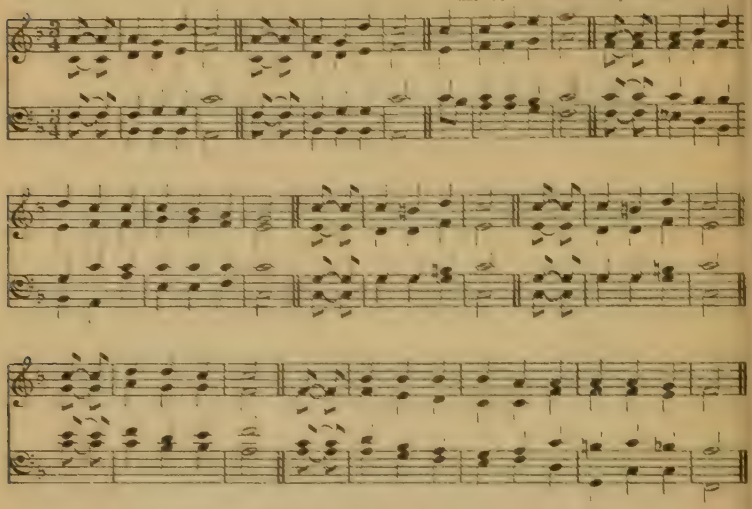
2 *mf* All this world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown,
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
p Lord of harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

3 *mf* For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His harvest home;
From His field shall in that day
All offences purge away;
p Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast;
f But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore.

4 *mf* Even so, Lord, quickly come,
To Thy final harvest home!
cr. Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There for ever purified,
In Thy presence to abide;
f Come with all Thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious harvest-home.

Hymn 531 (Tune 108.) Hosanna. 5.5.5.11. D.

H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. Doc.



The harvest is the end of the world.—Matthew xiii. 39.

1 *f* Our voices we raise
Thy mercies to praise,
O Giver of life,
For the first-fruits of harvest with happiness rife:
Of ourselves we are nought,
But Thy mercy hath brought,
Through the summer of grace,
mf Our spirits in peace to a bountiful place.

2 The seed hath been sown,
The green blade hath grown,
The full ear hath borne
The crown of the summer, the beautiful corn:
Another year sped
Its sunlight hath shed
On the spirit of man,
And the Lord of the harvest its ripeness may scan.

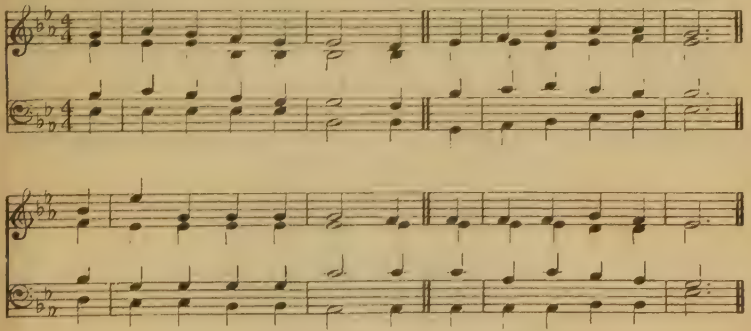
3 *p* In the turn of a day,
Bright flowers pass away
cr. Then the fruit cometh on:
The sunlight matures when the blossom is gone.
p Like the fall of the flower,
In a day, in an hour,
sp Our hopes drop their bloom;
cr. But the sunlight of heaven draws life from the tomb

4 *mf* When the full time is come
For the great harvest-home,
Then cometh the end;
cr The Lord of the harvest His reapers shall send:
They gather the corn
In the dew of the morn,
At the dawn of the day;
f To the garner of heaven they bear it away.

5 *f* O Master of life,
From the toil and the strife
When at last we are free,
In the harvest of souls be our portion with Thee;
mf Where the day has no night
Nor is mildew nor blight,
Nor frail blossoms fall,
f But God in His fulness shines forth all in all.

Hymn 532 (Tune 213.) Sacrifice. 7.6.7.6.

H. LAHEE.



But grow in grace.—2 Peter iii. 18.

1 *p* THE year is swiftly waning;
The summer days are past;
And life, brief life, is speeding;
The end is nearing fast.

2 The ever-changing seasons
pp In silence come and go;
cr. But Thou, eternal Father,
No time or change canst know.

3 *mf* O pour Thy grace upon us,
That we may worthier be,
Each year that passes o'er us,
To dwell in heaven with Thee.

4 Behold the bending orchards
With bounteous fruit are crowned;
Lord, in our hearts more richly
Let heavenly fruit abound.

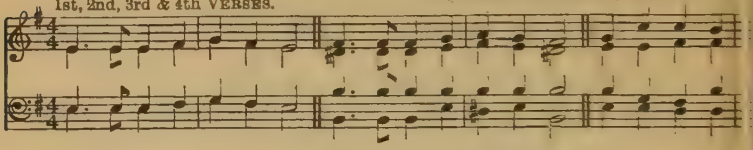
5 *p* O! by each mercy sent us,
And by each grief and pain,
cr. By blessings like the sunshine,
p And sorrows like the rain,

6 *mf* Our barren hearts make fruitful
With every goodly grace,
That we Thy name may hallow,
f And see at last Thy face.

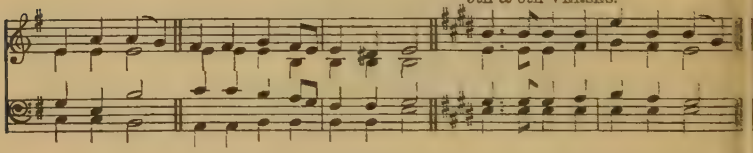
Hymn 533 (Tune 310.) Clarence. 7.7.7.7. Special.

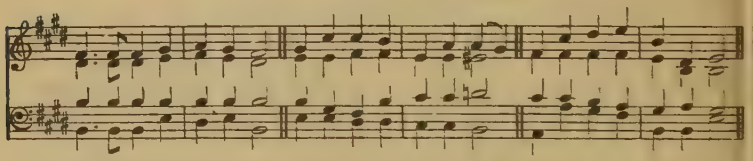
Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN, Mus. Doc.

1st, 2nd, 3rd & 4th VERSES.



5th & 6th VERSES.





He giveth snow like wool: He scattereth the hoarfrost like ashes.—Psalm cxlvii. 16.

1 *p* WINTER reigneth o'er the land,
Freezing with its icy breath,
Dead and bare the tall trees stand;
All is chill and drear as death.

2 *mf* Yet it seemeth but a day
Since the summer flowers were here,
Since they stacked the balmy hay,
Since they reaped the golden ear.

3 *p* Sunny days are past and gone:
So the years go, speeding fast,
Onward ever, each new one
Swifter speeding than the last.

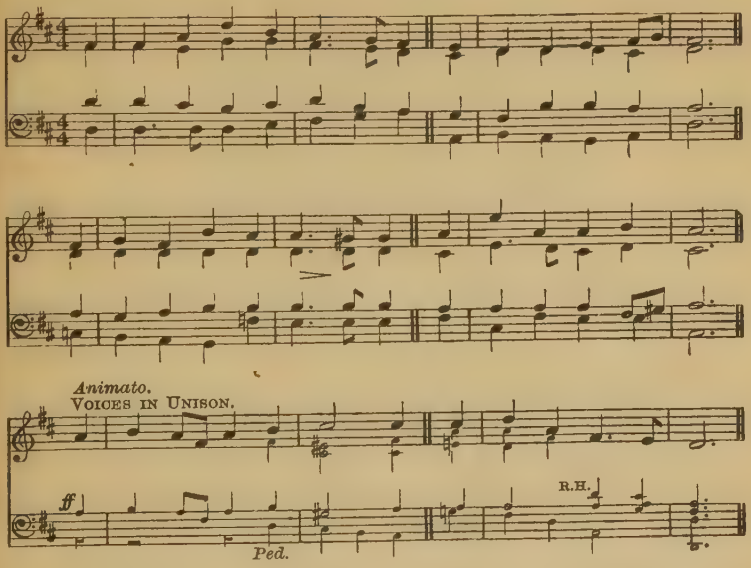
4 *p* Life is waning; life is brief;
Death, like winter, standeth nigh:
Each one, like the falling leaf,
pp Soon shall fade and fall and die.

5 *cr.* But the sleeping earth shall wake,
And the flowers shall burst in bloom,
And all nature, rising, break
f Glorious from its wintry tomb.

6 So, Lord, after slumber blest
Comes a bright awakening
And our flesh in hope shall rest
Of a never-fading spring.

Hymn 534 (Tune 372.) Bolton Abbey. 8.6.8.6.7.6.

J. W. Elliott.



Thou hast granted me life and favour.—Job x. 12.

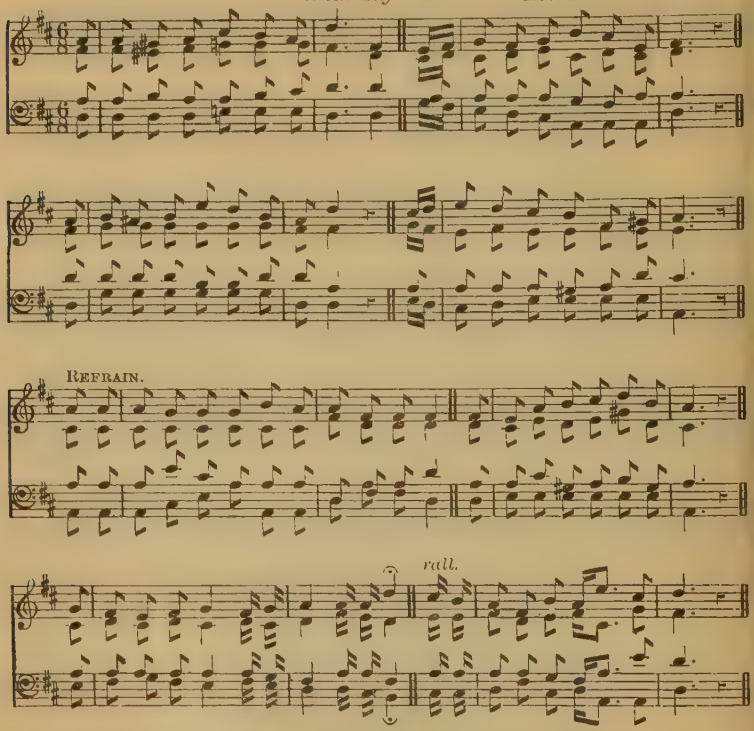
1 *mf* Another year has passed away,
Time swiftly speeds along;
f We come again to praise and pray,
And sing our joyous song.
ff We come with song of greeting,
We come with song again.

2 *f* We come, the Saviour's name to praise,
To sing the wondrous love
Of Him who guards us all our days,
And guides to heaven above.
We come with song of greeting,
We come with song again.

3 *mf* We'll sing of mercies daily given
Through every passing year.
or. We'll sing the promises of heaven
f With voices loud and clear.
ff We come with song of greeting
We come with song again.

Hymn 535 (Tune 466.) Another Year. 9.8.9.8.

With Refrain. Rev. S. J. P. Dunman.



Therefore shall the people praise Thee for ever and ever.—Psalm xlv. 17.

1 *f* A year since in concord assembling,
Here sang we all jubilant then;
And now with rejoicing and trembling
We gather together again.
For the mercy and truth Of the Guide of our youth
And all that to us He hath given
We sing and give praise, And still walk in the ways
mf That will end in the rest of heaven.

2 Rejoicing in blessings unnumbered,
We follow our heavenly way:
p Yet are we with weakness encumbered,
And therefore we tremble to-day.
For, &c.

3 *p* Youth passes, the seasons are fleeting,
And time to eternity flies:
O Jesus, come Thou to our meeting,
cr. And make us more fit for the skies.
f For, &c.

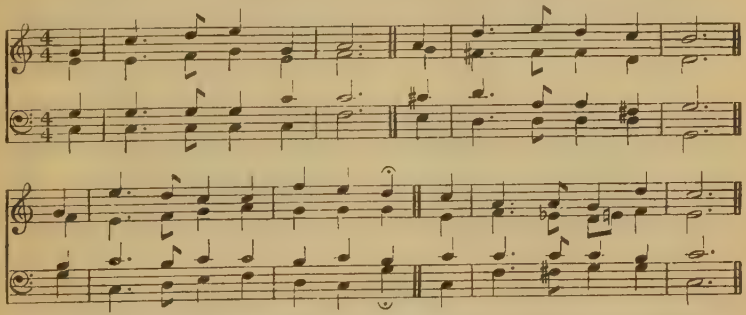
4 *mf* Sweet blossoms, the orchards adorning,
Have yielded sweet fruit in their place,
And we in our life's early morning
Would bear the bright blossoms of grace.
f For, &c.

5 The gardens, and cornfields, and pastures,
The flocks in the valleys that stray,
Are bringing more wealth to their masters:
Shall we be less fruitful than they?
For, &c.

6 O Thou whose omnipotence made us,
p O Thou who wast slain on the tree,
Great Spirit, blest Comforter, aid us
cr. To live and to labour for Thee.
ff For, &c.

Hymn 536 (Tune 9.) St. Margaret. S.M.

Rev. S. J. P. Dunman.



According to the multitude of His loving-kindnesses.—Isaiah lxiii. 7.

1 *mf* Let all assembled here,
On this returning day,
Review the mercies of the year,
And grateful homage pay.

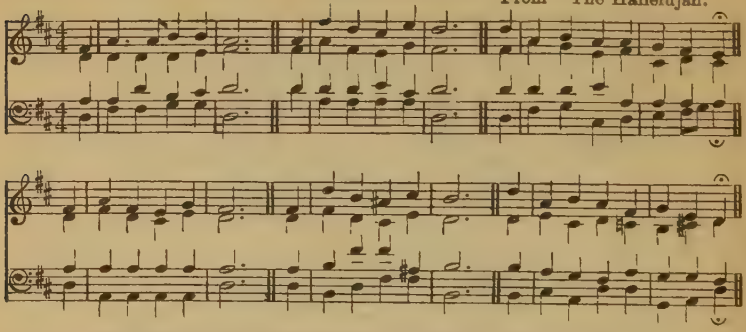
2 Yes, we adore Thee, Lord,
Within this sacred place;
Where oft we meet with sweet accord,
To seek Thy gracious face.

3 *f* To Thee our God and King,
We glad hosannas raise;
O deign to hear our voices sing
With joyfulness Thy praise.

4 *mf* Command Thy blessing, Lord,
On all assembled here:
And may we still Thy grace record
Through every circling year.

Hymn 537 (Tune 199.) Weybridge. 6.6.8.6.6.8.

From "The Hallelujah."



The LORD *your God is gracious and merciful.*—2 Chronicles xxx. 9.

1 *f* COME, children all, and praise,
With childhood's happiest lays,
The loving God who brings us here:
Whose hand each one has led,
And every one has fed,
And kept us through another year.

2 To Thee, O Lord, we sing,
To Thee thanksgiving bring,
Glad to tell forth Thy bounteous love:
Help us, while we have breath,
To praise, and after death
To praise Thee evermore above.

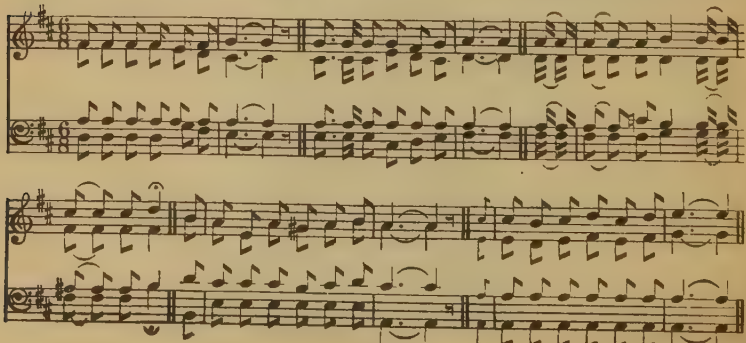
3 *mf* We thank Thee for Thy care
Who giv'st us clothes to wear,
And feedest us with daily bread;
Who guardest all our ways,
The light of all our days,
The rest and shelter of our bed.

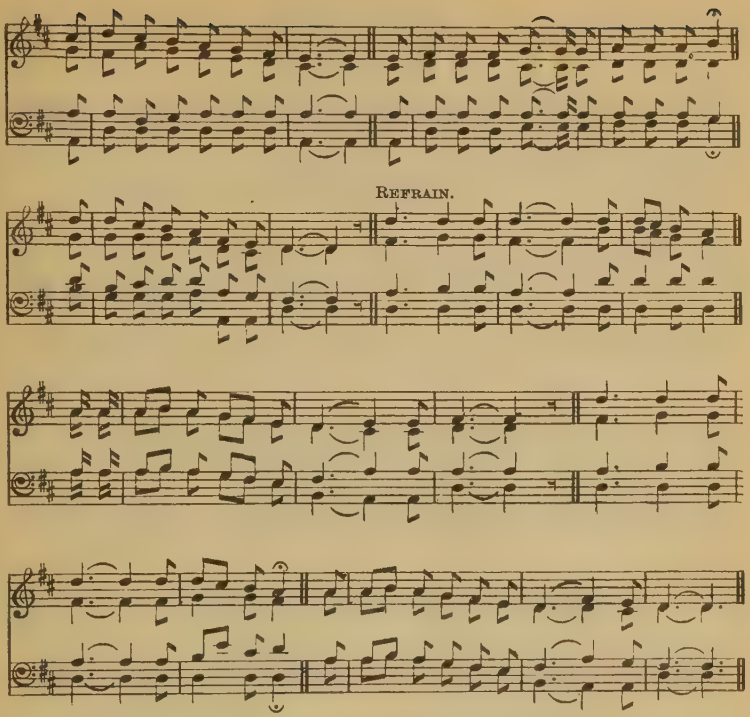
4 But most we thank Thee, Lord,
That we are taught Thy word,
That we are fed with heavenly food:
We know the blessèd name;
We know that Jesus came
To give us everlasting good.

5 O may we daily feed
Upon that heavenly bread,
cr. So freely, bountifully given;
Live blest and holy here,
While looking forward, there
f To live for ever blest in heaven!

Hymn 538 (Tune 526.) Joyful our Voices. Irregular.

Dr. J. B. HERBERT.





And with my song will I praise Him.—Psalm xxviii. 7.

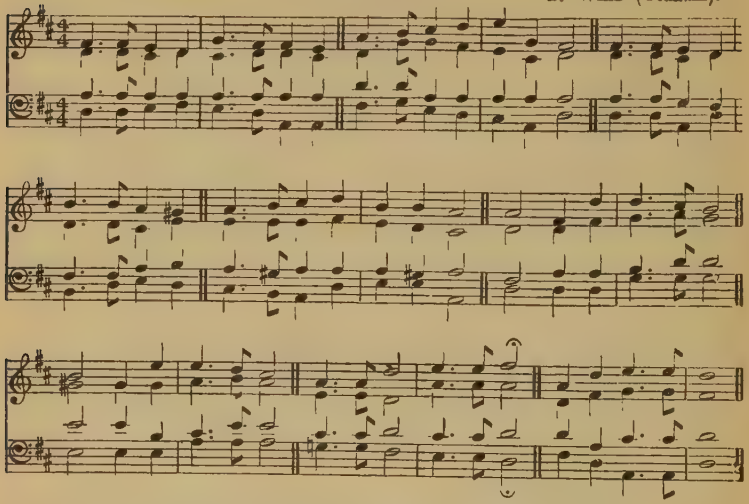
1 *f* Joyful our voices we raise
In a glad anthem of praise [love
To the Father above, Whose infinite
Thus lengthens the span of our days.
Blessings unnumbered and vast
Have crownèd the year that is past;
And this much we know, If we serve Him below,
He'll bring us to heaven at last.
Glory to God! our song shall be,
For His boundless love, so rich and free;
Glory to God our song shall be
Through all the years of eternity.

2 Tribute of praises we bring
Unto our Saviour and King,
Incarnated Word, Redeemer, and Lord,
Of life everlasting the Spring.
Himself He all-willingly gave,
That man He might succour and save;
p He died on the tree (*cr.*) That we might be free,
For us He slew death and the grave.
f Glory to God! &c.

3 *mf* Chanting our sweetest of lays,
Praise we the Spirit of grace, [one
With the eternal Son, And the Father
The Guardian, and Guide of our days,
Author of life and of light,
The Source of the pure and the right,
cr. True Fountain of joy, Without stint or alloy,
And Giver of wisdom and might.
f Glory to God! &c.

Hymn 539 (Tune 404.) Father, from Thy Throne.

8.7.8.7.6.6.6.5. T. Wild (Oldham).



Sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving.—Psalm cxlvii. 7.

1 *mf* Father, from Thy throne of glory
Listen to our praise and prayer,
Thou hast spared us in Thy mercy,
Here to meet another year.
f Crown, crown it, God of love,
With blessings from above:
Fill our hearts, fill our hearts
With Thy fear and love.

2 *f* Blessings more than we can number
Hitherto have marked our way;
mf And Thine eye that knows no slumber,
Hath watched o'er us every day.
f Praise, praise unto Thy name,
Praise, praise we loud proclaim;
ff Heaven shall ring, heaven shall ring
With the loud acclaim;

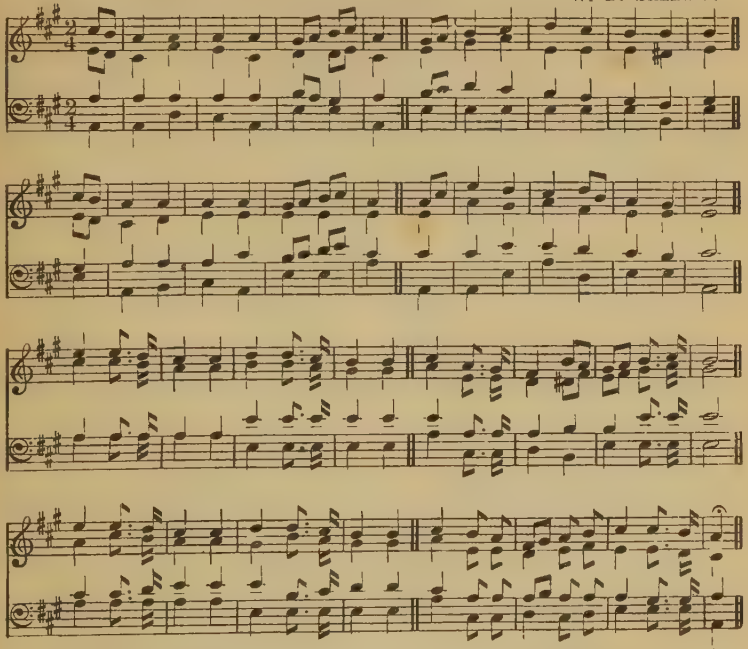
3 *mf* Still vouchsafe to us Thy blessing,
And direct our future course;
Still surround our every dwelling,
Thou who art of life the source.
Shine, shine upon our way,
May we Thy laws obey;
p Hear us now, hear us now,
Bless our school, we pray.

4 *mf* Wilt Thou, O Almighty Father,
Bless our meeting here to-day
p Ere the night's dark shades shall gather,
And our praises die away?
Come, Lord, and bless us now
Thy grace and mercy show;
cr. Evermore, evermore
May Thy blessings flow.

5 *f* May we all, when life is over,
Teachers, children, meet above,
Joining in that song for ever
Of our risen Saviour's love.
Then shall we sweetly sing
Praise to our Saviour King;
Heaven shall ring, heaven shall ring
ff With the strain we sing.

Hymn 540 (Tune 465.) Anniversary Song.

8.8.8.8.10.9.10.10. W. F. Sherwin.



We thank Thee, and praise Thy glorious name.—1 Chronicles xxix. 13.

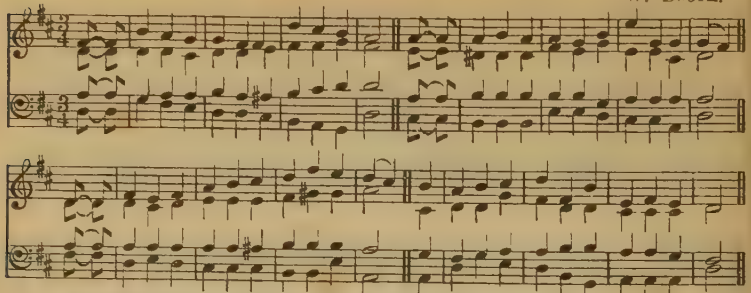
1 *f* We sing our song of jubilee,
Our voices rising loud and free;
And with the notes of sweet accord
We praise our ever-blessèd Lord.
Singing together, singing together,
Teachers and scholars gladly unite;
Singing together, singing together,
Love fills our hearts, and our faces are bright.

2 We praise Him for the year now past,
And at His feet our cares we cast;
And O may He who guides our way
Forbid our youthful steps to stray!
Singing together, &c.

3 *mf* Our Sabbath-school, O may He bless,
p And guard its lambs with tenderness;
And lead us gently when we die
cr. To our Good Shepherd's fold on high!
f Singing together, &c.

Hymn 541 (Tune 514.) Perfectly Blest. 11.11.11.11.

W. BOOTH.



Blessed be the LORD *God of Israel for ever and ever.*—1 Chronicles xvi. 36.

1.

mf BLEST Saviour, we gather, our tribute to bring [spring;
Of joy and of love, like the blossoms of
f Our gracious Redeemer, we gratefully raise [Thy praise.
Our hearts and our voices in hymning

2.

p Our Saviour is loving, our Saviour is kind,
He came down from heaven, the lost ones to find;
cr. He never refuseth or sendeth away
The soul which returneth, no longer to stray.

3.

mf His arms, which embraced the children of old, [fold;
Still gently encircle the lambs of the
His grace, which inviteth the wandering home, [come.
Has never forbidden the youngest to

4.

How many poor children have leaned on His breast, [confessed,
How many poor children His name have
Believing and happy His goodness to prove, [love.
Have lived to His glory, and died in His

5.

Hosanna, hosanna, blest Saviour, we raise
Our hearts and our voices in hymning Thy praise, [race,
cr. For love so abounding to all the lost
For blessings of earth and glories of grace.

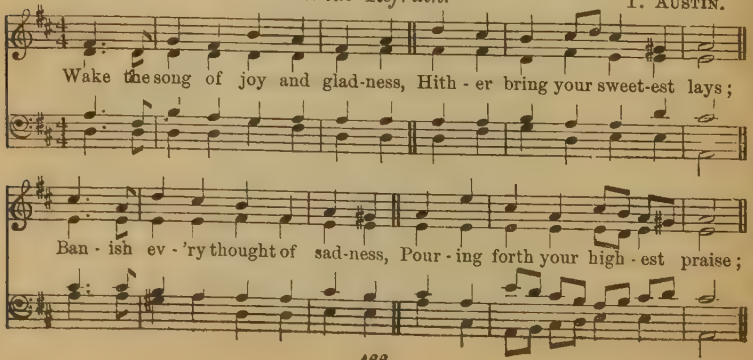
6.

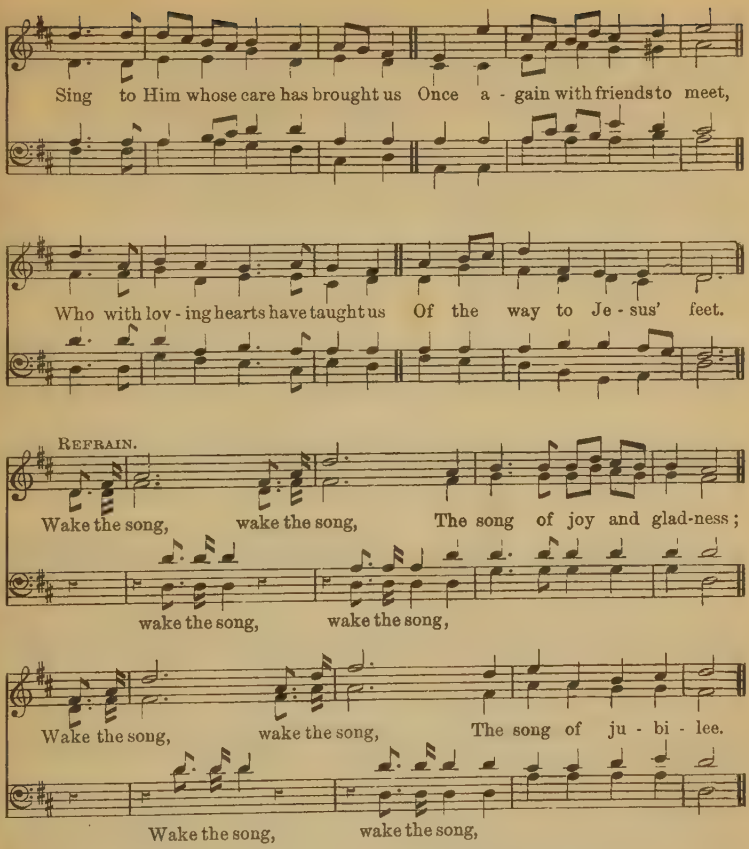
f Blest Saviour, be with us throughout this glad day,
O teach us with joy to pursue the right way:
From sin and temptation for ever depart,
And let Thy salvation revive every heart.

Hymn 542 (Tune 435.) Southlands. 8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.

With Refrain.

T. AUSTIN.


Wake the song of joy and glad-ness, Hith - er bring your sweet-est lays;
Ban - ish ev - 'ry thought of sad-ness, Pour - ing forth your high - est praise;


Sing to Him whose care has brought us Once a - gain with friends to meet,
Who with lov - ing hearts have taught us Of the way to Je - sus' feet.
REFRAIN.
Wake the song, wake the song, The song of joy and glad-ness;
wake the song, wake the song,
Wake the song, wake the song, The song of ju - bi - lee.
Wake the song, wake the song,

Let the people praise Thee, O God.—Psalm lxvii. 3.

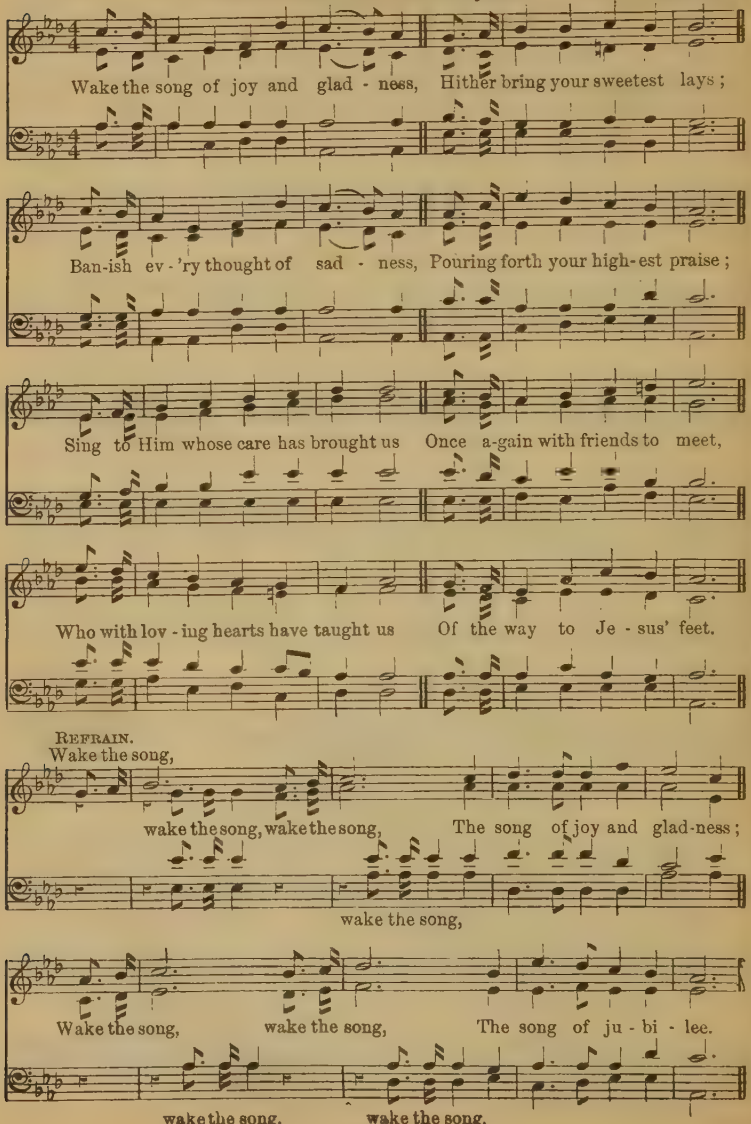
1 *f* WAKE the song of joy and gladness,
Hither bring your sweetest lays;
Banish every thought of sadness,
Pouring forth your highest praise;
Sing to Him whose care has brought us
Once again with friends to meet,
Who with loving hearts have taught us
Of the way to Jesus' feet.
Wake the song, &c.

2 *mf* Some who came with songs and banners
On our last high festal day
cr. Now are singing glad hosannas,
Where the angels homage pay:
f In the presence of His glory,
Jesus' praise they chant above,
Telling still the old, old story,
dim. Precious theme—redeeming love.
f Wake the song, &c.

3 Thanks to Thee, O holy Father,
For the mercies of the year;
May each heart, as here we gather,
Swell with gratitude sincere:
dim. Thanks to Thee, O loving Saviour,
p For redemption through Thy blood:
Thanks to Thee, O Holy Spirit,
Sweetly drawing us to God.
f Wake the song, &c.

Hymn 542 *2nd Tune.* (436.) Wake the Song.

8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7. *With Refrain.* W. F. SHERWIN.


Wake the song of joy and glad - ness, Hither bring your sweetest lays;
Ban-ish ev - 'ry thought of sad - ness, Pouring forth your high-est praise;
Sing to Him whose care has brought us Once a-gain with friends to meet,
Who with lov - ing hearts have taught us Of the way to Je - sus' feet.
REFRAIN.
Wake the song,
wake the song, wake the song, The song of joy and glad-ness;
wake the song,
Wake the song, wake the song, The song of ju - bi - lee.
wake the song, wake the song,

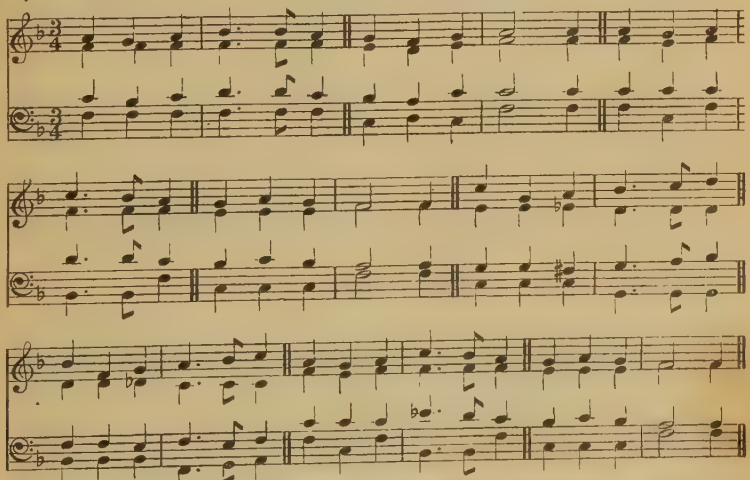
Let the people praise Thee, O God.—Psalm lxvii. 3.

1 *f* WAKE the song of joy and gladness,
Hither bring your sweetest lays;
Banish every thought of sadness,
Pouring forth your highest praise;
Sing to Him whose care has brought us
Once again with friends to meet,
Who with loving hearts have taught us
Of the way to Jesus' feet.
Wake the song, &c.

2 *mf* Some who came with songs and banners
On our last high festal day
cr. Now are singing glad hosannas,
Where the angels homage pay:
f In the presence of His glory,
Jesus' praise they chant above
Telling still the old, old story,
dim. Precious theme—redeeming love.
f Wake the song, &c.

3 Thanks to Thee, O holy Father,
For the mercies of the year;
May each heart, as here we gather,
Swell with gratitude sincere;
dim. Thanks to Thee, O loving Saviour,
p For redemption through Thy blood
Thanks to Thee, O Holy Spirit,
Sweetly drawing us to God.
f Wake the song, &c.

Hymn 543 (Tune 164.) Dana. 6.5.6.5.6.6.6.5.



The voice of many angels round about the throne.—Revelation v. 11.

1 *f* HARK! round the God of love
Angels are singing;
Saints at His feet above
Their crowns are flinging.
And may poor children dare
Hope for acceptance there,
Their simple praise and prayer
To His throne bringing?

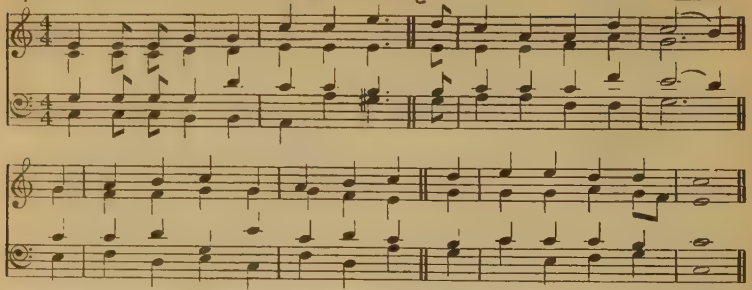
2 *mf* Yes; through adoring throngs
His pity sees us;
'Midst their seraphic songs
Our offering pleases;
And Thou who here didst prove
To babes so full of love,
Thou art the same above,
Merciful Jesus!

3 Not a poor sparrow falls
But Thou art near it;
When the young raven calls,
Thou, Lord, dost hear it;
Flowers, worms, and insects share
Hourly Thy guardian care;
Wilt Thou bid us despair?
Lord, can we fear it?

4 Lord, then Thy mercy send
On all before Thee;
Children and children's friend
Bless, we implore Thee;
cr. Lead us from grace to grace
On through our earthly race,
f Till all before Thy face
Meet to adore Thee.

Hymn 544 (Tune 34.) Nativity. C.M.

HENRY LAHEE.



Though the LORD *be high, yet hath He respect unto the lowly.*—Psalm cxxxviii. 6.

1 *mf* THY throne, O God, in righteousness
For ever shall endure;
We bow before it; deign to bless
The children of the poor.

2 Thy wisdom fixed our lowly birth,
Yet we Thy goodness share;
Still make us, while we dwell on earth,
The children of Thy care.

3 Strangers to Thee, though Thine by name,
We heard Thy welcome voice,
And, gathered from the world, became
The children of Thy choice.

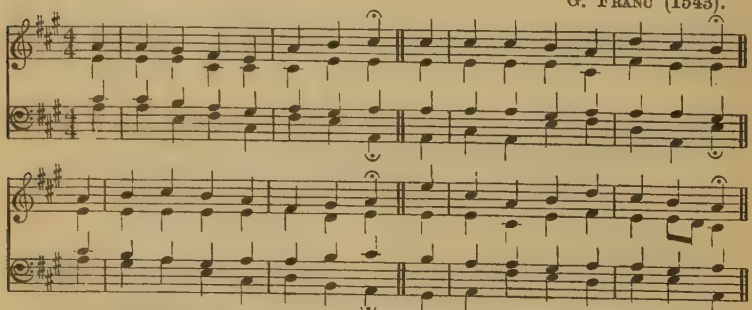
4 Thou art our Shepherd, glorious God!
Thy little flock behold;
And guide us by Thy staff and rod,
The children of Thy fold.

5 *f* We praise Thy name that we were
To this delightful place, [brought
Where we are watched and warned and taught,
The children of Thy grace.

6 O, may our friends, Thy servants here,
Meet all our souls above;
And they and we in heaven appear,
The children of Thy love.

Hymn 545 (Tune 82.) Old Hundredth. L.M.

G. FRANC (1543).



O praise the LORD, *all ye nations; praise Him, all ye people.*—Psalm cxvii. 1.

1 *mf* FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise:
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

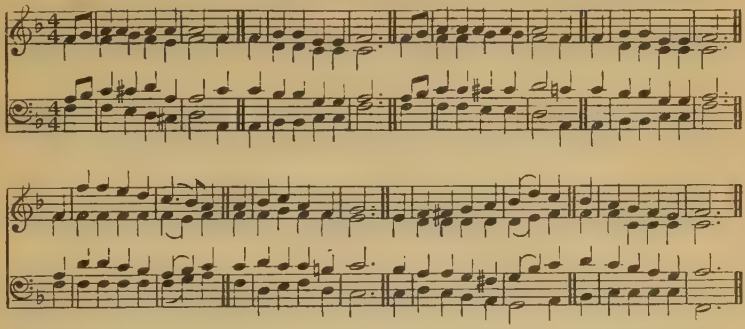
2 *mf* Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends Thy word: [shore,
f Thy praise shall sound from shore to
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring;
In songs of praise divinely sing;
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Saviour's name.

4 *ff* Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

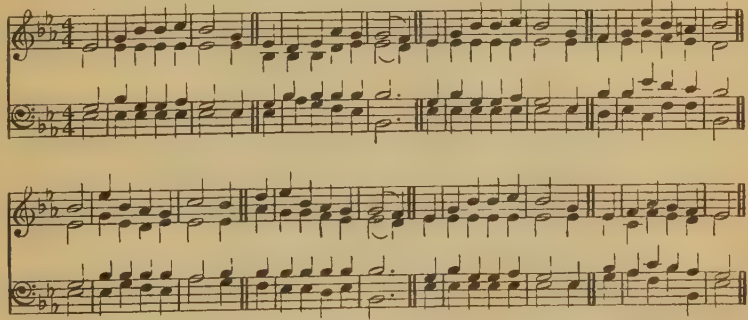
Hymn 546 (Tune 228.) Heber. 7.6.7.6. D.

Bishop Heber.



2nd Tune. (236.) Missionary. 7.6.7.6. D.

Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc.



There stood a man, . . . saying, Come over . . . and help us.—Acts xvi. 9.

1 *mf* From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

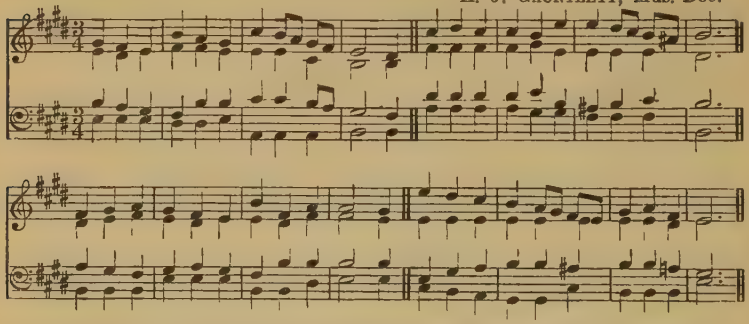
2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
dim. And only man is vile!
mf In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn;
The heathen, in his blindness,
p Bows down to wood and stone.

3 *mf* Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
f Salvation! O, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

4 *f* Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
dim. Till o'er our ransomed nature,
p The Lamb for sinners slain,
cr. Redeemer, King, Creator,
ff In bliss returns to reign.

Hymn 547 (Tune 510.) Evelyn. 11.10.11.10.*

H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. Doc.



The redeemed of the Lord *shall return, and come with singing unto Zion.*—Isaiah li. 11

1 *f* Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning!
Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain!
p Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning!
mf Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.

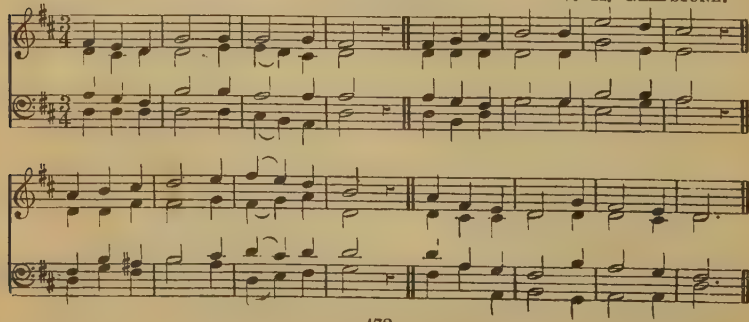
2 *f* Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold!
Hail to the millions from bondage returning!
Gentiles and Jews now the Saviour behold.

3 *mf* Lo! in the desert the rich flowers are springing,
Rivers abundant are gliding along;
f Loud from the mountains the echoes are ringing,
Wastes break in verdure and mingle in song.

4 Hear from all lands, from the isles of the ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high,
dim. Hushed be the tumult of war and commotion,
ff Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

Hymn 548 (Tune 76.) Gladstone. L.M.

W. H. Gladstone.



His name shall endure for ever . . . all nations shall call Him blessed.—Psalm lxxii. 17.

1 *f* Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 *mf* People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
p And infant voices shall proclaim
cr. Their young Hosannas to His name.

4 *f* Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
dim. The weary find eternal rest;
cr. And all the sons of want are blest.

5 *f* Let every creature rise, and bring
Its grateful honours to our King:
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth prolong the joyful strain.

Hymn 549 (Tune 400.) Madeley. 8.7.8.7.4.7.

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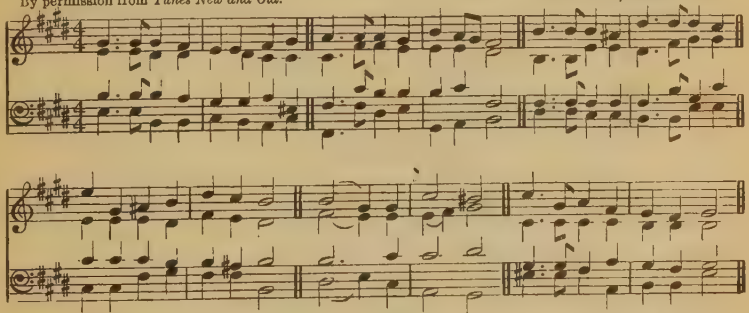
S. Reay, Mus. Bac.



God our Saviour: who will have all men to be saved.—1 Timothy ii. 3, 4.

1 *mf* Gracious God! almighty Father,
Saviour! Prince of Israel's race,
Holy Spirit! source of comfort,
Hear from heaven, Thy dwelling-place,
Hear and answer,
p As we humbly seek Thy face.

2 *mf* Breathe on us Thy benediction,
Purge our hearts from every stain,
Grant us pardon through the merits
Of the Lamb for sinners slain.
p Hear and answer,
pp Speak the word of peace again.

3 *mf* Help us all to tell the story
Of Thy great redeeming love;
Bless the seed of life we scatter,
Let our friends Thy mercy prove.
Hear and answer,
f From Thy glorious throne above.

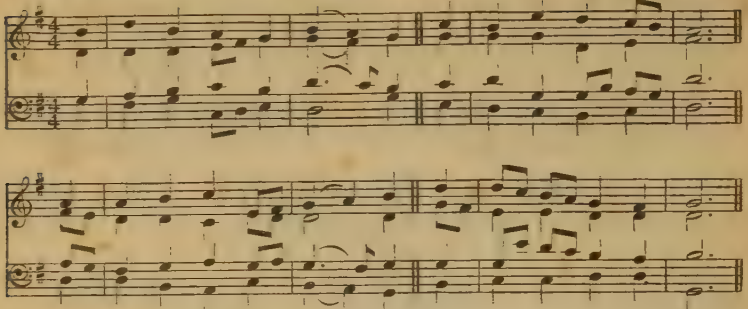
4 *mf* Bless this highly favoured country,
Save the people, Lord! we pray,
Lead them from the paths of folly
To the strait and narrow way.
Hear and answer,
Bless and keep us day by day.

5 Break the bonds of superstition,
Let the senseless idols fall;
Speak, Redeemer of the nations,
Bid them crown Thee Lord of all;
Hear and answer,
dim. As to Thee we humbly call.

6 *mf* Thus may every tribe and people,
p Through the blood of Christ forgiven
cr. Sing the gladsome alleluia
To the God of earth and heaven.
f All the glory
Shall unto Thy name be given.

Hymn 550 (Tune 210.) Argyle. 7.6.7.6.

E. H. Turpin.



Oh that the salvation of Israel were come out of Zion!—Psalm xiv. 7.

1 *mf* O THAT the Lord's salvation
Were out of Zion come,
To heal His ancient nation,
To lead His outcasts home!

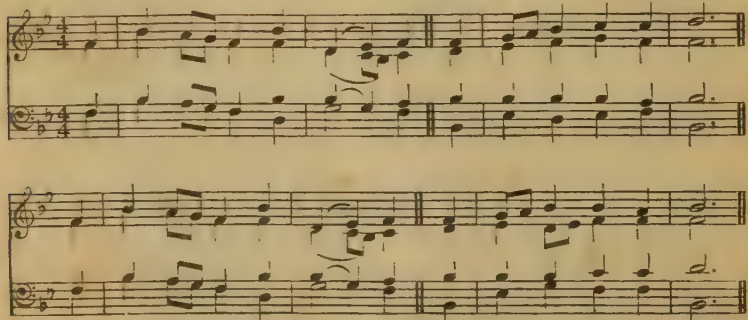
2 How long the holy city
Shall heathen feet profane?
Return, O Lord, in pity;
Rebuild her walls again.

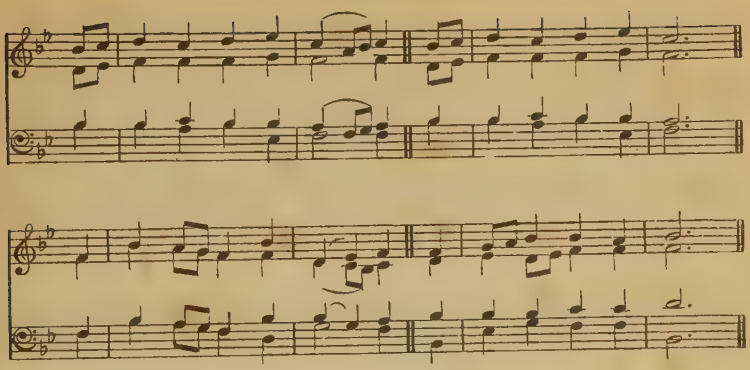
3 Let fall Thy rod of terror,
Thy saving grace impart;
Roll back the veil of error,
cr. Release the fettered heart.

4 *f* Let Israel, home returning,
Her lost Messiah see;
Give oil of joy for mourning,
mf And bind all hearts to Thee.

Hymn 551 (Tune 224.) Ellacombe. 7.6.7.6. D.

German.





All kings shall fall down before Him: all nations shall serve Him.—Psalm lxxii. 11.

1 *f* HAIL to the Lord's Anointed!
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes, with succour speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy
And bid the weak be strong:
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
mf Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in His sight.

3 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth;
Love, joy, and hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth:
Before Him, on the mountains
Shall peace the herald go;
cr. And righteousness in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

SECOND PART.

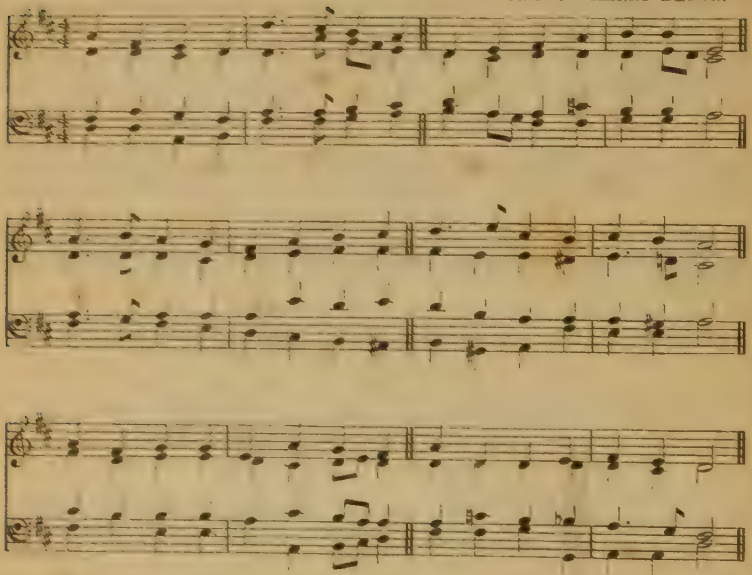
4 *mf* Arabia's desert ranger
To Him shall bow the knee;
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see;
With offerings of devotion
Ships from the isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at His feet.

5 Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing;
For Him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend;
cr. His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.

6 *f* O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
p His name shall stand for ever,
His changeless name of Love.

Hymn 552 (Tune 419.) St. Alexius. 8.7.8.7.8.7.

ARTHUR HENRY BROWN.



Then shalt thou cause the trumpet of the jubilee to sound.—Leviticus xxv. 9.

1 *f* HARK! the joyous sound is swelling,
Hark! the song of jubilee;
Of the Saviour's triumphs telling,
Of His conquests yet to be:
Jubilate! Jubilate!
Christ shall reign from sea to sea.

2 *mf* Christian Missions! they were founded
Heathen nations to release;
cr. Faithful men went forth and sounded
The glad trump proclaiming peace:
f Jubilate! Jubilate!
Never shall the tidings cease.

3 Rich has been the tide of blessing,
Loud the song of liberty,
Light has pierced the Indian's dwelling,
Afric's sons have been set free:
Jubilate! Jubilate!
Saviour, we rejoice in Thee.

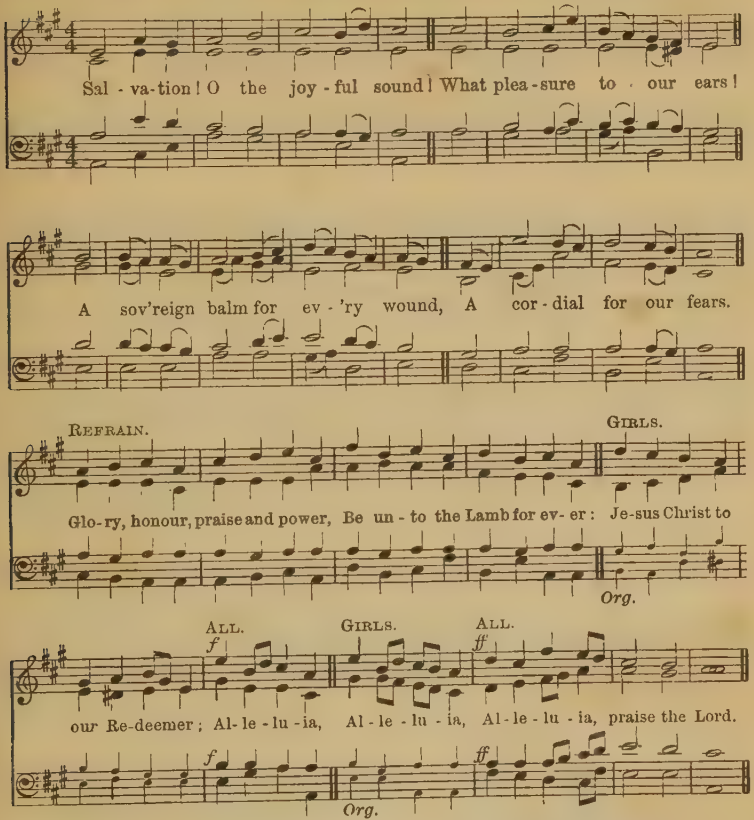
4 *mf* See the Gospel banner waving
Where the Hindu's temple stood;
See the isles of Fiji craving
For the bread of life as food:
Jubilate! Jubilate!
They no longer thirst for blood.

5 *cr.* Wider fields are still before us
Where to sow the precious seed;
And that seed from heaven's rich storehouse
Will supply the world's vast need:
f Jubilate! Jubilate!
Onward let the work proceed.

6 *mf* Bring your offerings, Christians, bring them,
Bring your offerings, rich and poor;
Bring your sons and daughters, bring them;
Let them enter every door:
cr. Jubilate! Jubilate!
f Spread the tidings more and more

Hymn 553 (Tune 50.) Ashley. C.M. *With Refrain.*

Rev. M. MADAN.


Sal - va-tion! O the joy - ful sound! What plea - sure to our ears!
A sov'reign balm for ev - 'ry wound, A cor - dial for our fears.
REFRAIN.
GIRLS.
Glo-ry, honour, praise and power, Be un - to the Lamb for ev - er: Je-sus Christ to
Org.
ALL.
GIRLS.
ALL.
our Re-deemer; Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, praise the Lord.
Org.

All the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God.—Isaiah lii. 10.

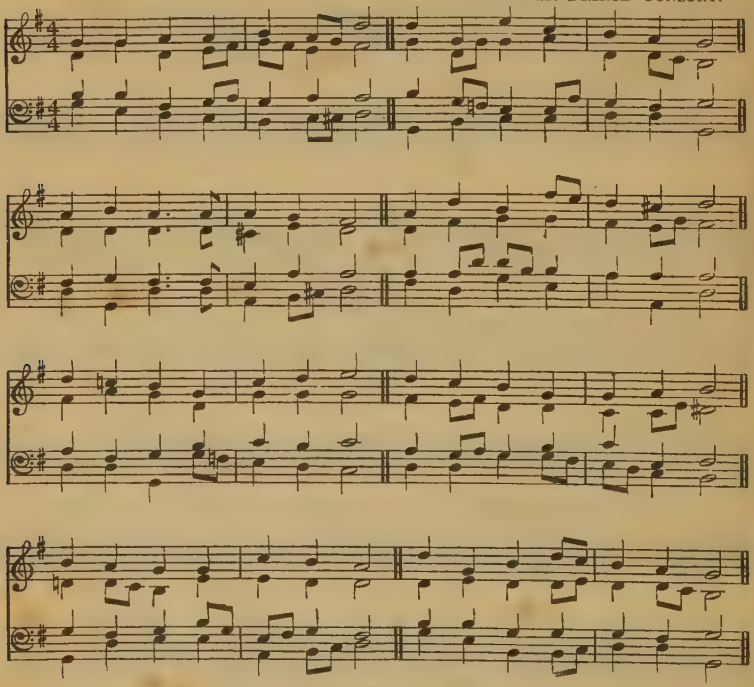
1 *f* SALVATION! O the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears!
mf A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.
f Glory, honour, &c.

2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound!
Glory, honour, &c.

3 *p* Salvation! O Thou bleeding Lamb
cr. To Thee the praise belongs;
f Salvation shall inspire our hearts
And dwell upon our tongues.
Glory, honour, &c.

Hymn 554 (Tune 337.) Coburg. 7.7.7.7. D.

H.R.H. the Prince Consort.



It is the jubilee; it shall be holy unto you.—Leviticus xxv. 12.

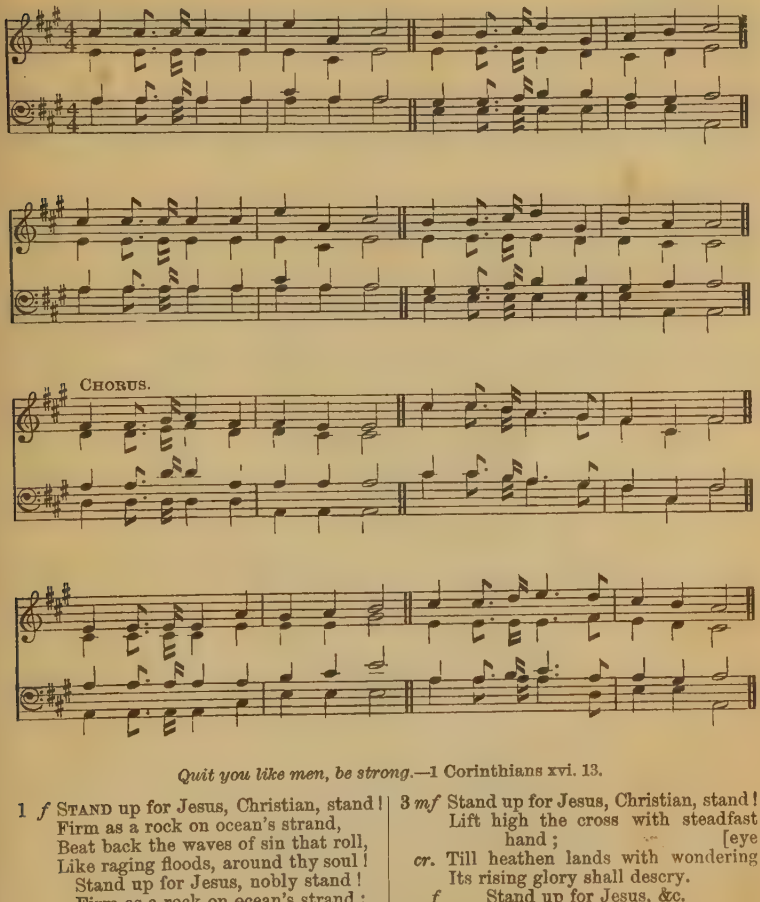
1 *f* Hark! the song of jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fulness of the sea
When it breaks upon the shore.
Alleluia! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign;
Alleluia! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

2 *mf* Alleluia! Hark! the sound,
From the centre to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies.
See Jehovah's banner furled, [done,
Sheathed His sword; He speaks, 'tis
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of His Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
dim. He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
p Yonder heavens have passed away;
cr. Then the end: beneath His rod
Man's last enemy shall fall;
ff Alleluia! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all.

Hymn 555 (Tune 96.) Stand up for Jesus. D.L.M.

ASA HULL.



Quit you like men, be strong.—1 Corinthians xvi. 13.

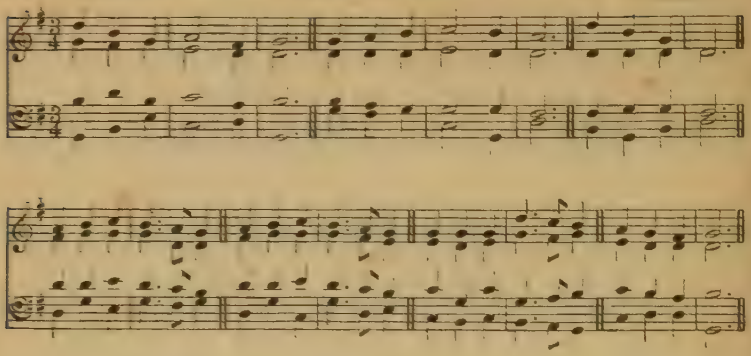
1 *f* STAND up for Jesus, Christian, stand!
Firm as a rock on ocean's strand,
Beat back the waves of sin that roll,
Like raging floods, around thy soul!
Stand up for Jesus, nobly stand!
Firm as a rock on ocean's strand;
Stand up, His righteous cause defend;
Stand up for Jesus, your best Friend.

2 Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand!
Sound forth His name o'er sea and land!
Spread ye His glorious name abroad,
Till all the world shall own Him Lord.
Stand up for Jesus, &c.

3 *mf* Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand!
Lift high the cross with steadfast hand;
cr. Till heathen lands with wondering eye
Its rising glory shall descry.
f Stand up for Jesus, &c.

4 Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand!
Soon with the blest, immortal band,
mf We'll dwell for aye, life's journey o'er,
cr. In realms of light, on heaven's bright shore,
f Stand up for Jesus, &c.

Hymn 556 (Tune 168.) MOSCOW. 6.6.4.6.6.6.4. GIARDINI.



God said, Let there be light: and there was light.—Genesis i. 3.

1 *mf* THOU whose Almighty Word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight;
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the gospel day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
cr. Let there be light!

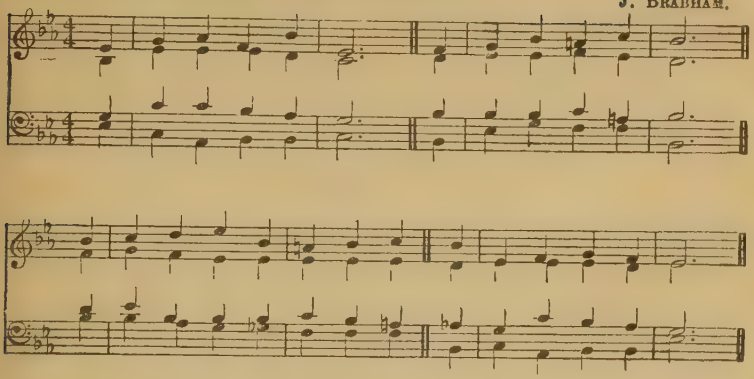
2 *mf* Thou, who didst come to bring
On Thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight;
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
cr. O now to all mankind
Let there be light!

3 *p* Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight;
Move on the waters' face,
Spreading the beams of grace.
cr. And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light!

4 *mf* Blessèd and holy Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Grace, love, and might,
f Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world far and wide;
ff Let there be light!

Hymn 557 (Tune 3.) Clifton. S.M.

J. BRADHAM.



O LORD, *revive Thy work.*—Habakkuk iii. 2.

1.

mf REVIVE Thy work, O Lord;
Thy mighty arm make bare;
cr. Speak with the voice that wakes the dead,
And make Thy people hear.

2.

mf Revive Thy work, O Lord;
Exalt Thy glorious name;
And by Thy Spirit, Lord, our love
For Thee and Thine inflame.

3.

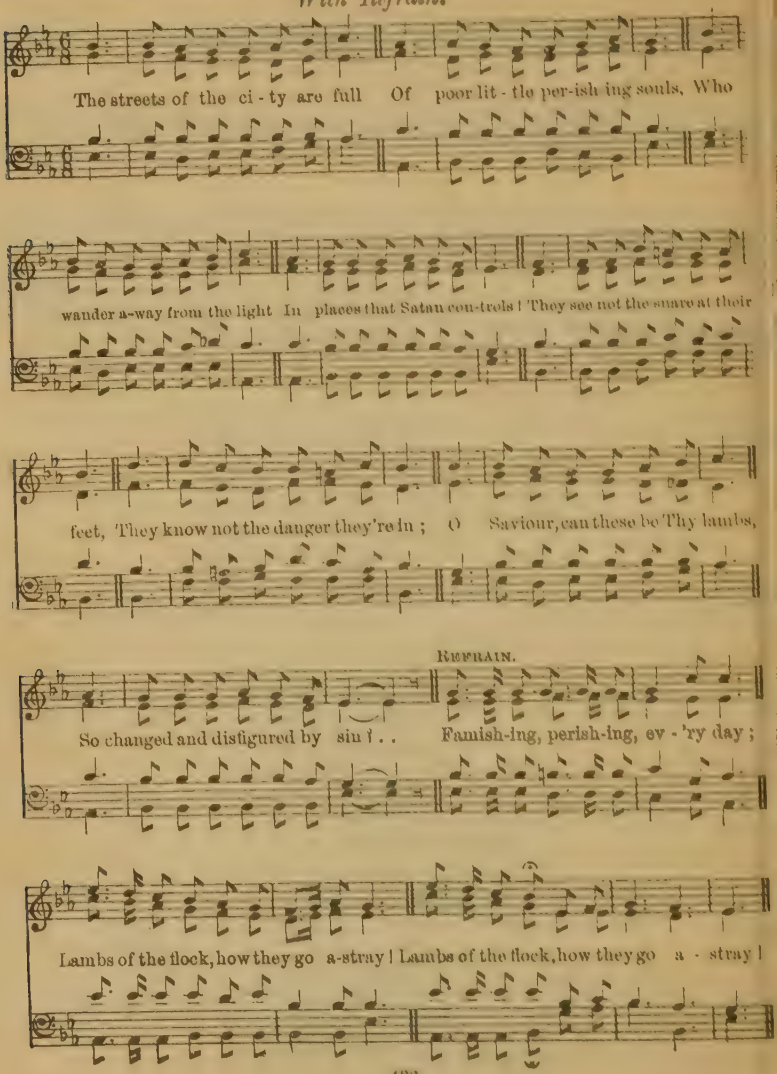
Revive Thy work, O Lord;
Give power unto Thy Word;
Grant that Thy blessèd gospel may
In living faith be heard.

4.

cr. Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Give Pentecostal showers;
f The glory shall be all Thine own,
The blessing, Lord, be ours.

Hymn 558 (Tune 464.) Out of the Mire. 8.8.8.8.8.8.8.8.

With Refrain.


The streets of the ci - ty are full Of poor lit - tle per-ish ing souls, Who
wander a-way from the light In places that Satan con-trols! They see not the snare at their
feet, They know not the danger they're in; O Saviour, can these be Thy lambs,
So changed and distigured by sin! . . Famish-ing, perish-ing, ev - 'ry day;
REFRAIN.
Lambs of the flock, how they go a-stray! Lambs of the flock, how they go a - stray!

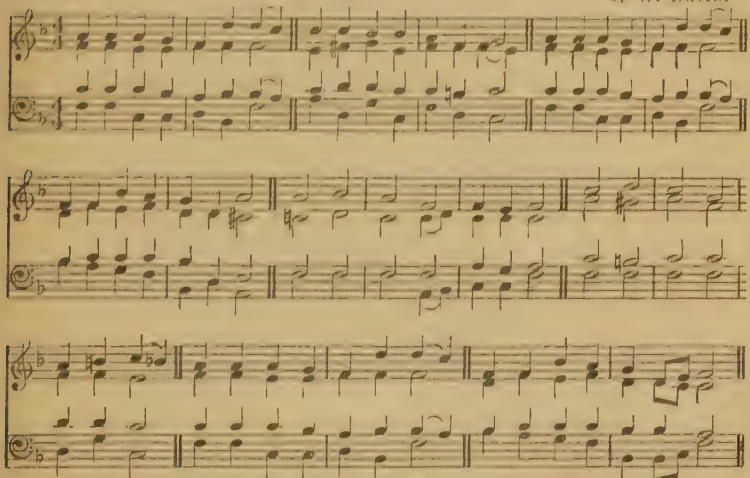
They go astray as soon as they be born.—Psalm lviii. 3.

1 *mf* The streets of the city are full
Of poor little perishing souls,
Who wander away from the light
p In places that Satan controls!
They see not the snare at their feet;
They know not the danger they're in;
pp O Saviour, can these be Thy lambs,
So changed and disfigured by sin?
Famishing, &c.

2 *mf* Then out of the desert of sin,
And out of the darkness of night,
Go, bring the dear lambs to the flock,
cr. And lead them up into the light.
Their voices with tenderness train,
Their wilfulness try to subdue;
p Be patient and tender with them,
As Christ has been patient with you.
Famishing, &c.

Hymn 559 (Tune 339.) Illyria. 7.7.7.7. D.

J. W. David.



And they shall come . . . and shall sit down in the kingdom of God.—Luke xiii. 29.

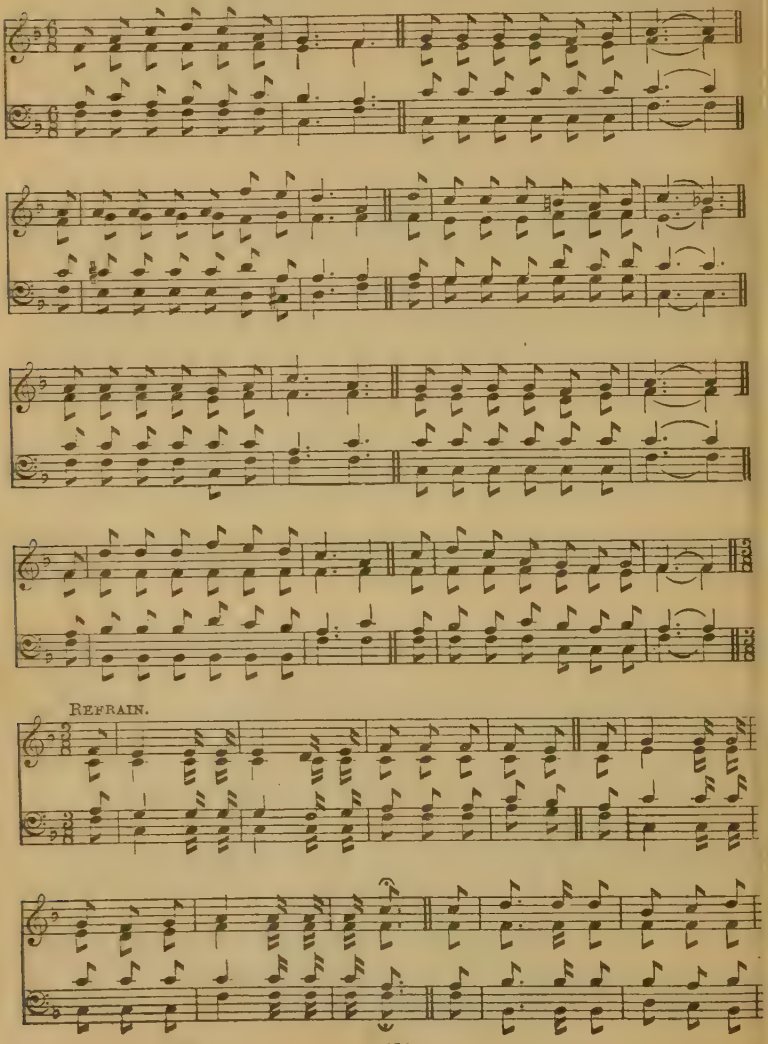
1 *mf* Little travellers Zionward,
Each one entering into rest,
In the kingdom of your Lord,
In the mansions of the blest:
cr. There to welcome Jesus waits,
Gives the crown His followers win;
f Lift your heads, ye golden gates,
Let the little travellers in!

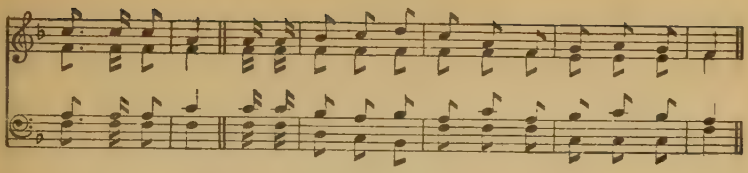
2 *p* Who are they whose little feet,
Pacing life's dark journey through,
cr. Now have reached the heavenly seat
They had ever kept in view?
mf 'I from Greenland's frozen land,'
'I from India's sultry plain,'
'I from Afric's barren sand,'
'I from islands of the main;'

3 'All our earthly journey past,
Every tear and pain gone by,
Here together met at last,
At the portal of the sky.'
Each the welcome, 'Come!' awaits,
cr. Conquerors over death and sin;
ff Lift your heads, ye golden gates.
Let the little travellers in!

Hymn 560 (Tune 443.) Listen, the Master beseecheth.

8.7.9.8.8.7.9.8. *With Refrain.* PHILIP PHILLIPS.





Go work to-day in My vineyard.—Matthew xxi. 28.

1 *mf* LISTEN! the Master beseecheth,
Calling each one by his name;
His voice to each loving heart reacheth,
Its cheerfulest service to claim.
Go where the vineyard demandeth
Vinedressers' nurture and care;
Or go where the white harvest standeth,
dim. The joy of the reaper to share.
f Then work, brothers, work! let us slumber no longer.
For God's call to labour grows stronger and stronger:
dim. The light of this life shall be darkened full soon,
f But the light of the better life resteth at noon.

2 *mf* Seek those of evil behaviour,
Bid them their lives to amend;
Go, point the lost world to the Saviour,
And be to the friendless a friend.
p Still be the lone heart of anguish
Soothed by the pity of thine;
By waysides, if wounded ones languish,
cr. Go, pour in the oil and the wine.
f Then work, brothers, work! &c.

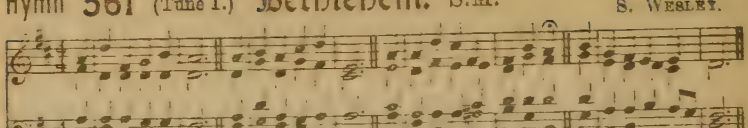
SECOND PART.

3 *mf* Work for the good that is nighest;
Dream not of greatness afar,
That glory is ever the highest
Which shines upon men as they are.
cr. Work, though the world would defeat you:
Heed not its slander and scorn;
Nor weary till angels shall greet you
With smiles through the gates of the morn.
f Then work, brothers, work! &c.

4 *p* Offer thy life on the altar;
cr. In the high purpose be strong;
mf And if the tired spirit should falter,
Then sweeten thy labour with song.
What, if the poor heart complaineth,
cr. Soon shall its wailing be o'er,
For there in the rest which remaineth
It shall grieve and be weary no more.
f Then work, brothers, work! &c.

Hymn 561 (Tune 1.) Bethlehem. S.M.

S. Wesley.



In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand.—Ecclesiastes xi. 6.

1 *mf* Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thine hand:
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broadcast it o'er the land.

2 Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock,
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock.

3 The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not here nor there,
O'er hill and dale, by plots 'tis found;
Go forth then everywhere.

4 Thou know'st not which may thrive
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germs alive,
When and wherever strewn.

5 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
p The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
f And the full corn at length.

6 *mf* Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

7 *f* Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God is come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven cry 'Harvest-home!'

Hymn 562 (Tune 104.) Ardwick. 5.5.5.11.

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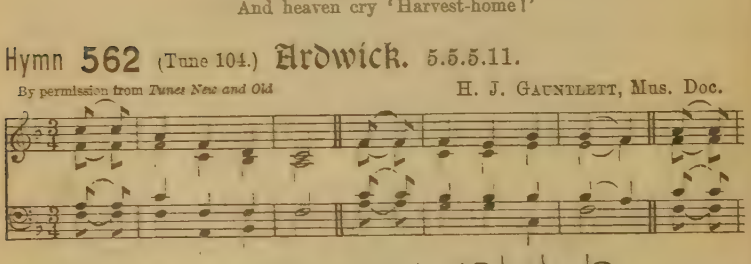


O magnify the Lord *with me, and let us exalt His name together.*—Psalm xxxiv. 3.

1 *mf* Come, children, and join
With ardour divine,
And help to do good,
By publishing peace through Jesus's blood.

2 *f* The glorious news
Let each one diffuse;
The gospel proclaim;
And world-wide salvation, in Jesus's name.

5 Come, children, and sing,
To Jesus our King,
Alleluias of joy,
Such as angels and glorified spirits employ.

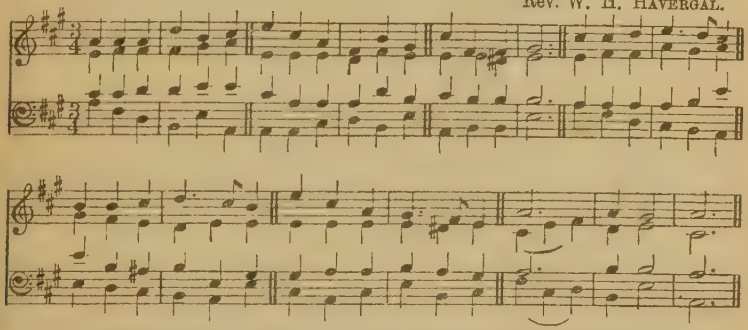
4 *mf* Come, children, and pray,
Lord, hasten the day
When the earth shall be filled
cr. With glory, and Christ in His kingdom revealed!

5 *mf* Come, children, and give,
And Christ will receive
Whatever is given;
p And your offerings arise, as incense, to heaven.

6 *f* Come, children, and join,
With ardour divine,
With triumph and mirth;
ff Proclaim the glad news to the end of the earth!

Hymn 563 (Tune 170.) Oreb. 6.6.4. 6.6.6.4.

Rev. W. H. HAVERGAL.



O LORD, *I beseech Thee, send now prosperity.*—Psalm cxviii. 25.

1 *mf* FATHER of heaven, bless
Missions with great success,
We humbly pray!
cr. Soon may the gospel sound
Through all the world around,
f Till earth's remotest bound
Shall own Thy sway.

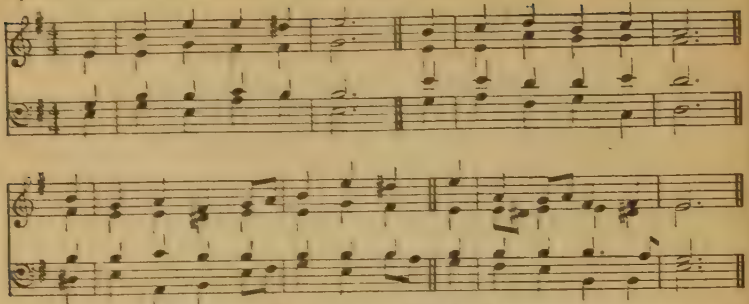
2 *mf* From Greenland's frozen land
To Afric's burning strand,
May Christ be known!
Till on Him all shall call,
Till every idol fall,
Till He be loved by all,
And served alone.

3 *f* O'er every hill and plain
Washed by the mighty main
Echo the call!
Till gods of wood and stone
Shall all be overthrown,
And Jesus reigns alone,
Supreme o'er all!

4 Then spread the gospel's light
Till nations all unite
Beneath His sway!
And let us, as we sing
ff Praise to our Saviour King,
Our grateful offerings bring,
To haste the day!

Hymn 564 (Tune 11.) Truth. S.M.

J. Comley.



Our fathers trusted in Thee: they trusted, and Thou didst deliver them.—Psalm xxii. 4.

1 *mf* To Thee, in ages past
Our pious fathers came;
On Thee, O Lord, their cares they cast,
Nor were they put to shame.

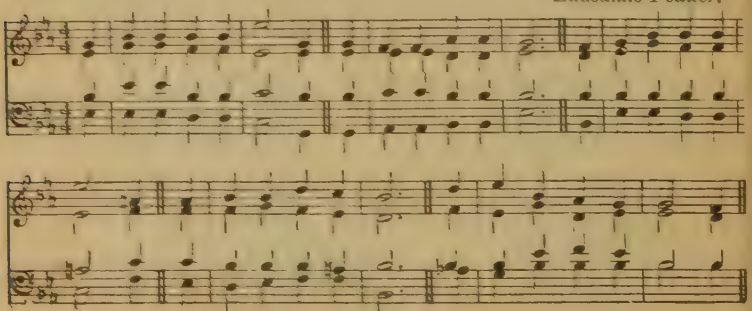
2 Thy holy day they loved;
They loved the means of grace;
And oft Thy faithfulness they proved,
When they had sought Thy face.

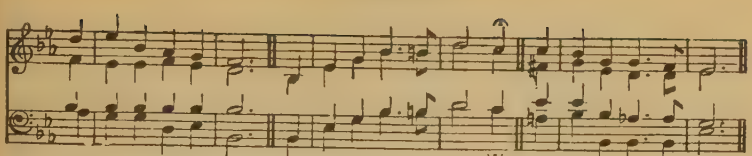
3 *f* Their faith in Thee was strong:
dim. Their godliness was pure;
f And while Thou wast their strength and song
They all things could endure.

4 Their steps may we pursue,
As they obeyed their Lord;
So may our hearts and lives be new,
And with Thy will accord.

Hymn 565 (Tune 227.) Greenland. 7.6.7.6. D.

Lausanne Psalter.





Blessed is the nation whose God is the LORD.—Psalm xxxiii. 12.

1 *mf* O GOD of our salvation,
We thank Thee for the love,
The blessings as a nation,
Showered on us from above;
cr. And when the noble story
Of England's life is told,
To Thee we give the glory,
As in the days of old.

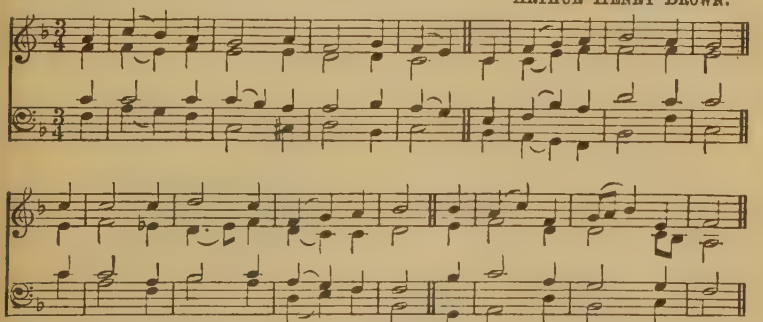
2 *mf* Our fathers, faithful-hearted,
Kept foreign foes at bay,
f Nor has their strength departed
From us, their sons, to-day;
mf Of old, Thou bad'st contention
And civil discord cease;
Keep far from us dissension,
p And, in our time, give peace.

3 *f* From superstitious error,
From papal tyranny,
From persecution's terror,
Thou didst Thy people free.
O, for the great salvation
Thy mighty arm then wrought,
God of the Reformation,
We praise Thee, as we ought.

4 O God of our salvation,
Our father's God and ours,
May we, a righteous nation,
Serve Thee with all our powers
Until the sunrise glorious
To longing eyes be given,
ff And Jesus reigns victorious
King over earth and heaven.

Hymn 566 (Tune 21.) Congleton. C.M.

ARTHUR HENRY BROWN.



And seek the peace of the city, . . . and pray unto the LORD *for it.*—Jeremiah xxix. 7.

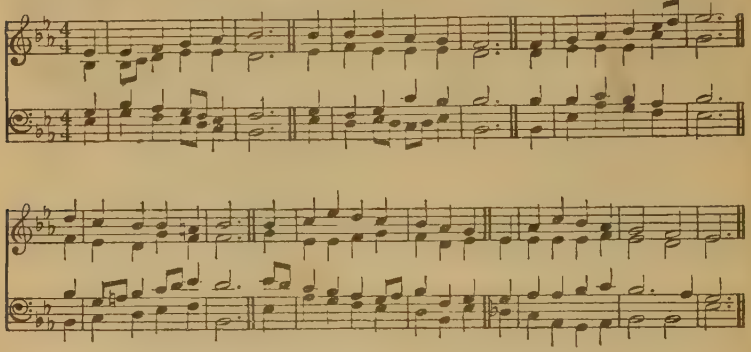
1 *mf* LORD, while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
O hear us for our native land,
The land we love the most.

2 O guard our shores from every foe!
With peace our borders bless,
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.

3 *p* Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and Thee:
cr. Nor let our hills and valleys cease
f Their songs of liberty.

4 Strength for our days of labour give:
Upon our Sabbaths smile:
Enrich our King with health and grace
ff God bless our native isle!

Hymn 567 (Tune 186.) Bevan. 6.6.6.6.8.8. Sir JOHN GOSS.



Righteousness exalteth a nation.—Proverbs xiv. 34.

1 *mf* To Thee, our God, we fly
For mercy and for grace;
O! hear our lowly cry,
And hide not Thou Thy face.
cr. O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.

2 *mf* Arise, O Lord of hosts!
Be jealous for Thy name,
And drive from out our coasts
p The sins that put to shame.
cr. O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.

3 *mf* Thy best gifts from on high
In rich abundance pour,
f That we may magnify
And praise Thee more and more.
cr. O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.

4 *mf* The powers ordained by Thee
With heavenly wisdom bless;
May they Thy servants be,
And rule in righteousness.
cr. O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.

SECOND PART.

5 *p* The Church of Thy dear Son
Inflame with love's pure fire,
Bind her once more in one,
And life and truth inspire.
cr. O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.

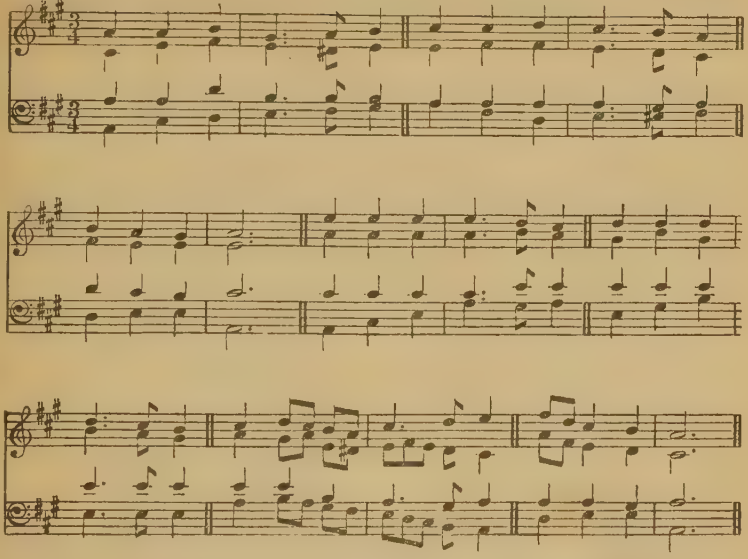
6 *mf* The pastors of Thy fold
With grace and power endue,
cr. That faithful, pure, and bold,
f They may be pastors true.
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.

7 *mf* O! let us love Thy house,
And sanctify Thy day,
Bring unto Thee our vows
And loyal homage pay.
cr. O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.

8 *mf* Give peace, Lord, in our time;
O! let no foe draw nigh,
Nor lawless deed of crime
Insult Thy majesty.
cr. O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.

9 *p* Though vile and worthless still
Thy people, Lord, are we;
cr. And for our God we will
None other have but Thee.
f O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.

Hymn 568 (Tune 169.) National Anthem. 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.



That we may lead a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty.—
1 Timothy ii. 2.

1.

mf GOD bless our native land,
May Heaven's protecting hand
Still guard our shore;
May peace her power extend,
cr. Foe be transformed to friend,
And Britain's rights depend
On war no more.

2.

mf Whate'er the years may bring,
O Lord, preserve our King;
Long may he reign;
His heart inspire and move
With wisdom from above:
cr. And in a nation's love
His throne maintain.

3.

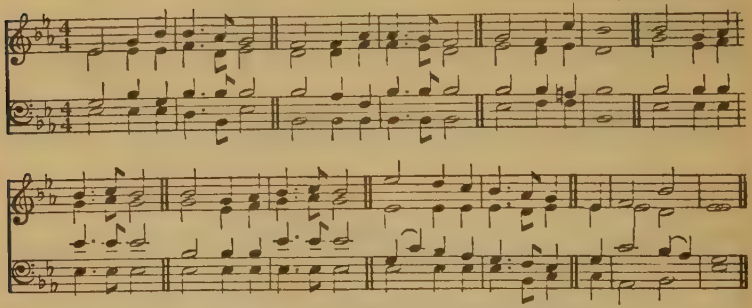
mf May just and righteous laws
Uphold the public cause,
dim. And bless our isle;
f Home of the brave and free
The land of liberty,
dim. We pray that still on Thee
p Kind Heaven may smile.

4.

mf Not in this land alone;
But be Thy mercies known
From shore to shore:
Lord, make the nations see
That men should brothers be,
And form one family
The wide world o'er.

Hymn 569 (Tune 167.) Harlan. 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

LOWELL MASON, Mus. Doc.



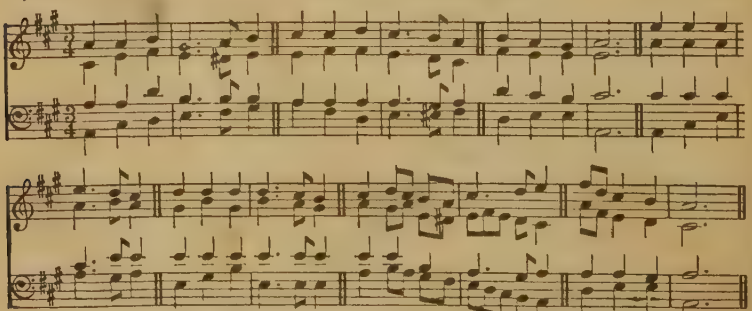
That . . . prayers . . . be made for all men.—1 Timothy ii. 1.

1 *mf* GOD bless our native land:
Her strength and glory stand
Ever in Thee!
Her faith and laws be pure;
cr. Her throne and hearths secure;
And let her name endure,
f Home of the free.

2 *mf* God smile upon our land,
And countless as the sand
Her blessings be!
cr. Arise, O Lord, Most High!
And call her children nigh,
Till heart and voice reply
f Glory to Thee.

3 Whate'er the years may bring,
O Lord, preserve our King;
Long may he reign!
His heart inspire and move
With wisdom from above;
And in a nation's love
ff His throne maintain!

Hymn 570 (Tune 169.) National Anthem. 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.



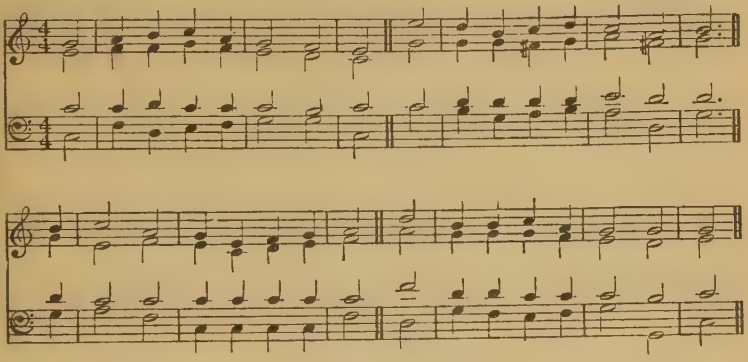
For kings, and for all that are in authority.—1 Timothy ii. 2.

1 *f* GOD save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King!
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King!

2 *mf* Crowned by a nation's love,
Guarded by Heaven above,
Long live the King!
f Loud may each voice proclaim
Wide as Britannia's fame,
Long live King Edward's name,
ff God save the King!

Hymn 571 (Tune 80.) Luther's Chant. L.M.

C. ZEUNER.

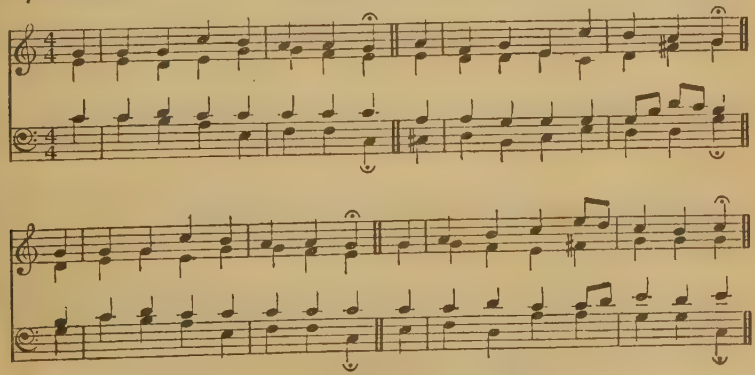


He took bread, and blessed it.—Luke xxiv. 30.

mf BE present at our table, Lord,
Be here and everywhere adored:
These creatures bless, and grant that we
May feast in Paradise with Thee.

Hymn 572 (Tune 81.) Mainzer. L.M.

MAINZER.

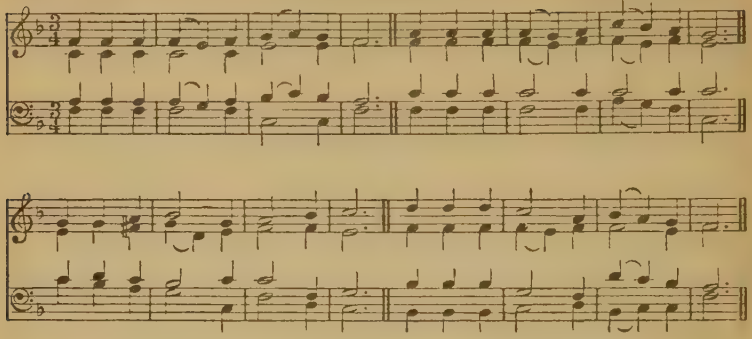


And He took the cup, and gave thanks.—Matthew xxvi. 27.

mf WE bless Thee, Lord, for this our food,
But more for Jesu's flesh and blood,
mf The manna to our spirits given,
The living bread sent down from heaven.

Hymn 573 (Tune 79.) Thursley. L.M.

Huguenot Melody.

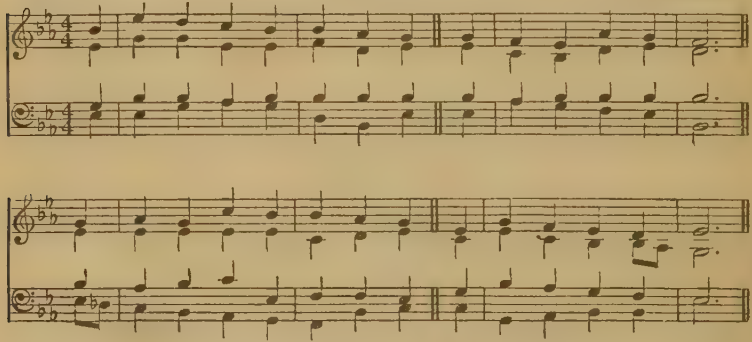


I will sing of mercy.—Psalm ci. 1.

mf FOR mercies that we taste and see,
For love unmerited and free,
For every promise in Thy word,
We bless Thy holy name, O Lord.

Hymn 574 (Tune 44.) St. Peter. C.M.

A. R. REINAGLE.

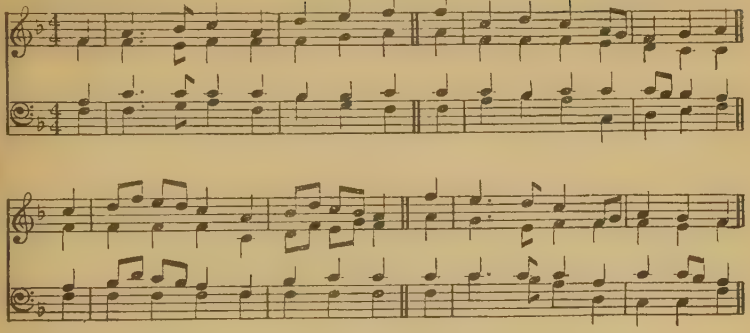


Thou openest Thine hand, they are filled with good.—Psalm civ. 28

mf To God, who gives our daily bread,
A thankful song we raise;
And pray that He who sends us food
f Will fill our hearts with praise.

Hymn 575 (Tune 84.) Samson. L.M.

From HANDEL.

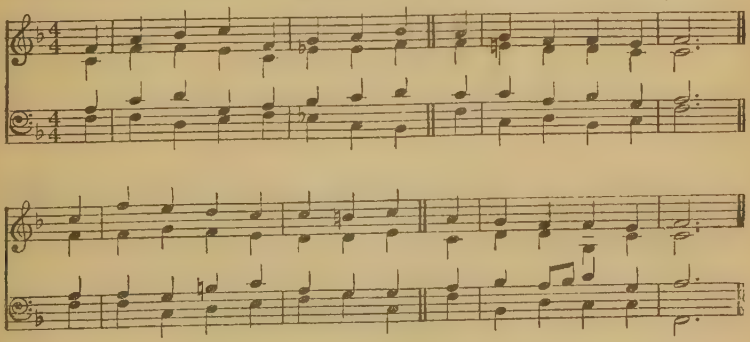


Unto Thee, O God, do we give thanks.—Psalm lxxv. 1.

f GREAT God, Thou giver of all good,
Accept our praise, and bless our food:
Grace, health, and strength to us afford,
mf Through Jesus Christ, our risen Lord.

Hymn 576 (Tune 26.) French. C.M.

Scotch Psalter, 1615.

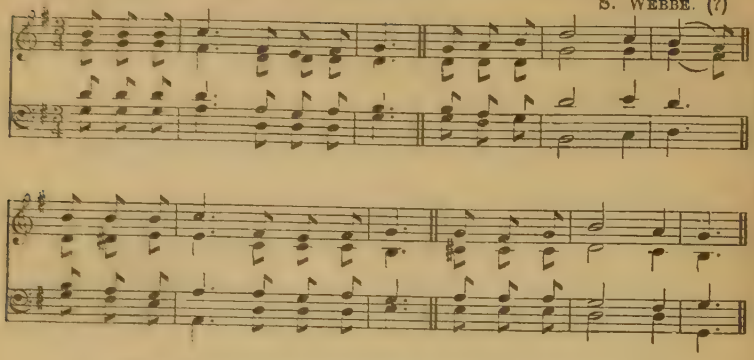


He was known of them in breaking of bread.—Luke xxiv 35.

mf BE known to us in breaking bread,
And do not then depart;
Saviour, abide with us, and spread
Thy table in our heart.

Hymn 576 *2nd Tune.* (29.) Ilfracombe. C.M.

S. Webbe. (?)

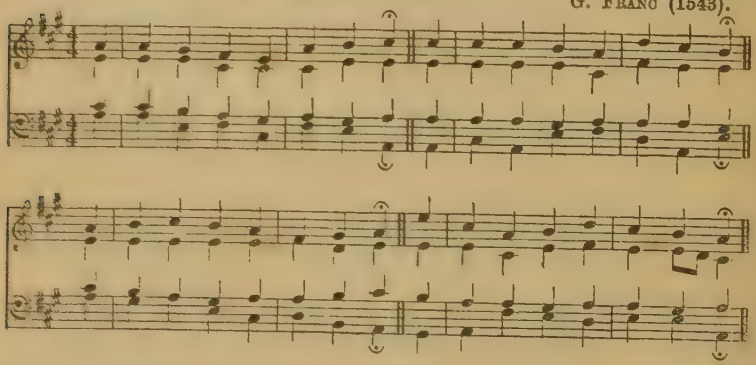


He was known of them in breaking of bread.—Luke xxiv. 35.

mf Be known to us in breaking bread,
And do not then depart;
Saviour, abide with us, and spread
Thy table in our heart.

Hymn 577 (Tune 82.) Old Hundredth. L.M.

G. Franc (1543).

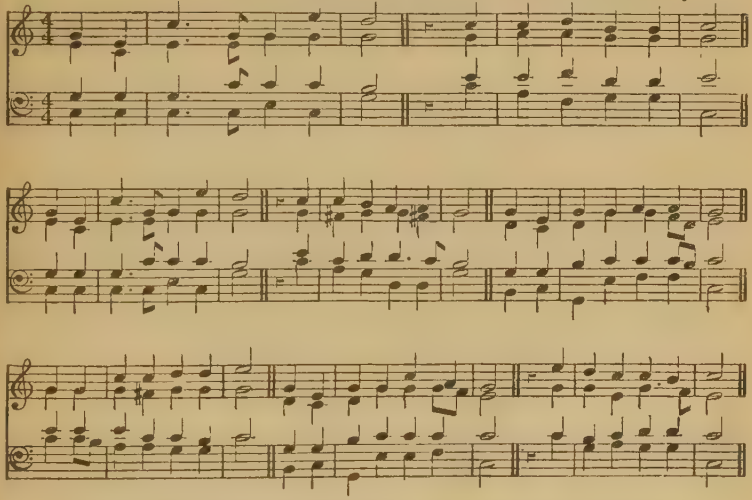


O Lord, *Thou preservest man and beast.*—Psalm xxxvi. 6.

mf Thy providence supplies my food,
And 'tis Thy blessing makes it good;
My soul is nourished by Thy word:
cr. Let soul and body praise the Lord.

Hymn 578 (Tune 257.) Halstead. 7.6.7.6.7.7.7.6.

H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus. Doc. From "The Hallelujah."

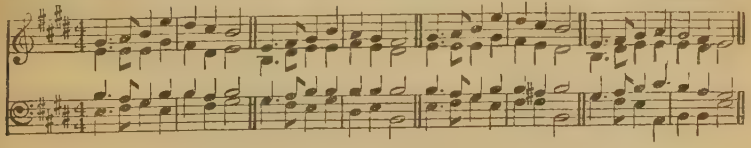


Bless the LORD, *O my soul, and forget not all His benefits.*—Psalm ciii. 2.

mf FOR my life, and clothes, and food,
And every comfort here,
Thee my most indulgent God,
I thank with heart sincere;
For the blessings numberless
Which Thou hast already given,
For my smallest spark of grace,
or. And for my hope of heaven.

Hymn 579 (Tune 298.) Innocents. 7.7.7.7.

Old Litany.



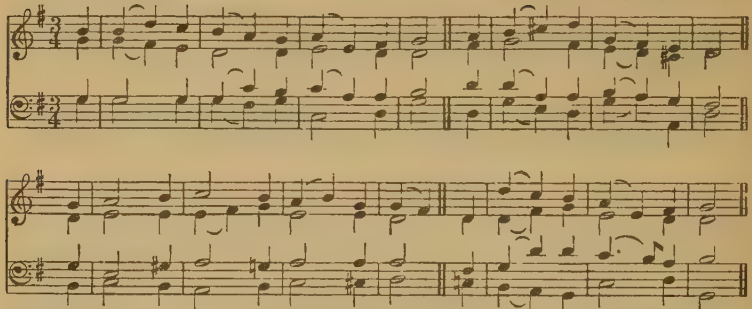
I will bless the LORD *at all times.*—Psalm xxxiv. 1.

1 *f* GIVE Him, then, and ever give,
Thanks for all that we receive;
Man we for his kindness love,
How much more our God above!

2 *mf* Worthy Thou our heavenly Lord,
To be honoured and adored;
God of all creating grace,
Take the everlasting praise!

Hymn 580 (Tune 22.) Dublin. C.M.

Sir JOHN STEVENSON.

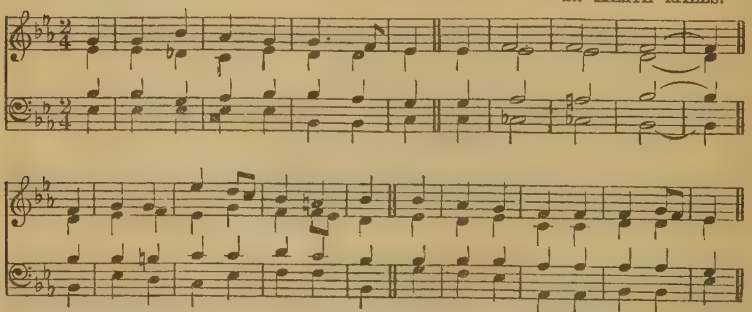


He took the five loaves and the two fishes, and looking up to heaven, He blessed them — Luke ix. 16.

mf PARENT of good, whose bounteous grace
O'er all creation flows:
Humbly we ask Thy power to bless
The food Thy love bestows.

Hymn 581 (Tune 99.) Stonard. 4.4.4.4.4.4.4.

R. HEATH MILLS.



Bless the LORD, . . . *who satisfieth thy mouth with good things.*—Psalm ciii. 2, 5.

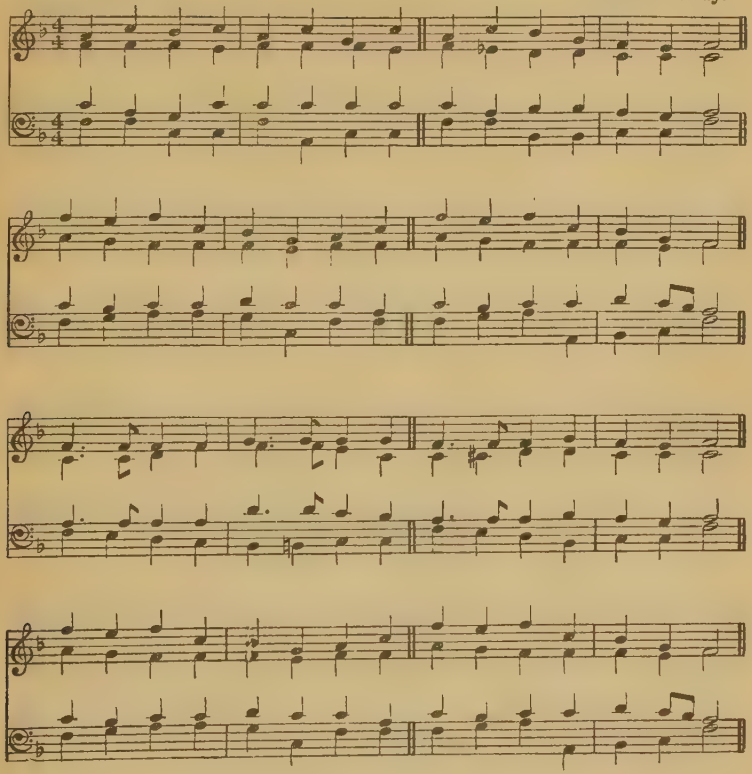
1 *mf* How kind and good,
To give us food,
Art Thou, O Lord!
Our thanks receive,
Thy blessing give,
Help us to live
Upon Thy word.

2 O Thou, the guest
At Cana's feast,
With us abide;
Our faith increase,
From sin release,
Give us Thy peace,
And be our guide.

3 Spirit above,
Unite in love
This social band;
or. And grant that we,
Eternally,
May dwell with Thee
In Canaan's land.

Hymn 582 (Tune 432.) Vesper Hymn. 8.7.8.7. D.

Russian Melody.

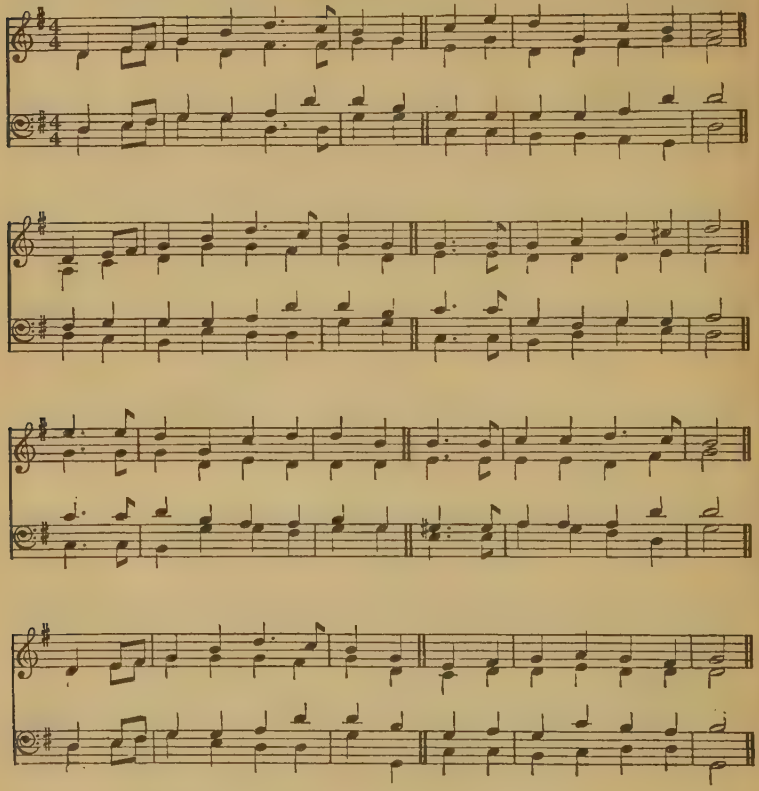


He sent the multitudes away.—Matthew xiv. 22.

mf LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing.
Bid us now depart in peace;
Still on heavenly manna feeding,
Let our faith and love increase;
Fill each breast with consolation;
Up to Thee our hearts we raise:
or. When we reach yon blissful station,
f Then we'll give Thee nobler praise.

Hymn 583 (Tune 428.) Linus. 8.7.8.7. D.

F. R. Havergal.

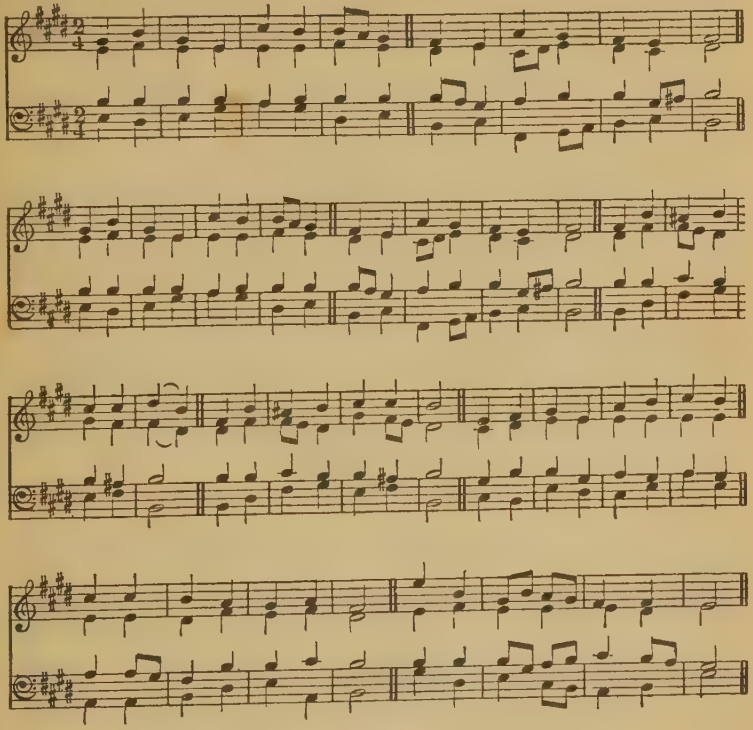


The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, &c.—2 Corinthians xiii. 14.

mf May the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above!
Thus may we abide in union,
With each other in the Lord;
or. And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

Hymn 584 (Tune 414.) Schaffhausen. 8.7.8.7.7.7.4.4.7.7.

FRECH.

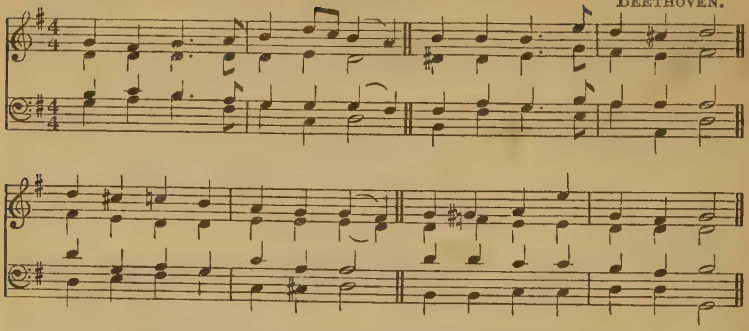


To guide our feet into the way of peace.—Luke i. 79.

mf OF Thy love some gracious token
Grant us, Lord, before we go;
Bless Thy word which has been spoken;
Life and peace on all bestow.
When we join the world again,
Let our hearts with Thee remain:
O direct us,
And protect us,
Till we gain the heavenly shore,
Where Thy people want no more.

Hymn 585 (Tune 299.) Kendal. 7.7.7.7.

BEETHOVEN.



Commend you to God, and to the word of His grace.—Acts xx. 32.

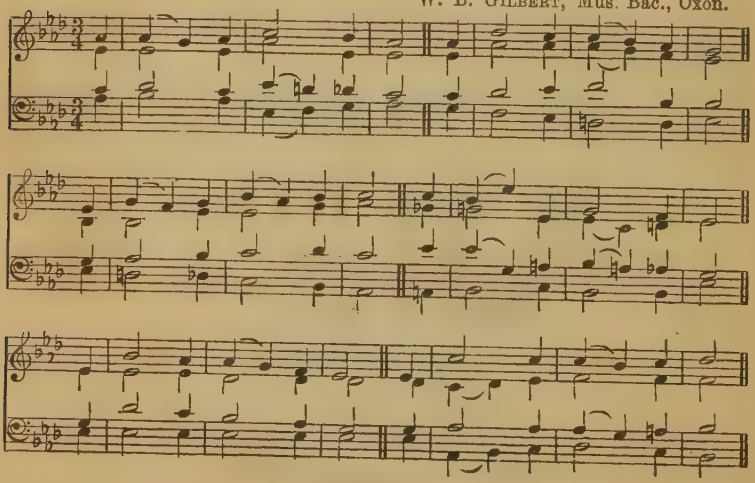
1 *mf* FOR a season called to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

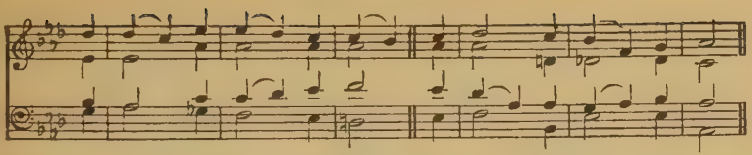
2 *p* Jesus, hear our humble prayer,
Tender Shepherd of Thy sheep,
Let Thy mercy and Thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

3 *mf* What we each have now been taught,
Let our memories retain;
p May we, if we live, be brought
Here to meet in peace again.

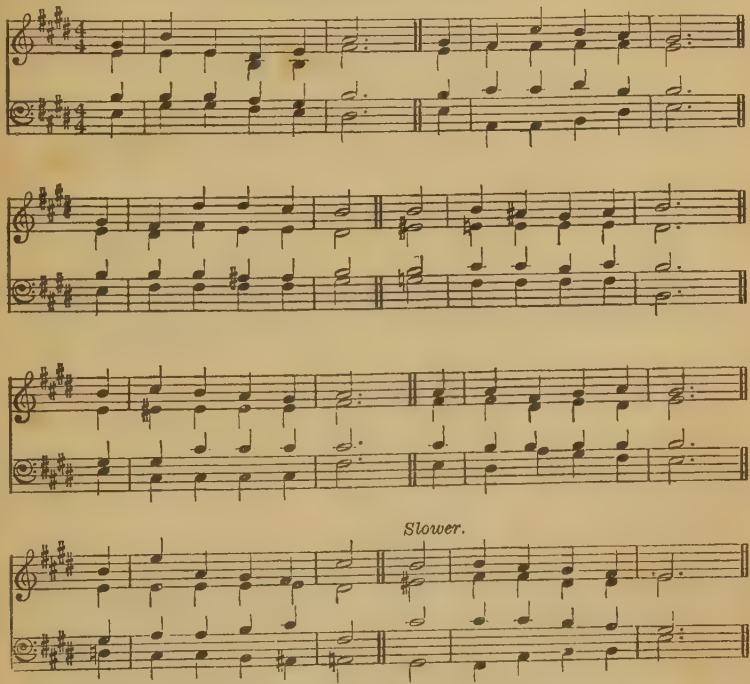
Hymn 586 (Tune 182.) Par. 6.6.6.6. D.

W. B. GILBERT, Mus. Bac., Oxon.





2*nd Tune.* (183.) **Resignation.** 6.6.6.6. D. C. E. KETTLE.



God also hath highly exalted Him.—Philippians ii. 9.

1 *mf* COME, children, ere we part,
Bless the Redeemer's name,
Join every tongue and heart,
To celebrate His fame.
Jesus the children's Friend,
Him whom our souls adore,
f His praises have no end;
Praise Him for evermore.

2 *p* If here we meet no more,
May we in realms above,
mf With all the saints, adore
Redeeming grace and love.
Jesus the children's Friend,
Him whom our souls adore.
f His praises have no end;
Praise Him for evermore.

Hymn 587 (Tune 194.) St. Godric. 6.6.6.6.8.8.

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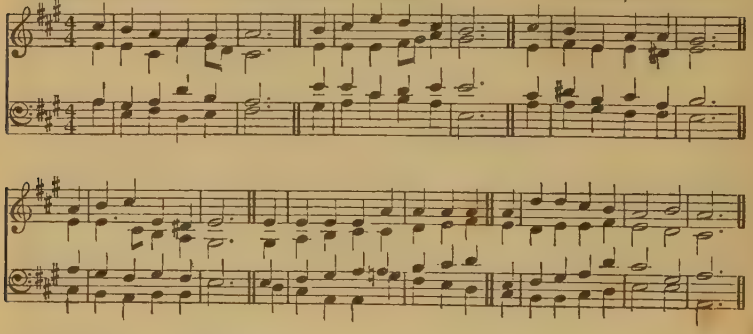


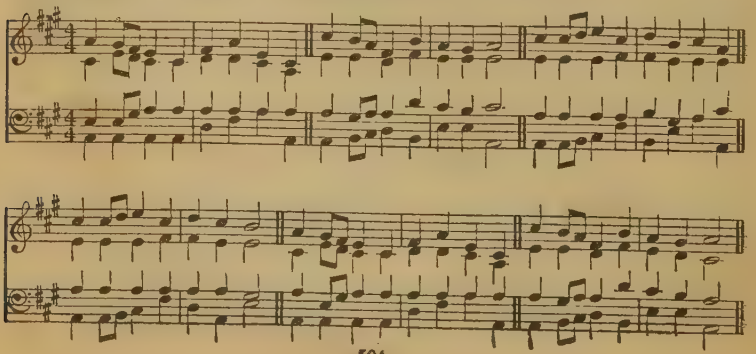
Peace be with you all that are in Christ Jesus.—1 Peter v. 14.

1 *mf* Our Father, ere we part,
O let Thy grace descend,
And fill each youthful heart
With peace from Christ our Friend;
May plenteous blessings from above
Inspire our souls with grateful love.

2 *p* We know that soon, on earth,
The fondest ties must end;
Our own most cherished hopes
dim. To death's cold hand must bend;
The fairest flowers in all their bloom,
pp Must soon lie withered in the tomb.

3 *mf* Then, when our spirits leave
These tenements of clay,
cr. May we, through grace receive
A life of endless day;
f And sing with parents, teachers, friends,
That anthem sweet which never ends.

Hymn 588 (Tune 397.) Dismissal. 8.7.8.7.4.7.



The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all.—2 Thessalonians iii. 18.

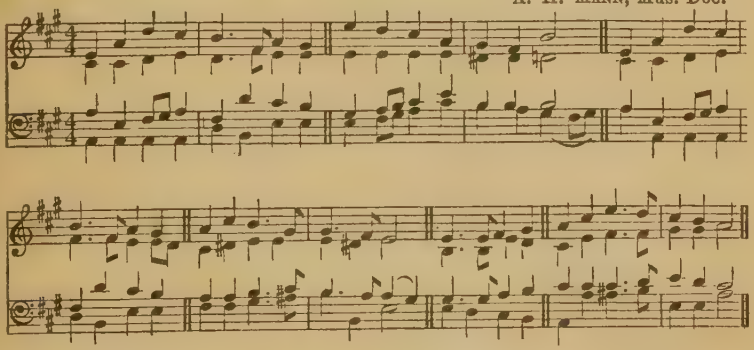
1 *mf* LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, Thy love possessing,
cr. Triumph in redeeming grace;
mf O refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness!

2 *mf* Thanks we give, and adoration,
For Thy gospel's joyful sound
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
cr. Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
f Reign with Christ in endless day.

Hymn 589 (Tune 396.) Benediction. 8.7.8.7.4.7.

A. H. MANN, Mus. Doc.



Grace be with you all. Amen.—Titus iii. 15.

1 *p* FATHER, let Thy benediction,
Gently falling as the dew,
cr. And Thy ever-gracious presence
Bless us all our journey through:
mf May we ever
Keep the end of life in view.

2 *mf* Young in years, we need the wisdom
Which can only come from Thee;
In the morn of our existence
Let us Thy salvation see:
Changed in spirit,
f We shall then Thy children be.

3 *mf* When temptations shall assail us,
p When we falter by the way,
cr. Let Thine arm of strength defend us,
cr. Saviour, hear us, when we pray:
Thou art mighty,
f Be Thou then our rock and stay.

4 *ff* Praise and blessing, power and glory,
Will we render, Lord, to Thee;
For the news of Thy salvation
Shall extend from sea to sea;
All the nations
Joyfully shall worship Thee.

A SELECTION OF

SINGLE AND DOUBLE CHANTS.

SINGLE CHANTS.

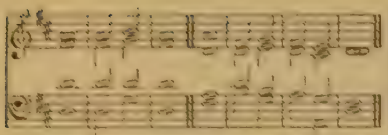
	No.
Anglo-Gregorian, in D	1
Armes, Dr., in F	2
Barnby, J., in E	3
Barnett, N. G., in G	4
,, in B flat	5
Croft, Dr. W., in A minor	6
Crotch, Dr. W., in D	7
Farrant, R., in F	8
Hayes, Dr. P., in F	9
,, Dr. W., in E	10
Hine, in G	11
Humphreys, P., in C	12
Jones, J., in D...	13
Nares, Dr., in A	14
Rimbault, Dr., in F	15
,, in E flat	16
Russell, W., in C	17
,, in F	18
Stainer, Dr., in G	19
,, in G	20
Tallis, T., in F	21
Travers, J., in E flat	22
Wallace, W. V., in E flat	23
Weldon, J., in G minor	24

DOUBLE CHANTS.

	No.
Aldrich, Dr., in F	25
Attwood, T., in E	26
Barnby, J., in F minor	27
Battishill, J., in A minor	28
Beale, W., in G	29
Boyce, Dr. W., in D	30
Cooke, R., in G	31
Davy, J., in D	32
Elvey, Sir George, in E	33
Goss, Sir John, Mus. Doc., in E flat	34
,, ,, ,, in E ...	35
Handel (from), in F	36
Havergal, Rev. W. H., in E flat ...	37
Lawes, H., in C	38
Morley, W., in D minor	39
Mornington, Earl of, in E flat ...	40
,, ,, ,, ...	41
Norris, T., in A	42
Robinson, J., in E flat	43
Smart, Henry, in E	44
,, ,, in G	45
,, ,, in A	46
Turle, J., in F...	47
,, in A...	48
,, in F...	49
,, in D...	50
,, in F...	51
Wesley, S., in E flat	52
Woodward, Dr., in C...	53
Anonymous, in F	54

SINGLE CHANTS.

1. Anglo-Gregorian.



2. Dr. ARMES.

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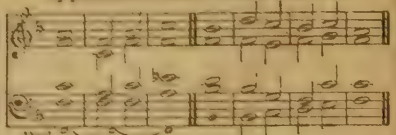

3. J. BARNBY.

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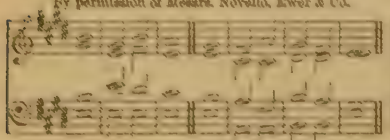

4. N. G. BARNETT.

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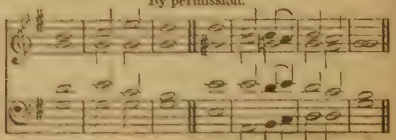
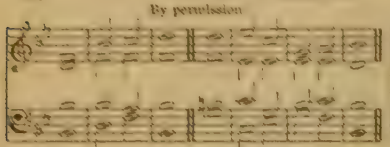


5. N. G. BARNETT.

By permission



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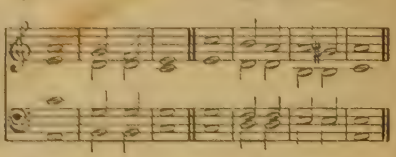

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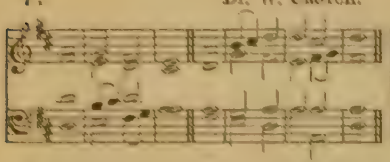

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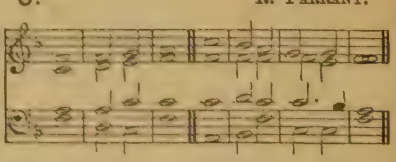

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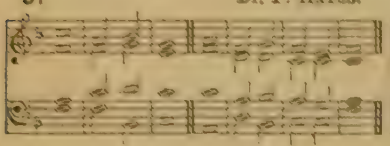

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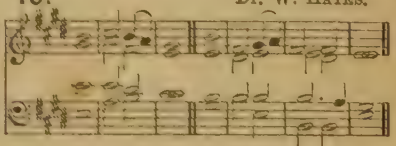

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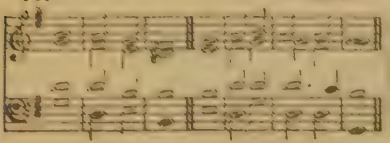

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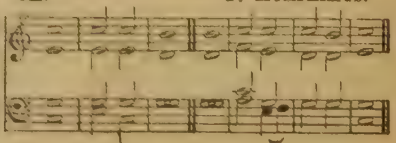

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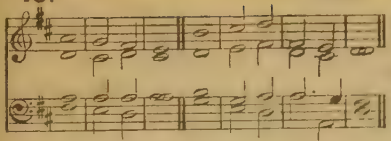

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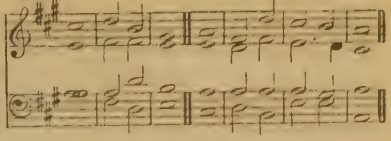

15. Dr. Rimbault.

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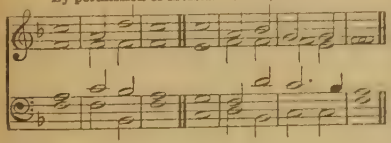

16. Dr. Rimbault.

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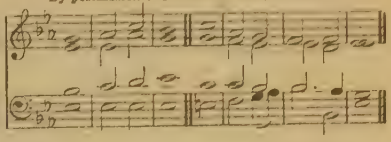

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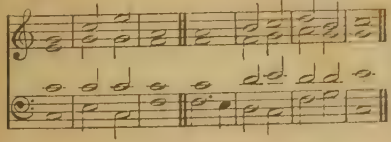

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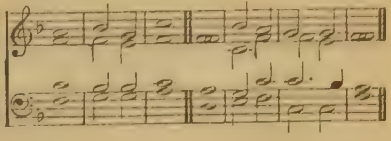

19. Dr. Stainer.

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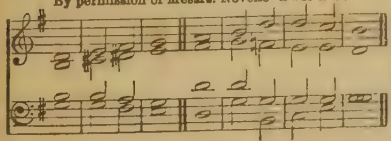

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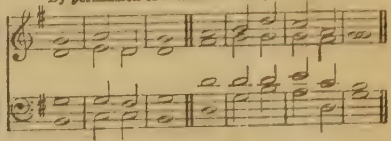

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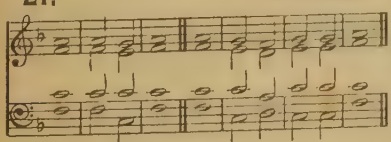

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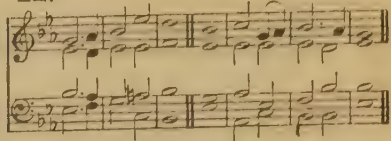

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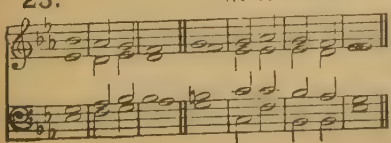

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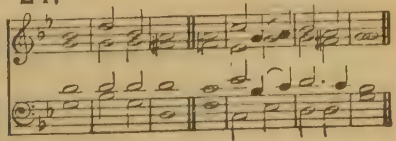

DOUBLE CHANTS.

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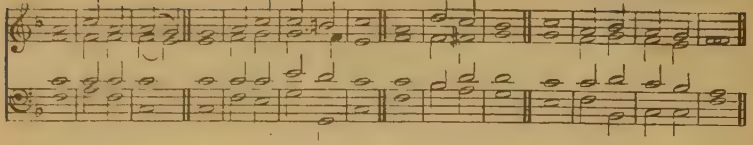

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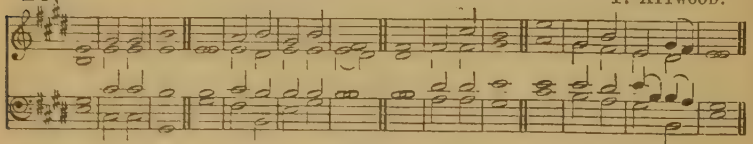

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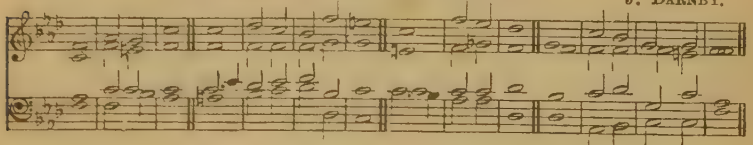

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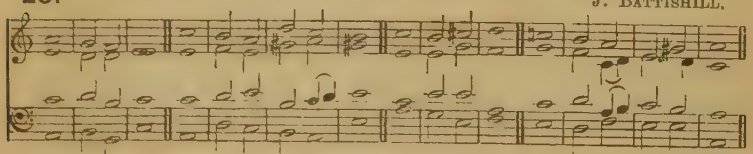

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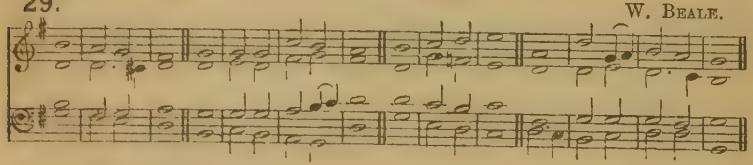

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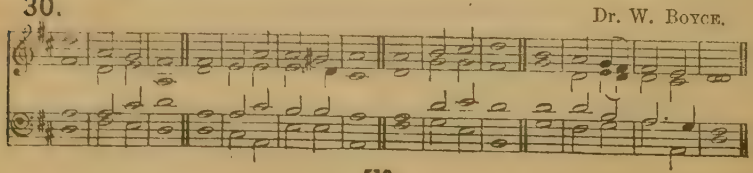

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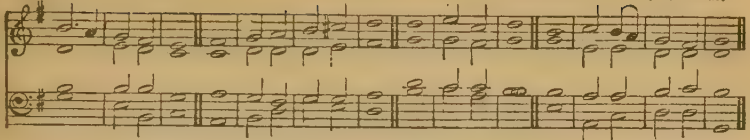

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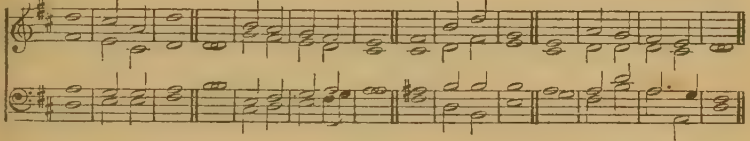

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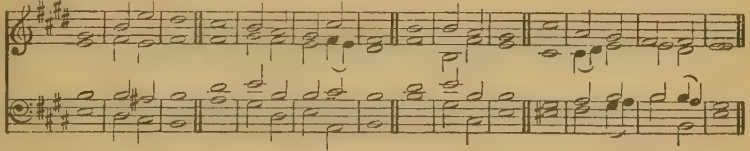
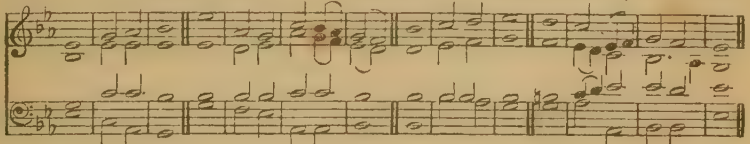


34. By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co. Sir John Goss, Mus. Doc.



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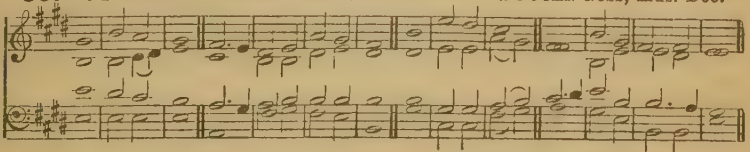

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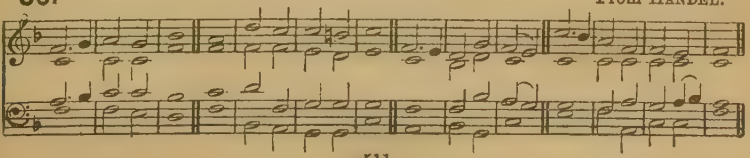

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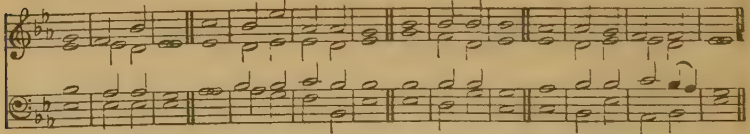

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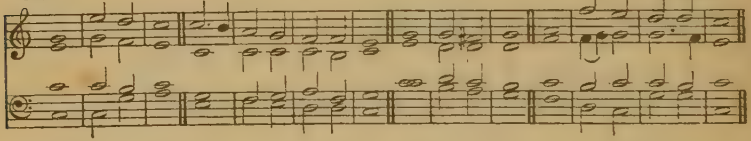

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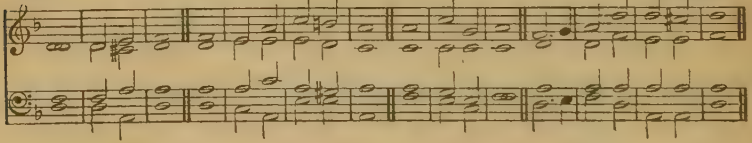
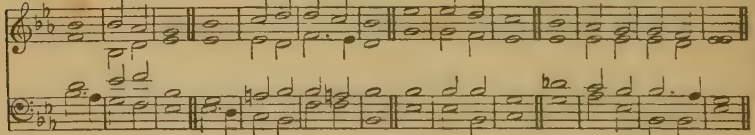


40. Earl of Mornington.



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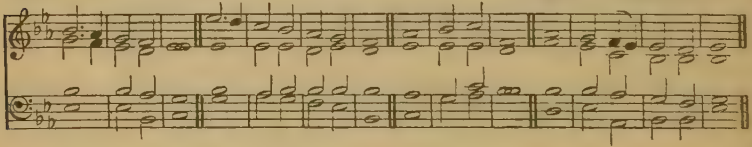

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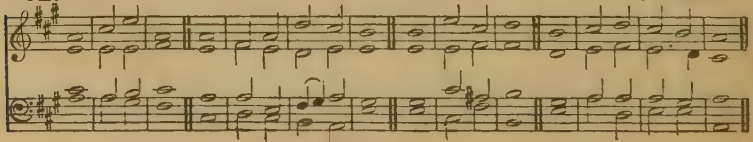

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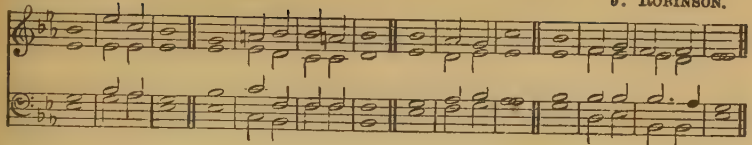
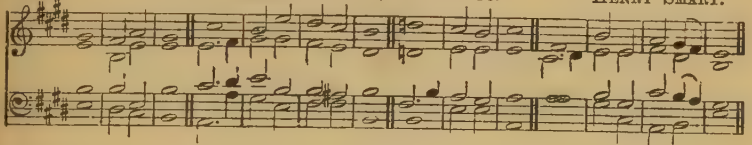


44. By permission of Novello, Ewer and Co. Henry Smart.



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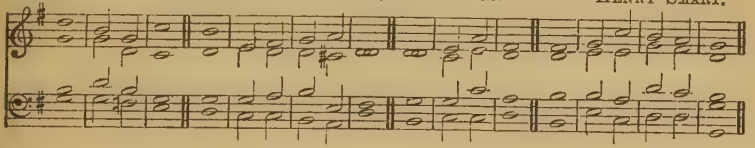

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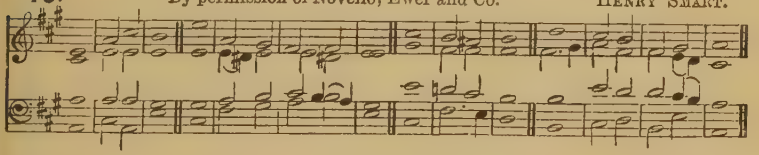
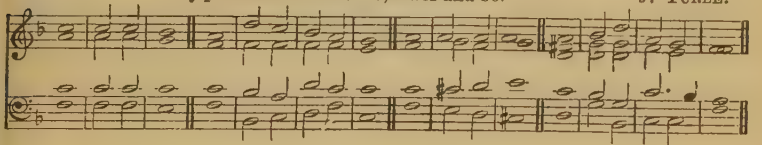


47. By permission of Novello, Ewer and Co. J. Turle.



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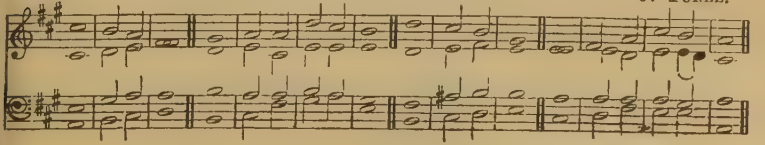

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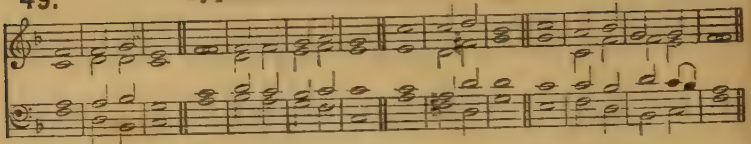

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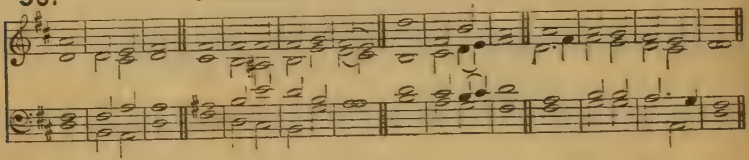

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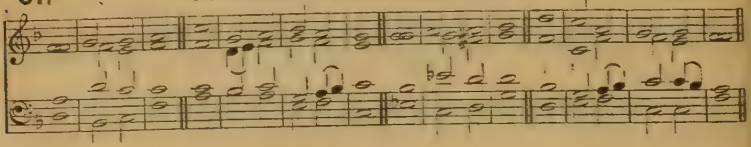
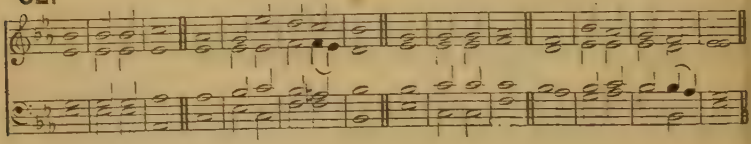
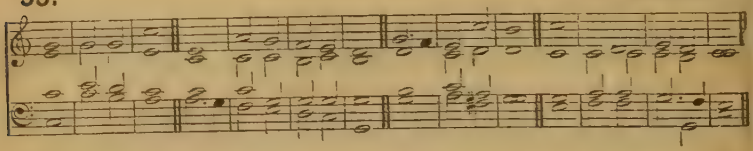


52. S. WESLEY.



53. Dr. WOODWARD.



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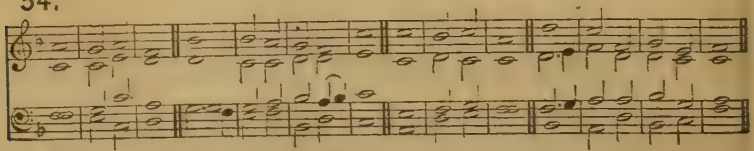

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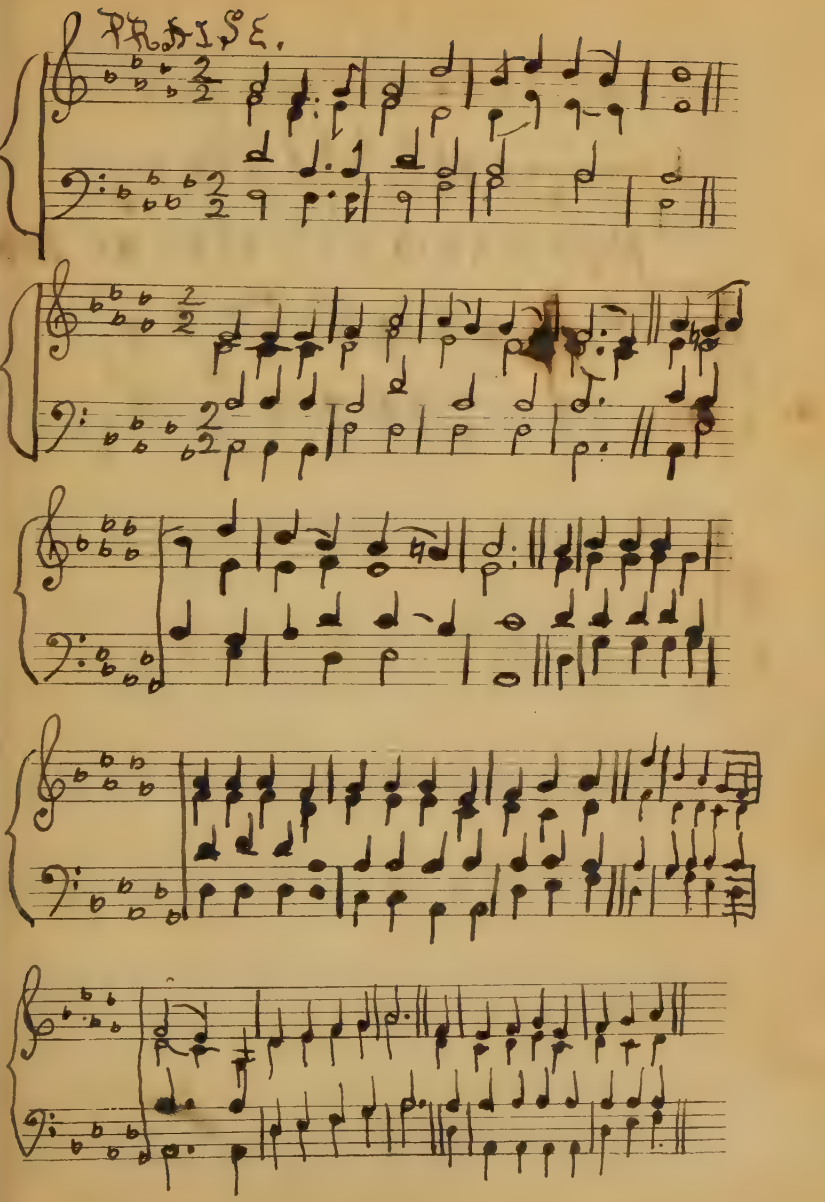
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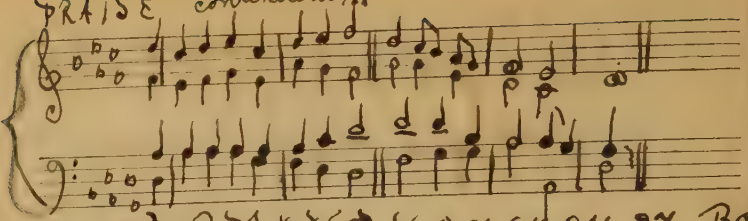

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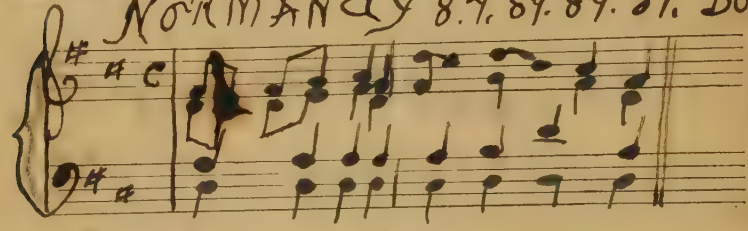

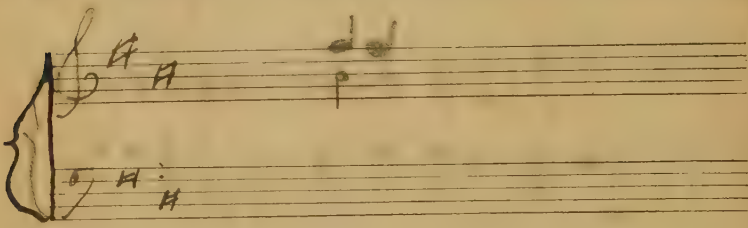

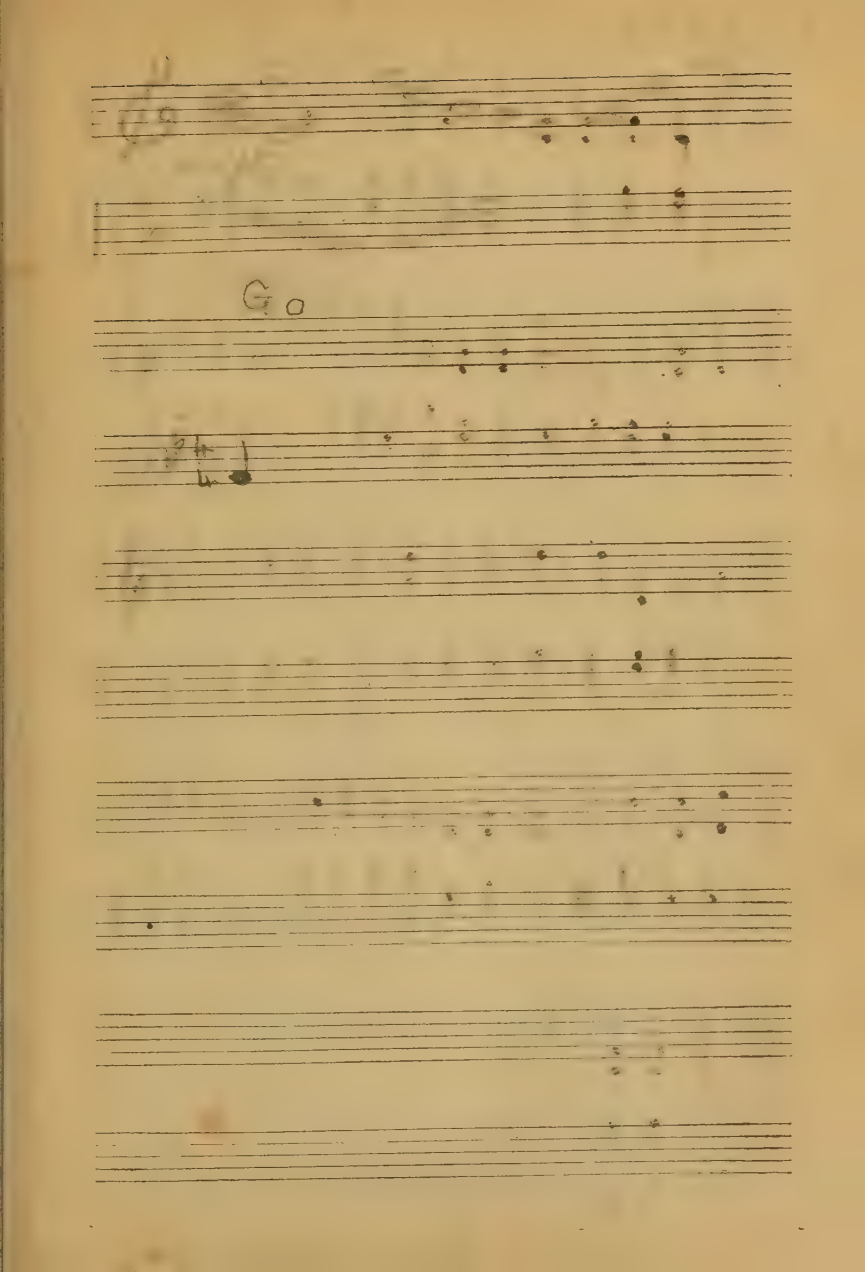

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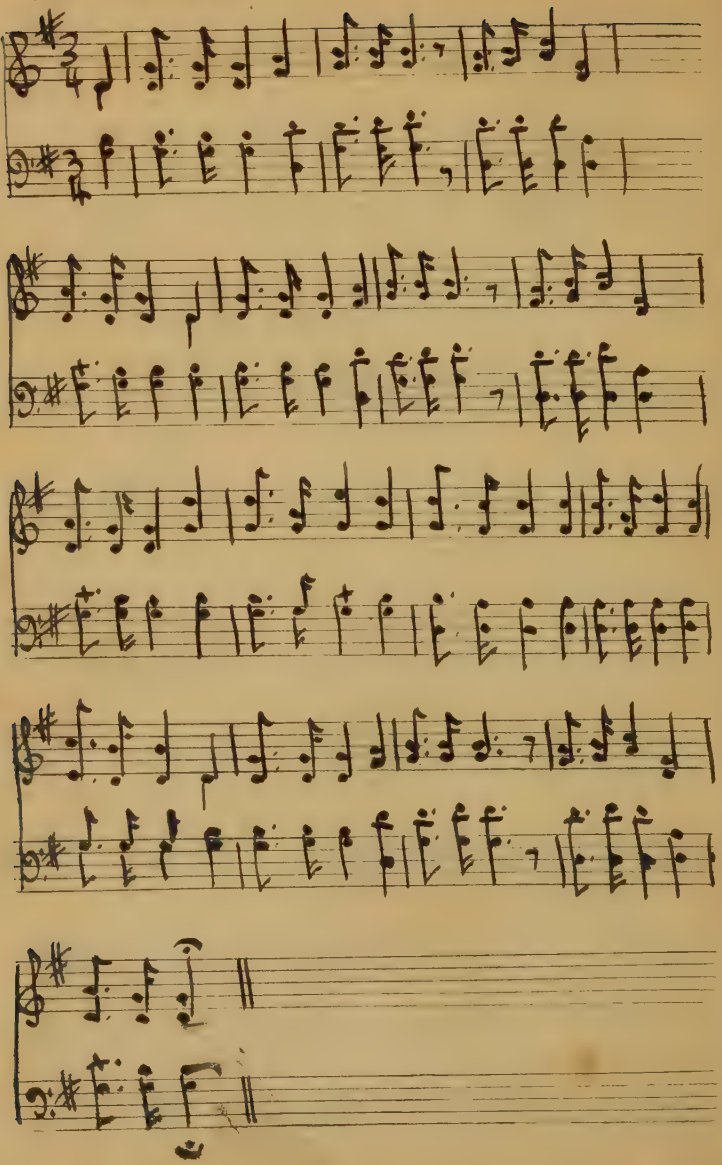

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Aurelia. 7 6 7.6.D.	502	Dr. Sebastian S. Wesley. ‡Mrs. Wesley.
Auriole. 6.6.6.6.6.6.	94	Dr. H. J. Gauntlett. ‡Mrs. Gauntlett.
Austria. 8.7.8.7.D.	139, 169	Francis J. Haydn, 1732—1809.
Aylward. 7.6 7.6.D.	178	Dr. T. E. Aylward. ‡"The Sarum Hymnal."
Baca. 6.6.6.6.6.6...	411	Rev. W. H. Havergal. ‡Miss Havergal.
*†Bâle. 6.4.6.4 6.6.6.4.	518	J. Squibb.
Barnby. 8.7.8.7.7.7.	497	Joseph Barnby. ‡Novello, Ewer & Co.
*†Barry Road 6.6.7.7.7.7.6.	91	R. Heath Mills. (Children's Home)
Bartholomew. 8.7.8 7.	357	A. M. Bartholomew. ‡ Novello, Ewer &
*†Batley. 7.6.8.6.8.6. with Refrain ..	327	W. W. Lee. ‡Co.
Battishill. 7 7.7.7.	45	Jonathan Battishill.
Bayford. 7.7.7.7...	366	‡Arthur Henry Brown.
Beacon Light. 8.7. (12 lines).. ..	456	G. F. Root.
*†Beautiful Stream. 11.7.11.7. with Ref.	463	J. Baptiste Calkin.
" " (2nd Tune) ..	463	Unknown.
*a*Beautiful Sion. 8.8.8.8.8.8.*	459	Philip Phillips. Arr. A. Rhodes, R.A.M.
Because He loved me so. 7.6 7.6.D...	92	G. F. Root.
Bekesbourne. 7.7.7.7.7.7.	161	‡Robert Jackson.
Belmont. C.M.	144, 150, 254, 319	Samuel Webbe.
Benedicite. 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.	482	Dr. H. J. Gauntlett. ‡Mrs. Gauntlett.
†Benediction. 8.7.8.7.4 7.	589	‡Dr. A. H. Mann.
Berlin. 7.7.7.7.D. with Refrain ..	120	From Mendelssohn.
Bethany. 8.7.8.7.D.	66, 185	Henry Smart. ‡James Nisbet & Co.
Bethlehem. S.M.	226, 381, 561	S. Wesley. †Arr. J. Dobson.
" 8.7.8.7.	496	14th Century Melody.

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Beulah. D.C.M...	393, 435	Greek Melody.
Bevan. 6.6.6.6.8.8.	567	Sir John Goss, Mus. Doc. ‡Executors of
Bible Song. 10.8.10.9. with Refrain..	219	W. H. Doane.
Bithynia. 8.7.8.7.D.	98	Samuel Webbe.
Bohemia. 6.5.6.5.D.	323	German. ‡Arr. Sir Arthur Sullivan.
‡Bolton Abbey. 8.6.8.6.7.6	534	‡J. W. Elliott.
*Bond Street. 7.7.7.7.7.7.	466	T. Wallhead.
†Bonner Road. 7.6.7.6.	39	R. Heath Mills. (Children's Home.)
Braden. S.M.	263, 525	‡Arr. Wesleyan Conference Office.
Brightest and best. 11.10.11.10.* ..	130	From Mendelssohn.
,, ,, Lamorna (2nd Tune)	130	‡H. G. Trembath, Mus. Bac.
Buckland. 7.7.7.7.	239	‡Rev. L. G. Hayne, Mus. Doc.
Bullinger. 8.5.8.3	295	‡Rev. E. W. Bullinger.
By night on wild Judæa's. 8.6.8.8.7. Ref.	125	S. J. Vail.
Calkin. L.M.	211	J. Baptiste Calkin. ‡Novello, Ewer & Co.
*†Camborne. 7.6.7.6.7.8.7.6.	307	Arr. H. A. Smith, M.A., LL.B.
Camden. L.M.	227, 494	J. Baptiste Calkin. ‡Novello, Ewer & Co.
Canonbury. 8.8.8.8.4.	277	H. Bell. ‡Wesleyan Conference Office.
Capetown. 7.7.7.5.	13	German.
Cassel. 7.7.7.7.7.7.	488	German, 1734.
Cœna Domini. 10.10.	75	‡Sir Arthur Sullivan.
Celeste. 8.8.8.8. with Refrain.. ..	440	Unknown.
Chalvey. D.S.M.	429	Rev. L. G. Haynes, Mus. Doc. ‡"H. A. and M."
*†Children of the pious dead. 7.7.7.5.D.	386, 408	Edward J. Hopkins, Mus. Doc.
Children's voices. 6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4. ..	58	‡Edward J. Hopkins, Mus. Doc.
a† ,, ,, 7.7.7.7.7.7.. ..	460	Arr. A. Rhodes, R.A.M.
Christ Arose. 6.5.6.4. with Refrain ..	174	Rev. Dr. R. Lowry.
Christ Church. 6.6.6.6.8.8.	508	Dr. C. Steggall. ‡Rev. T. Darling.
Christendom. 8.8.8.4.	175	‡J. W. Elliott.
*†Christmas Bells. D.C.M. with Refrain	124	J. J. Attack. Arr. A. Rhodes. R.A.M.
*†Clapham. 7.7.7.7.D.	515	From Mendelssohn.
Claremont. C.M.	23, 267	J. Foster. ‡"The Bristol Tune-Book."
Clarence. 7.7.7.7.—Special	533	‡Sir Arthur Sullivan.
Clarion. 7.7.7.7.	1, 51	Dr. Rimbault. ‡James Nisbet & Co.
Clifton. S.M.	148, 376, 557	J. Brabham. ‡"The Bristol Tune Book."
,, 6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4.6.4.	360	Abby Hutchinson.
Coburg. 7.7.7.7.D.	8, 554	H.R.H. Prince Consort. ‡H.M. the Queen.
*a*Come, let us all unite. 8.3.8.3.8.8.8.3.	60	Arr. A. Rhodes, R.A.M.
*†Come, praise your Lord. 7.6.7.6.D. ..	104	C. J. Dale.
*†Come to me. 7.7.7.7.7.7.	460	Edward J. Hopkins, Mus. Doc.
Come to the Saviour. 9.10.9.6. with Ref.	296	G. F. Root.
Comforter. 7.7.7.5.	146	William Jackson.
Congleton. C.M.	264, 305, 322, 565	‡Arthur Henry Brown.
Consolation. 9.9.9.9.	109	‡William Best.
Crosby. 6.5.6.5.7.7.6.5	312	Hubert P. Main.
Crown for the young. 11.9.12.9. with Ref.	449	Rev. A. A. Graley.
Crowland. 7.7.7.7.7.7.	17	Johann Schop, 1640.
Crüger. 7.6.7.6.D.	410	Johann Crüger. ‡Arr. "H. A. and M."
Dana. 6.5.6.5.6.6.6.5.	543	‡Arr. Dr. Henry Allon.
Dartford. 6.5.6.5.	141	Edwin Moss. ‡"The London Tune-Book."
†‡Dascombe. 6.7.7.7.6.7.7.7.6.	308	John Passmore.
David. 8.8.8.8.	440	From Handel.
Day of Rest. 7.6.7.6.D...	502	‡J. W. Elliott.
Day-spring. 6.5.6.5.D.	425	J. Baptiste Calkin. ‡Novello, Ewer & Co.
Deerhurst. 8.7.6.8.7.D...	313	‡James Langran.
Derbe. 5.5.5.11.	513	From "Sacred Harmony."
Derby. 6.5.6.5.	303	Dr. Filitz's Collection.

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Dijon. 7.7.7.7.	143, 270	German Evening Hymn.
Dismissal. 8.7.8.7.4.7.	110, 588	Attributed to W. L. Viner.
Dix. 7.7.7.7.7.7.	136	German.
Dublin. C.M.	35, 111, 501, 580	Sir John Stevenson.
Dudley. 6.6.6.6.8.8.	4	Dr. Rimbault. ‡James Nisbet & Co.
Dunfermline. C.M.	29, 234, 273, 321	Scotch Psalter, 1615.
†Earth with her flowers. 7.7.7.7.7.7.	38	‡Arthur Henry Brown.
*†Eastbrook. 7.6.8.6.7.6.8.6.	145	Rev. Sidney J. P. Dunman.
Easter Anthem. 7.5.8.8.6.6. with Alleluia	173	Chester G. Allen.
Easter Hymn. 7.7.7.7. with Alleluia	171	Henry Carey, 1740.
Eastham. 7.6.8.6.D.	389	‡Rev. Sir Frederick A. Gore Ouseley.
*a*Echo Song. 6.6.6.6.8.8. with Refrain	90	W. Bradbury. Arr. A. Rhodes, R.A.M.
Eden. L.M.	9, 235	T. B. Mason. ‡"The Bristol Tune-Book."
Eden Grove. 8.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.	457	‡Samuel Smith.
Edgecumbe. 7.7.7.7.7.7.	38, 68, 367	‡Olinthus R. Barnicott.
Edina. 6.5.6.5.D.	95	‡Sir Herbert Oakeley, M.A., Mus. Doc.
Eirene. 11.10.11.10.	15	F. R. Havergal. ‡Miss Havergal.
Eirenicon. 8.7.8.7.7.7.	475	‡H. G. Trembath, Mus. Bac.
Elijah. 7.7.7.7.7.7.	68	‡Sir G. J. Elvey.
Ellacombe. 7.6.7.6.D.	551	German.
Elliott's Litany. 7.7.7.7.7.7.	93	‡J. W. Elliott.
Emmanuel. 6.5.6.5.D.	101	‡James Comley.
Endurance. 6.5.6.5.D.	394	‡William Best.
Ephraim. 7.7.7.7.	526	Dr. H. T. Leslie. ‡"The Bristol Tune-Book."
*†Ernstein. 6.5.6.5.	524	J. Fred. Swift.
Eternal Joy. 6.4.6.4.6.7.6.4	438	Unknown.
Eucharistica. 8.7.8.7.D.	402	‡J. W. Elliott.
Evan. C.M.	53, 212, 332	Rev. W. H. Havergal. ‡Miss Havergal.
Evelyn. 11.10.11 10.*	517	Dr. H. J. Gauntlett. ‡Mrs. Gauntlett.
Evening Prayer. 8.7.8.7.7.7.	398	Dr Lowell Mason.
Even me. 8.7.8.7.3.	282	W. B. Bradbury.
Evensong. 8.7.8.7.7.7.	157, 497	J. Summers. ‡"The Bristol Tune-Book."
Eventide. 10.10.10.10.	479	Dr. W. H. Monk. ‡"H. A. and M."
Ewing. 7.6.7.6.D.	432	Alexander Ewing.
*†Exaltation. 5.5.8.8.5.5.	19	William Vanner.
Exeter. 6.6.6.6.8.8.	300	Edward Jesser.
Faben. 8.7.8.7.D.	28	J. H. Willcox.
Fairfield. D.S.M.	311	Rev. P. La Trobe.
Fairford. 7.6.7.6.D.	252, 417, 461	From Schubert.
Farrant. C.M.	155, 197, 252, 258	R. Farrant
*†Father, from Thy throne. 8.7.8.7.6.6.6.5.	539	Thomas Wild.
*†Ferndale. D.L.M.	135	Rev. Sidney J. P. Dunman.
Festal Song. 6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4.	518	William B. Bradbury.
Festus. L.M.	11, 268, 395	German.
†Finedon. 8.7.8.7.7.7.	497	‡J. W. Elliott.
*a*Fleury. 6 5. (12 lines)	338	From Rossini. Arr. A. Rhodes, R.A.M.
Franconia. 6.5.6.5.D.	394	Dr. T. Hastings.
French. C.M.	46, 52, 67, 240, 576	Scotch Psalter, 1615.
Fulstow. 6.5.6.5.	141	†Rev. T. R. Matthews.
Garrett. 7.7.7.7.	31	Dr. Garrett. ‡Novello, Ewer & Co.
Gentle Words. D.C.M. with Refrain	361	Rev. Dr. R. Lowry.
Gibbons. 7.7.7.7.	364	Dr. Orlando Gibbons.
Gladstone. L.M.	43, 499, 548	‡W. H. Gladstone.
Glastonbury. 7.7.7.7.7.7.	261	Rev. Dr. Dykes. ‡James Nisbet & Co.
Glory. C.M. with Refrain	448	Dr. H. J. Gauntlett. †Mrs. Gauntlett.

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*a*Glory (2nd Tune)	448	Arr. A. Rhodes, R.A.M.
,, (3rd Tune)	448	Unknown.
*†Glory to God. 10.9.10.9.10.10.8.10.10.8.	36	H. Weston. Arr. John Farmer.
Goldbach. 7.6.7.6.	83	Unknown.
Golden Harps. 6.5.6.5.D. with Ref. ..	394	Dr. H. J. Gauntlett. ‡Mrs. Gauntlett
Golden Trumpets. 7.7.5.7.7.7.5. Ref.	129	T. E. Perkins.
Gopsal. 6.6.6.6.8.8.	183	G. F. Handel, 1684—1759.
Gotha. L.M.	222	H.R.H. Prince Consort. ‡H.M. the Queen.
Gounod. 8.7.8.7.7.7.	108, 476	Ch. Gounod. ‡Novello, Ewer & Co
,, (2). 8.7.8.7.8.7.	115	Ch. Gounod. ‡Novello, Ewer & Co.
Go, work to-day. 11.11.11.11.11.11. ..	414	Hubert P. Main.
Grafenberg. 7.6.7.6.D. with Refrain	522, 523	J. A. E. Schultze.
Grasmere. 7.7 8.7.7.7.8.7.	291	Edwin Moss. ‡Ed. "London Tune Book."
Gratius et Gloriam. 8.7. (12 lines) ..	456	Dr. H. J. Gauntlett. ‡Mrs. Gauntlett
*†Great Queen Street. 11.8.12.8. ..	209	E. H. Turpin.
Green Hill. C.M.	164, 293	‡James Comley.
Greenland. 7.6.7.6.D.	565	Lausanne Psalter.
Guildford. 7.7.7.7.7.7.	203	‡W. Haynes, Organist of Priory Church, Malvern.
Halstead. 7 6.7.6.7.7.7.6.	578	Dr. H. J. Gauntlett. ‡Dr. W. H. Waite
Hanford. 8.8.8.4...	384	‡Sir Arthur Sullivan.
Hanover. 10.10.11.11.	26	Dr. Croft, 1699
Happy are we. Irregular	341	W. H. Doane.
Happy Land. 6.4.6.4.6.7.6.4.	438	Indian Air.
Harlan. 6.6.4.6 6.6.4.	78, 569	Dr. Lowell Mason. ‡Elliot Stock.
*†Harrow. 6.6.6.6.6.6.	411	John Farmer.
Harvest-tide. 10.10.7.	528	‡William Best.
Haste, traveller. 8.8.8.8.4.	277	‡Thomas Parker.
*†Haverstock Hill. D L.M.	138	Rev. Sidney J. P. Dunman.
Havilah. 8.7.8.7.8.7.	50	Rev. W. H. Havergal. ‡Miss Havergal.
*a*Haydn. 6.5. (12 lines)..	338	From Haydn. Arr. A. Rhodes, R.A.M.
Hear the call. 8.7.8.7.D.	418	W. F. Sherwin.
*†Hear us, holy Jesus. 7.7.7.6. (Special)	159, 192, 205	Alfred Rhodes, R.A.M.
Hear us, Holy Spirit. 7.7.7.6. ..	159, 192, 205	‡Arr. Sir Arthur Sullivan.
Heathlands. 7.7.7.7 7.7.	79	Henry Smart. ‡James Nisbet & Co.
Heber. 7.6.7.6.D.	546	Bishop Heber.
He Knows. 7.6.8.6.8.6. with Refrain	327	P. P. Bliss.
Helmsley. 8.7.8.7.4 7.	65	From the Lock Collection, 1769.
Herbert. 7.6.8.6.7 6.8.6...	412	Dr. J. B. Herbert.
Hermas. 6.5. (12 lines)..	527	F. R. Havergal. ‡Miss Havergal.
*a*His Little One. 8.8.6.8.8.6.	241	W. F. Sherwin. Arr. A. Rhodes, R.A.M.
Holborn. 8.7.8 7.	256	‡Editor of "St. Alban's Tune-Book."
Hold the Fort. 8.5.8.5. with Refrain	351	P. P. Bliss.
Hollingside. 7.7.7.7.D.	302	Rev. Dr. Dykes. ‡"H. A. and M."
Holley. L.M.	70, 170	G. Hews.
Holy Childhood. 7.7.7.6.	159, 192, 205	‡Arthur Henry Brown.
Holy-day. 7.7.7.7.	82	J. Baptiste Calkin. ‡Novello, Ewer & Co.
Horsley. C.M.	164, 210, 249	Charles Edward Horsley.
Hosanna. 5.5.5.11.D.	531	Dr. H J. Gauntlett. ‡Mrs. Gauntlett.
Hosanna we sing. 11.11.11.11.D. ..	154	Rev. Dr. Dykes. ‡"H. A. and M."
Houghton. 10.10 11.11...	56	Dr. H. J. Gauntlett. ‡Dr. Henry Allon.
†How holy the Bible. 11.8.12.8.D. ..	209	‡John Guest.
Hulme. 8 3.3.6.	483	J. G. Ebeling, 1666.
Humility. 8.8.8.6.	388	‡William Best.
Hursley. L.M.	362, 480, 573	Huguenot Melody.
†Hushed was the evening. 6.6.6.6.8.8.	214	‡Rev. T. B. Stephenson, B.A., LL.D.
,, ,, (2nd Tune)	214	‡Sir Arthur Sullivan.
Hymn for Nightfall. 11.11.8.8.8.6.11.12.	487	Mrs. Knapp.

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I am coming to. 7.7.7.7. with Refrain	320	W. G. Fischer.
I am Jesu's little friend. 7.7.8 8.7.7. with Refrain	324	W. H. Doane.
If I come to Jesus. 6.5.6.5.D... ..	309	W. H. Doane.
Ilfracombe. C.M.	220, 269, 297, 375, 559 [576	S. Webbe.
Illyria. 7.7.7.7 D.	92	‡John W. David.
I love (Angel Voices). 7.6.7.6. Refrain	92	Dr. H. J. Gauntlett. ‡Mrs. Gauntlett.
†I love to hear the story. (2nd Tune)	405	‡S. W. Wilkinson.
I love to tell. 7.6 7.6.D. with Refrain	451	W. G. Fischer
I'm but a stranger here. 6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4	451	Sir Arthur Sullivan. ‡Novello, Ewer & Co.
*† " " (2nd Tune)..	153	J. Matthews.
*a*Infant Praise. 7.7.7.7.7.7. with Refrain	513	Arr. A. Rhodes, R.A.M.
†In Memoriam. 5.5 5.11.	470, 579	Dr. H. J. Gauntlett. ‡Mrs Gauntlett.
Innocents. 7.7.7.7.	272	Old Litany.
Intercession. 7.5 7.5.7.5.7.5.8.8. ..	275	W. H. Callcott. ‡James Nisbet & Co.
*†Invitation. 7.6.7.6 D.	133	Thomas Austin.
Irby. 8.7 8.7.7.7.	489	Dr. H. J. Gauntlett. ‡Mrs. Gauntlett.
Irene. 7.7.7.5.	151	‡Rev. C. C. Scholefield.
Isleworth. 7.6.7.6.D.	152	‡H. G. Trembath, Mus. Bac.
Ithona. 7.6.7.6.D.	328	‡R. S. Newman, Wolverhampton.
*a*I was a wandering sheep. D.S.M. ..		J. Zundel. Arr. A. Rhodes, R.A.M.
Jesmond. 5.5.11 5.5.12.	279	Rev. Dr. Dykes. ‡The Committee of the Wesleyan Service of Song, Newcastle.
†Jesus, high in glory. 6.5.6.5.	86	‡James Comley.
Jesus, I love Thee. 9.9.9.9.9.9. ..	333	W. H. Doane.
*a*Jesus is our Shepherd. 6.5.6.5.D. ..	330	Arr. A. Rhodes, R.A.M.
Jesus Reigns. 8.7.8.7.7.7.6.	182	From "Plymouth Collection."
Jesus saves me now. 8.6.8.5. Refrain	314	American.
Jesus, when He left the sky. 7.7.5. ..	146	Mrs. Francis.
Jewels. 8.6 8.5. with Refrain	442	George F. Root.
Joyful. 7.7.6. with Refrain	431	Unknown.
Joyfully ("Stars of . . . "). 10.10.10.10.*	450	‡The Composer, per S. Clarke.
*a*Joyfully, joyfully. 10.10.10.10.D. ..	450	Rev. A. D. Merrill. Arr. A. Rhodes, R.A.M.
Joyful our voices. Irregular	538	Dr. J. B. Herbert.
Kempston. Irregular	400	‡P. H Diemer, R.A.M.
Kendal. 7.7.7.7.	585	Beethoven
Kilmarnock. C.M.	200, 378, 472	Neil Dougall.
King of Glory. 10.11.10.11. Refrain	179	W. H Doane.
Kingston. 8.8.6.8.8.6.	247	Dr. William Hayes.
*†King Street. 10.10.11.11.	102	W. Seb. Woodward.
Kiriathaim. 7.6.8.6.8.6.8.6.	224	Rev. W. H. Havergal. ‡Miss Havergal.
*a*Knocking, knocking. 7.7.8.7.8.7. ..	488	G. F. Root.
Kocker. 7.6.7.6.	242, 352	German. ‡Arr. "H. A. and M."
†*Lakemba. C.M.	266, 503	Rev. Henry J. Foster.
Lamorna ("Brightest...") 11.10.11.10*	130	‡H. G. Trembath, Mus Bac.
Lancashire. 7.6.7.6.D.	529	Henry Smart. ‡James Nisbet & Co.
*†Land of Love. 6.6.6.6.5.5.7.6... ..	439	T. Wallhead.
Land of Rest. D.C.M...	435	‡R. S. Newman.
Lætitia. C.M.	80, 454	‡Arr. "St. Alban's Tune-Book."
*a*Lead me to Jesus. 10.9.10.9.	310	W. H. Doane. Arr. A. Rhodes, R.A.M.
Lebanon. Irregular	400	From Spohr.
Leoni. 6.6.8.4.6.6.8.4.	18	Ancient Jewish Melody.
*a*Let it pass. 7.3.7.3.7.7.7.3.	391	S. J. Vail. Arr. A. Rhodes, R.A.M.
Linus. 8.7.8.7.D...	583	F. R. Havergal. ‡Miss Havergal.
Listen, the Master.8.7.9.8. D. Refrain	560	Philip Phillips.
Litany. 7.7.7.7.	253, 392	‡W. W. Woodward.
*a*Little children, come. 6.6.6.6.5.5.7.6.	439	‡J. T. Grape. Arr. A. Rhodes, R.A.M.
Little children, praise. 8.7.8.7.4.7. ..	186	‡William Best.

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*a*Little drops of water. 6.5.6.5... ..	368	Arr. A. Rhodes, R.A.M.
Little Hands. 7.6.8.8.6.	404	G. F. Root.
*a*Little Pilgrim. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.3. with Ref.	344	Arr. A. Rhodes, R.A.M.
Love one another. 11.11.11.11.** ..	363	P. P. Bliss.
Lubeck. 7.7.7.7.	379	German Chorale.
Lucerne. 8.7.8.7...	37	T. A. Willis. ‡"The Bristol Tune-Book."
*†Lucretia. 7.7.8.7.7.7.8.7.	409	Rev. J. Conder Nattrass.
Lumen Verum. S.M.	280, 520	‡Arr. "St. Alban's Tune-Book."
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Mahanaim. 7.6 7.6.D.	318	Rev. W. H. Havergal. ‡Miss Havergal.
Maidstone. 7.7.7.7.D.	509	‡W. B. Gilbert, Mus. Bac., Oxon.
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Mannheim. 8.7.8.7.4.4.7.	10	‡Arr. "Congregational Church Music."
Marching On. 11.11.11.7.D. with Ref.	420	W. B. Bradbury.
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*†May Jesus Christ be praised. 6.6.6.6. 6.6.D.	94	From Haydn. Arr. A. Rhodes, R.A.M.
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Mitcham. 8.7.8.7.	246	‡Edward J. Hopkins, Mus. Doc.
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†Montague. 7.6.7.6.8.8.	492	J. Barker. ‡W. L. Barker.
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†Morning Bright. 4.4.6.D.	469	‡Arthur Henry Brown.
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*†Mostyn. 7.6.7.6.D.	103	Robert James Walford.
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*a*Never part again. C.M. with Refrain	465	Arr. A. Rhodes, R.A.M.
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†O little child. 8.8.8.4.8.4.	498	‡Dr. A. H. Mann.
*Onward, Christian soldiers. 6.5. (12 lines)	350	Rev. Sidney J. P. Dunman.
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†O sing to the Lord. 5.5.8.6.6.8 ..	25	Alfred Rhodes, R.A.M.
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*a*Our Sabbath Song. 8.7.8.7.8.8.4.8. ..	504	Gebhardt. Arr. A. Rhodes, R.A.M.

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*a*Out of the mire. 8.8.8.8.D. with Ref.	558	Arr. A. Rhodes, R.A.M.
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*†Parting Hymn of Praise. 10.10.10.10.	486	Jane Rhodes.
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*†Pax Dulcissima. 8.8.8.4.8.4.	498	Rev. Sidney J. P. Dunman.
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†Perfectly Blest. 11.11.11.11.	444, 541	W. Booth.
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*a*Praise. C.M. with Refrain	105	J. A. P. Schültz. Arr. A. Rhodes, R.A.M
*†Praise ye Jehovah. 11.10.11.10. ..	15	Rev. J. Conder Nattrass.
*a*Precious Saviour. 7.6.7.6.D.	403	Arr. A. Rhodes, R.A.M.
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*a*Princetown. C.M. with Refrain ..	105	Arr. A. Rhodes, R.A.M.
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*†Redemption. 8.6.8.6.8.8.8.	436	P. R. Richards.
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*†Rex Gloriæ. 8.4.8.4.	180	Rev Sidney J. P Dunman.
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*†Righi. C.M.	63, 216, 286, 356	B. Probst.
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*†Saviour, blessed Saviour. 6.5.6.5.D.	95	Joseph Barnby.

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*†Saviour, for Thy love. 8.7.8.7.7.7.3. ..	88	Rev. Henry J. Foster.
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*†Woodford. 8.7.8.7.D.	12	Rev. H. H. McCullagh.
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